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THE

AMERICAN

CATHOLIC QUARTERLY

REVIEW

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Under the Direction of

MOST REV. EDMOND F. PRENDERGAST, D. D.

RIGHT REV. MGR. JAMES P. TURNER, D. D., ASSOCIATE EDITOR,

Bonum est homini ut eum veritas vincat volentem, quia malum est homini ut eum veritas vincat invitum. Nam ipsa vincat necesse est, sive negantem sive confitentem. S. AUG. EPIST. ccxxxviii. AD PASCENT.

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(Extract from Salutatory, July, 1890.)

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THE PROTESTANT NOTE OF TEMPORAL PROSPERITY.

THE Gospel of Christ tells us that from the summit of a high mountain Satan showed Him the kingdoms of the world and tempted Him with the promise, "To Thee will I give all this power and the glory of them, for to me they are delivered, and to whom I will I give them, if Thou therefore wilt adore me, all shall be Thine," and that, later, when arraigned before the judgment seat of the world-power for claiming sovereignty, Christ answered: "My kingdom is not of this world." He had warned His disciples also that so far from looking for the world's favors as a note of the truth of the gospel which He had given them to preach, on the contrary: "If the world hate you, know that it hath hated Me before you. If you had been of the world, the world would love its own; but because you are not of the world, but I have chosen you out of the world, therefore the world hateth you. . . . If they have persecuted Me, they will also persecute you." Likewise for Christians everywhere and in every age the precept and warning are recorded: "Lay not up to yourselves treasures on earth. . . . . But lay up to yourselves treasures in heaven. . . . . No man can serve two masters. . . . You cannot serve God and Mammon." Such, then, is the teaching of the Divine Founder of Christianity, who, moreover, in estimating the value of this present world with its treasures and temporal prosperity, showed that not for a moment could these be weighed in the balance with the value of one single soul: "What

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shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world and suffer the loss of his soul? or what shall a man give in exchange for his soul?"

Popular Protestantism nevertheless proclaims quite another principle. Blind to the fact that a nation may, as indeed has often happened, have great temporal prosperity and yet be pagan or godless and immoral, it asserts that temporal prosperity is a note, or, rather, *the* note of the true religion; that this prosperity, as likewise its reverse, are due to the fact of religion; that the test therefore of the true religion is the temporal prosperity that accompanies it. And from such premises it proceeds to argue that since the true religion bestows temporal prosperity upon a nation, and Catholic nations are not prosperous precisely for the reason that they are Catholic, while Protestant nations are prosperous because they are Protestant, therefore the Catholic religion is false, and Protestantism is true.

To make good its contention, popular Protestantism proceeds to an arbitrary and quite unreal division of Christian nations into Catholic and Protestant Powers. It asserts that there are three great first-class Powers, Britain, Germany and the United States of America, all of them by religion Protestant; that Austria, France and Italy, though among the great European Powers, are inferior because Catholic, whilst Spain, although formerly the greatest Power in Europe, is now decadent. Of Catholic Belgium, the most flourishing country in Europe, it takes no account, presumably as being but small. Nor, on the other hand, does it notice Protestant Denmark, Scandinavia, Switzerland, all of them inferior to the aforesaid Catholic Powers. Nor, again, does it make any account of Russia, which, though Catholic only in her own estimation, is not Protestant as Protestants understand the term. Moreover, in Russia there are some fourteen million Catholics, and, in addition to these, incalculable multitudes who, while Catholic in heart and will, are forcibly by the State registered "Orthodox."

In matter of fact, there is no first-class Power that can claim to be religiously Protestant, nor is there any that can be designated simply Catholic.

Britain glories in liberty to all religions; she has in her United Kingdom nigh upon six million Catholics—a number that would be much larger but for cruel depopulation in Ireland—and in her Empire thirteen and a half millions. She admits to her chambers of Government members of any religion and of none; her established Church of England is very far indeed from being coextensive with the population of even the home country; and while her Protestantism in all its various forms is admittedly everywhere declining, her Catholicism is steadily, if slowly, everywhere increasing.

Germany has more than twenty-three million Catholics—a proportion exceeding a third of her population and rapidly growing. Her present greatness, moreover, is due, not to Lutheranism, whether past or present, but to Bismarck's unification of the German States into the great German Empire, the most prosperous of her provinces being meanwhile Catholic, and two of her four kingdoms governed by Catholic sovereigns.

The United States of America embrace peoples of various nationalities and profess no one form of religion in particular. Catholics, however, are far more numerous there than are the adherents of any other form of religion, and, likewise as in Germany, are rapidly increasing in numbers. They number at the present time in the United States and possessions of the Pacific considerably more than twenty-four millions. And here, it may be observed in passing, that in Catholic South America's population of fifty millions there are but some two hundred thousand Protestants of all denominations. America has never known a Protestant Reformation; her temporal prosperity can in no sense be claimed as due to Protestantism; it is due to her extraordinary and abundant supplies of natural elements conducive to wealth and to the talents and experience of her various nationalities in administering and profiting by them. Nor can her millionaires, capitalists and wealthy classes be said to be much influenced by so-called Protestant principles. If they are not Catholic, it is for the most part because they manifest no very great zeal for religion of any definite kind.

And, on the other hand, if such Powers as are commonly quoted as Catholic may so be designated, this is due to the fact that the masses of their populations have remained Catholic despite the hostility of their anti-Catholic Governments. Take France, for example, with its Freemason Republic's Satanic hatred of the very name of Christ, its warfare against Catholicism as being the dominant form of the Christianity which it abhors in every form and shape, its spoliations of church property, law of separation, suppression of religious orders and of religious education; Italy, with its anti-Papal Government, Freemason and other secret societies; and now Portugal, with its atheistical Republic and savage persecution of Catholics.

In every country, indeed, however deeply laid the foundations of Christian civilization, and however faithful to the Catholic Church the masses of the people may have remained through the centuries, the old story of Cæsar against Christ has at one time or another been exemplified. Everywhere the civil power has manifested jealousy of ecclesiastical authority, even though the latter has been exercised strictly within the domain of religion; Church properties

have everywhere been plundered, religious orders suppressed and the faithful persecuted, the freedom and action of the Church fettered, and her rights, notably in relation to education and the divine law of marriage, usurped. The history of the world, rebellious and perverse from its commencement, has everywhere been a history of that warfare against its Maker, concerning which the Divine Founder of Christianity reminded and warned us—a history of God's gifts, goodness and patience on the one side, and of man's stupidity and sin on the other.

Unlike Protestantism, which arose only in the sixteenth century and was introduced by the civil power into the countries in which it lingers,[1] the Catholic Church has accompanied human society from the birth of Christianity down the centuries of the world's changes, and has proved herself independent of them all—independent alike of the world's favor and disfavor, evil report and good report, prosperity and adversity, enriching and despoiling; independent of secular governments, whether pagan or Christian, of their conquests, commercial enterprises, colonizations. For "she comes not of earth, she holds not of earth, she is no servant of man," who in the long story of struggle with his Maker has so signally failed whether to enslave or destroy her. She depends not, as do human religions, on time, place, circumstances, for her existence; her source is *Divine.*

She transcends nationalities; she has her populations in every country, whether Latin or Teutonic, and gathers of all the races of mankind, Caucasian, Mongolian, Negro, into her world-wide visible empire. Hers is a "kingdom not of this world," though in it—a kingdom more extensive and incomparably stronger than the kingdoms of the world, outlasting them all, and invincible, because maintained, "not with an army, nor by might, but by My spirit, saith the Lord of hosts"—a kingdom never so strong as when recognized by the world as being not of itself and by the world-power persecuted accordingly.

Therefore we look not to the kingdoms of this world for their patronage and support of the Catholic Church, nor do we gauge her truth and triumphs by the Protestant note of temporal prosperity. *Securus judicat orbis terranum.*

Christianity was established in the world not to endow the nations with wealth, material prosperity, large armaments, power and extensive possessions, but "to preach the Gospel to the poor, to heal the contrite of heart, to preach deliverance to the captives and sight to the blind, to set at liberty them that are bruised, to preach

[1] See Jurien, Hist. of the Thirty Years' War, Book I., quoted in Alzog's Univ. Ch. Hist., Vol. III., pp. 390-1.

the acceptable year of the Lord and the day of reward," supernatural and eternal. If, then, Protestants aim at temporal prosperity, and have obtained it by means, as they claim, of their religion, this does but serve to show that their religion, being devoted to the service of Mammon from Mammon, "they have received their reward."

And are they satisfied with the reward of which they boast? It would appear so, since, while we hear much about the material prosperity of Protestant countries, we hear little or nothing of their *moral* prosperity. The reason, doubtless, is that in matter of fact Protestant populations compare very badly with Catholic in this respect. Spain, whose Armada was provoked by British Protestant depredations on her possessions, has, for example, as we learn from the *Statistical Society's Journal,* but one criminal in ten thousand of her population, while in England and Wales they number one in every one hundred and ninety. In Spain Sir Hiram Maxim has a gun factory, the doors of whose every compartment are left unlocked night and day. He has another factory near London, the doors of which have to be secured each night lest the factory should be gutted the very first night it was left unlocked. Being asked by a Protestant proselytizing agent to subscribe to "Spanish missions," he promptly refused, and added that he was prepared instead to subscribe to any movement to make the morals of England like those of Spain.[2] To take other examples, Great Britain as a whole has from three to four times more illegitimates than Catholic Ireland, and in Ireland the proportion would be still less but for the Protestant populations that were so iniquitously planted there. Catholic Connaught, for instance, has but five illegitimates per thousand of its population, while Protestant Ulster has no less than fifty per thousand, and Belfast has twice the percentage of Dublin. Similar results are obtained by comparisons of the Catholic with the Lutheran provinces of Germany and the Catholic with the Protestant cantons of Switzerland. In whatever countries the examination be made, the result will be found always the same, as indeed the Anglican Baring Gould showed some years since in his "Golden Gate." The vice to which such statistics point prevails in much larger measure amongst Protestant than amongst Catholic populations; and responsible in additional measure for it is the hateful law of divorce, which abrogates, with such disastrous results in Protestant countries, the Christian law of marriage handed down the centuries and resolutely maintained by the Catholic Church. To make but one comparison, the Protestantism claimed for America destroys one family in every fourteen, while in Catho-

[2] See Rev. Father Graham's "Prosperity Catholic and Protestant," Sands & Co., 1912, for this and much of the following information.

lic Ireland there is but one divorce in every four thousand four hundred and thirty-eight marriages. As regards the effects of this law in Great Britain, the House of Convocation of York, in its report some years since, summarized them as "disintegration of family life, laxity of ideas as to the marriage bond, a growing appetite for greater facilities for breaking that bond, perjury, lying collusions and increasing temptations to unfaithful conduct." Meanwhile, the proceedings in the divorce court show that the curse affects all classes of society, though much of the vicious leaven is hidden, since the poor, on whose behalf increased facilities have recently been advocated, have not hitherto been able to afford the expenses of the court.

And next, as to religious knowledge and attendance at religious worship, since to their religion Protestants point as being the source of their temporal prosperity.

In 1880 the Anglican Bishop of Rochester (*Good Words*) wrote: "To hundreds of thousands of our fellow-countrymen Almighty God is practically an unknown being, except as the substance of a hideous oath; Jesus Christ, in His redeeming love and human sympathy, as distant as a fixed star;" and Mr. Lester, an American Protestant, in his "Glory and Shame of England," says: "They know no more about Jesus Christ than about Mahomet or Confucius. I therefore say that there is no population to be found on the earth who live so near Christianity that know so little about it." In relation to the matter of the illiteracy of which some Catholic countries are accused, Mr. Benjamin Hoare, in his "Catholicism and Crime," with reference to Protestant ignorance, observes: "No illiteracy ever conceived of in Italy and Spain can equal this state of more than pagan ignorance. Many Spanish peasants are unable to read and write, but all are instructed in Christian doctrine;" and Aubrey de Vere had occasion to write to an English member of Parliament: "In Irish hovels you meet with a worship which you condemn; it is in English manufacturing districts that you are confronted by multitudes who have never heard of the existence of God or named that Name at which the nations bow."

With reference to the attendance at religious worship among Protestant populations, it may be observed that a census taken in London some years since revealed the disconcerting fact that seventy-five per cent. of its citizens attended neither church nor chapel, and but for Catholics, whose attendance at divine worship has admittedly by far the largest percentage amongst religious bodies, and who were included in the census, this seventy-five percentage would have been higher still. If we turn to Germany, we learn from the Berlin correspondent of the Protestant *Christian World* that of the

two million Protestants of that city it was revealed by a census taken there on Trinity Sunday last that only eleven thousand two hundred and fifty-two attended public worship, whilst at Chemnitz, in Protestant Saxony, on that same Sunday, only two thousand two hundred and forty-eight out of a Protestant population of three hundred thousand attended places of religious worship.

The law of May, 1878, introduced and passed in Germany with a view to facilitate apostasy from the Catholic Church, has, moreover, recoiled upon the heads of those who framed it; it has been used, and is being used, not by Catholics, as was vainly hoped, but by Protestants. So popular indeed amongst Protestants has the law become, and so rapidly is the movement of secession from the Lutheran State Church assuming large proportions and spreading, that the Government now contemplates raising the fee charged for declaration of a change of creed. During the last four years eight thousand Protestants in Berlin alone have contracted themselves out of the State Church, and there is now a rush to "get out" before the fees become too expensive. Meanwhile secession from the Lutheran Church is being advocated by a secession committee, which pays the expenses, amongst the reasons for secession stated being the unbelief of the educated classes, and indeed of the Lutheran parsons themselves, who while they do not, as is alleged, believe what they preach, are likewise hostile to the toilers' demands for social improvements.

Furthermore, since Protestants claim that their temporal prosperity results from their religion, we are led to inquire into the *nature* of this temporal prosperity. To be truly Christian, it should surely be of such a nature as to secure the greatest possible good for the greatest possible number, a reasonable distribution, therefore, of its wealth, decency of living for the poor, insistence on the law of nature that no one shall starve, and encouragement in accordance with the supernatural law to "seek first the kingdom of God and His justice," with assurance of the needful "things added."

What, then, are the facts? Take, for example, Britain, commonly considered the most prosperous and powerful of the Protestant Powers. "Never before in our history," wrote Joseph Chamberlain a generation since, "were wealth and the evidences of wealth more abundant; never before was luxurious living so general and so wanton in its display; and never before was the misery of the poor more intense, or the conditions of their daily life more hopeless or more degraded. . . . . England has a million paupers, and millions more on the verge" of pauperism. "It is unfortunately only too plain," say Sidney and Beatrice Webb in their "Prevention of Destitution," "that the United Kingdom contains at all times be-

tween three and four millions of persons, of either sex and of all ages, who are (except in so far as the public provision or private charity may temporarily rescue them) demonstrably suffering in body and mind, in physique and in character, from a lack of the necessaries of life." And how does the unhappy aspect of things in this relation strike the foreign visitor to Britain? "The extreme poverty of the inhabitants of these islands," wrote Madame Sorgue in the *Review of Reviews,* November, 1911, "is a never-failing source of wonder to those of us who have studied 'the vice of the poor' in the other countries of Europe;" and she describes the degrading conditions of their extreme poverty as being such as "should shame 'Bible-loving' England into action," and as having "hardly a parallel to them in Europe." Since, then, we are challenged to a comparison of Protestant Britain's temporal prosperity with that of Catholic countries, we turn to the pages of *The Statesman's Year Book* and learn, for example, in relation to the matter of pauperism, that while in Great Britain and Ireland there is one pauper to every thirty-nine inhabitants, in Austria there is but one to every one hundred and forty-five, and in Belgium only one to every one thousand three hundred and twenty-one.

It is estimated, indeed, that in Great Britain from ten to twelve millions of the population have less than £1 a week per household on which to exist, while in relation to the housing of the British poor Cardinal Vaughan might with sad truth have spoken of it in much stronger terms when he said: "Millions of human beings are housed worse than the cattle or horses of many a lord or squire." "Massed in mean streets," observes Mr. Webb, "working in the sweating-dens or picking up a precarious livelihood by casual jobs; living by day and by night in crowded one-room tenements, through months of chronic unemployment or persistent under-employment; infants and children, boys and girls, men and women, together find themselves subjected . . . to unspeakable temptations to which it is practically inevitable that they should in different degrees succumb;" and he describes the "moral malaria which undermines the spiritual vitality of those subjected to its baleful influence, and gradually submerges the mass of each generation, as it grows up, in coarseness and bestiality, apathy and cynical skepticism of every kind." To have no home of any kind may be considered a better lot than to have a home such as is here described; and that there are, indeed, from three to four thousand persons in London who are thus homeless appears to be the case, judging by an estimate made by some officials of the London County Council, who one night a few years since searched the streets for the purpose.

The evil grows, and over against this growth of destitution and

degradation, with an ever widening and deepening gulf between, is the growth of superfluous wealth, selfish commercialism, capitalism, materialism, passion for pleasure, luxurious living, wanton display, contempt for religion and its calls to works of mercy, and an ascendancy of a vulgar moneyocracy, courted in large measure by an aristocracy which, while despising, readily enough unites with it in the worship of the Golden Calf, and is not ashamed to scorn and shun the poor of its own class.

Meanwhile it is significant, both as indicating the misery and despair attendant upon the social and economic conditions produced by Protestant prosperity and the failure of Protestantism as a deterrent from vice, that in the matter of suicides England has a percentage from three to four times larger than is to be found among Catholic populations. In Catholic Ireland, for example, where centuries of cruel despoiling, persecution and oppression, might have been expected to incite so sensitive and impulsive a people to the sin, suicide has notwithstanding scarcely ever been committed. This sin indeed is admittedly much more common among Protestant than among Catholic populations; and where the populations are of mixed religions, it prevails in larger or less measure, according as Protestants are more or fewer in numbers.

Space forbids a more detailed account of the evils attendant upon so-called Protestant prosperity. Enough, however, has been said to show that while a nation may be powerful by reason of large armaments, conquests and colonizations, as indeed even the Turks for centuries were, and may claim to be prosperous by reason of an extensive commerce, a wealthy moneyocracy and many millionaires, yet its prosperity cannot but be said to be be of a very undesirable nature, while over against it, with an ever-widening gulf between rich and poor, we find millions of paupers, sweated labor, unspeakable misery, unmentionable degradation, and on both sides of the gulf religion decadent, unbelief spreading and vice rampant. Nor can the national prosperity, apart from such accompaniments, be regarded as the product of Protestantism, since these accompaniments are found wherever Protestant ideals prevail. Nor, again, is it too much to suggest that the rising tide of Socialism in Europe will on examination be seen to be a revolt not so much against religion as it was, and the results produced when Europe was Catholic, as against what has been brought about since the introduction of Protestantism. This suggestion finds support, moreover, in what has already been noticed concerning the attitude and action of ocialism in relation to the State Lutheranism of Germany.

Socialism, which regards temporal prosperity as man's sole, or chief, good, as though, forsooth, he had no life beyond death and

was a fool to "seek first the kingdom of God and His justice" and to treat things temporal as but "things added"—such Socialism may be said, indeed, to be the logical consequence of the Protestant worship of Mammon, since it sees that so far from religion being naturally allied with or adequately rewarded by temporal prosperity, first the pagan nations were prosperous, next the Catholic, then the Protestant, and that the present-day paganism into which Protestantism is fast drifting is now completing the circle. It means, therefore, to take in hand, independently of religion altogether, not only man's temporal well-being, but likewise the fearful forces of his degenerate will and passions, and to effect by material means and changed conditions that which can in truth be effected only by a religious change of the heart. Failed by Protestantism, it is deprived of sense to see, as Napoleon, taught by Catholicism, saw, despite his sin and worldly ambition, that since man is compounded of soul as well as body, and is thus a spiritual being with an eternal destiny to be determined by his Creator in accordance with his service, or refusal to serve, in this present life, it is but common sense to treat him as such and seek the aid of religion for the purpose.

Socialists, however, there are, as, for example, Mr. Keir Hardy in his "From Serfdom to Socialism," who regard the social and economic conditions produced by the mediæval system of Catholic days as most nearly approaching the ideals they have in view on behalf of the toiling masses. "The golden age, taking Europe as a whole," says this writer, "lasted from two hundred to three hundred years; and there were neither millionaires nor paupers in those days, but a rude abundance for all;" and he complains that the Protestant Reformation, by despoiling the monasteries of their lands, the one refuge to which the needy worker could fly for succor, also told heavily against the poor, whilst the new gospel of individual salvation lent the sanction of religion to the selfish creed of 'each for himself,' which was then just beginning to assert itself as the dominant principle in business. Under its baneful influence old customs and habits and the old communal traditional life of the people in town and country were ruthlessly broken and destroyed, and that era of desolation and barren humanity entered upon from which we are only just now beginning to emerge."

He is in agreement with William Corbett, who considers that the Protestant Reformation was a "devastation of England, which was, at the time when this event took place, the happiest country, perhaps, that the world had ever seen." "At the Reformation," says Mr. George Milligan, "commercialism succeeded Catholic principles, and instead of the workingman being properly treated, the guilds were destroyed, and he was crushed by the new power of

plutocracy." And Mr. H. W. Lee, in his "First of May," declares that prior to the Reformation "the economic condition of the wage earners was, relatively to the general conditions of the time, far and away better and higher than it has ever since been."

England in Catholic days was "Merrie England;" her happiness was bestowed and secured, her life brightened and sanctified, her labor sweetened by Mass and Sacrament and the constant round of religious observance, fairs and pageants, pilgrimages and processions, the Church being the centre around which her life revolved in every city and town, village, hamlet and homestead, and her guilds religious bonds of union in things both spiritual and temporal. And thus, "when all, so far as religious faith is concerned, thought the same," as Abbot Gasquet observes in his "Eve of the Reformation," "and when all, so far as religious observance did the same, the very atmosphere of unity was productive of that common brotherhood which appears so plainly in the records of the period preceding the religious changes of the sixteenth century." Protestantism attacked this unity of faith and worship, broke its brotherhood, introduced a multitude of conflicting sects, despoiled the monasteries endowed by the faithful rich on behalf of their poorer brothers, flooded the land with want, distress and degradation, and then resorted to cruel torture under scandalous vagrancy laws, with vain endeavors to make an end of the pauperism it had itself produced. And the present-day poorhouse, worked on cold, hard business lines in place of Christian principles of charity, detested and shunned by the poor in consequence, is the best substitute it can produce in place of the Catholic provision which in the name of religion it so irreligiously and violently destroyed.

And not only was England "Merrie England" in Catholic days; she was likewise great among the nations and a first-class power. The foundations of her greatness were laid and their building consolidated during a thousand years of Catholic prosperity; and, as in Germany, of old, part of the Holy Roman Empire with sovereigns the most powerful in Europe, so in England Protestants have but profited by what they found and seized upon. Ireland, too, was prosperous when England was Catholic. It is to English Protestant persecution, despoiling, cruel depopulation and prolonged oppression that she owes her past centuries of unspeakable woe.

And, lastly, if religion is the source of Protestant England's temporal prosperity, how comes it that she has not been at pains to introduce this so beneficent a means of happiness among the heathen of her colonies? As some one has observed, she "has not

Christianized or civilized a single barbarian or pagan people; she has been more occupied in preying on them than in praying for them;" she has been content to leave them undisturbed in their paganism, provided they yielded up their treasures and paid the taxes levied on them. Would England, as a Catholic power, have abandoned the vast populations of India to their horrible idolatries as Protestant England has done? Had Spain, when the greatest power in Catholic Europe, so little thought for the religion of the population of South America and the Philippines? And if it be answered that there are Christian missions in British colonial possessions, it has to be admitted, and is affirmed by unprejudiced men of the world who have traveled and have had oportunities of observing, that not Church of Englandism, nor any of the other numerous forms of British Protestantism, but that Catholicism is the one missionary factor that really counts in each and all of them. In short, while Catholicism accounts but little of this presnt world and its wealth, and is intent instead upon extending the kingdom of Christ, British Protestantism scorns the supernatural, glorifies temporal prosperity and boasts the extent of the British Empire.

And Catholicism, in its zeal for the extension of that visible kingdom, which though in this world is not of it, has now in view more hopefully than hitherto, the conversion of the vast Eastern world so long delayed. The Western world has long enjoyed its day of grace and is fast bartering it away in the interests of temporal prosperity. Exulting in its wealth, materialism and marvels of scientific advance and invention, as though itself were master of earth and sea and sky, it presumes, in its vaunted progress, pride and stupidity, to proclaim independence of the Divine author and giver of all good things. Meanwhile there are not wanting signs that in the Eastern world a conviction prevails that behind all the marvels of the age there is a divine, omnipotent and beneficent Being, as yet not sufficiently known, and along with this conviction is a growing desire to know Him. In both China and Japan Catholicism is spreading. Even before the change in the attitude of their respective governments towards the Catholic Church the increase was continuous. Now that freedom and, indeed, encouragement and support are given to Catholic missions, the increase promises to bring many millions more into the Catholic fold. In view of China's enormous population we cannot but pray and hope, in response to the urgent requests for our prayers recently received from thence, that the kingdom of Christ may be extended into her vast empire. History repeats itself, and should the face of Europe again be changed, as when barbarian hordes of old invaded and overthrew the mighty empire of the Cæsars and in due course were converted

and became loyal subjects and most zealous sons of the Catholic Church—should the East, in the providence of God, be allowed to invade the West, as well for the latter's reconversion as for its own further enlightenment, Catholics could not but return thanks for the extension they had prayed for of that kingdom which is not of this world, even should such extension involve the loss to Britain of her Protestant Note of Temporal Prosperity.

H. P. Russell.

Leamington Spa, England.

MEXICO, THE LAND OF REVOLUTIONS, AND ITS PRESIDENTS.

ALTHOUGH the most important republic on this Western continent (except our own) stretches along our southern frontier from gulf to ocean, few, even of our more educated people, could name the Presidents who have guarded its fortunes (or disregarded them) in its existence of scarcely more than three-quarters of a century. To most people the fair land of Mexico lives only in its past, the period made vivid by the genius of Prescott. The later annals are but a series of rebellions, insurrections, revolutions, from Miguel Hidalgo down to Huerta, all terminating in sanguinary executions, when no services to the State —not even the grand struggle for the liberation of Mexico from the Spanish yoke—avail to save the defeated chieftain from a felon's death.

Unfortunately, the history of the country, when we attempt to peruse its pages, would seem to confirm the common impression. During the first forty-seven years that Mexico was recognized by the civilized world as an independent State the form of government was changed ten times, and more than fifty men succeeded one another as Presidents, Dictators or Emperors. The two who wore the imperial diadem were shot—Iturbide, at Padilla, July 19, 1824; Maximilian of Austria, at Queretaro, June 19, 1867. The sympathy roused for the latter victim and the outspoken condemnation by the civilized world of the Mexican system of butchery seem to have produced some effect since then, for the first time in Mexican annals, Presidents have served their term of office and peacefully handed the reins of power to their successors. Porfirio Diaz was an exception to this rule, and though he succeeded himself a number of times, he found safety in exile before the expiration of his last term as President.

According to the calculation of some students of Mexican history,

three hundred pronunciamentos have been issued. In less than half a century the Presidents, real or shadowy, rival in numbers the Spanish rulers of three centuries, for between 1535 and 1821 only sixty-four Spanish viceroys ruled over Mexico, with more or less absolute authority, and not always with the greatest regard *pro bono publico*. Injustice never fails to breed discontent, and discontent soon finds expression in reactionary movements. The deposition of King Ferdinand of Spain by Napoleon and the placing of his brother, Joseph Bonaparte, upon the Spanish throne afforded Mexican leaders an opportunity to call into action the long-suppressed discontents that were only waiting for a chance to manifest themselves. This culminated in open revolt, in 1810, at Guanaxuato, under the leadership of Don Miguel Hidalgo. For nine years one uprising followed another, until February 24, 1821, when Mexican independence was proclaimed and Don Juan O'Donoju, the last of the Spanish viceroys, surrendered the City of Mexico to Don Agustin Iturbide. On the 27th the victorious general, followed by 10,000 men and bearing the banner of the Three Guarantees—Religion, Union and Independence—entered the capital amid the greatest rejoicing on the part of the people.

Among the most prominent leaders of the revolution, and the first to take up arms against the mother country, was Don Miguel Hidalgo y Gallaga, *cura,* or parish priest of the town of Dolores. He was born on the Rancho of San Vicente, on May 8, 1753, educated at the College of San Nicolas de Valladolid, and in due time became its rector. In 1779 he went to the City of Mexico, where he was ordained priest and received the degree of doctor of divinity. After having exercised the duties of parish priest in several places, he was appointed to the charge at Dolores, in succession to Don Joaquin Hidalgo, his brother, who had just died. Here, by his affability and simplicity of life, he endeared himself to his people, whose condition he was always anxious to ameliorate. He was a man of learning and quite a linguist, a rare accomplishment in those times. He also possessed a knowledge of the industrial arts. He taught his people how to plant vineyards and how to cultivate the silk worm, and established a factory for the manufacture of earthenware.

The troubles that involved Spain as well as most of Europe, together with the utter disregard of the rights of the Mexican people by the Spanish viceroys, greatly diminished the prestige of Spanish authority, and notions of a form of government independent of the mother country began to fill the minds of the leading Mexicans. This feeling grew, and gradually a general impatience to shake off the yoke of foreign domination became manifest through-

out the entire country. The little town of Dolores was the scene of the first popular outbreak, and it was the *cura,* Don Miguel Hidalgo, who first raised the standard of revolt for the defense of religion and the redress of grievances. Orders had arrived from the capital prohibiting the inhabitants from making wine; this reduced them to great distress, as they derived a large portion of their sustenance from the cultivation of the vine. As leaders in the proposed movement, Hidalgo won over one of the officers of a neighboring garrison, Don Ignacio Allende, a captain of the Queen's Dragoons, and two others, Aldama and Abasolo, and some ten or twelve of his own parishioners. They called the people to arms on the morning of September 16, 1810. Hidalgo seized and imprisoned seven Spaniards, whose property, in accordance with Spanish usage, he distributed among the hosts that had flocked to his standard.

The news of this revolutionary act spread with rapidity, and was everywhere received with the greatest enthusiasm. Before three days had elapsed San Felipe and San Miguel had fallen into the hands of the insurgents. Passing through Atotonilco, Hidalgo stepped into a church, and seeing a banner with a picture of Our Lady of Guadalupe upon it, he fastened it to the end of a lance and had it carried at the head of his troops as his standard. On September 29 his army, which had grown to 20,000 men, chiefly Indians, and poorly armed at that, attacked the city of Guanaxuato. The Spaniards, under the command of Riano, gathered their treasures together in the Granaditas Castle, and there determined to defend them. The Mexicans assailed the castle, but were repulsed. At last a brave boy named Pepito, with a torch in his hand and a shield over his back, crept on hands and knees, unperceived by the enemy, reached the castle gate and set the building on fire. The insurgents now poured into the castle and killed or disabled all who opposed their progress. The inhabitants fled in disorder, and the city was for a time given up to plunder. Hidalgo soon restored order, visited severe punishment on disturbers of the peace, appointed a city council, established a factory for casting cannon and a mint, and set to work to furnish himself with arms, supplies and money. It is estimated by some historians that his military chest received an accession of $5,000,000. On October 17 his forces, now amounting to nearly 50,000 men, entered Valladolid without resistance. Here his army was greatly increased by additional Indian forces and several companies of well-armed provincial militia. His greatest acquisition, however, was the patriotic priest, Morelos, who subsequently became one of the most distinguished men of the revolution.

Hidalgo, after giving the civil jurisdiction of the city into the hands of Don Jose Maria Anzorena and furnishing his own forces with necessary supplies, resumed his campaign. Passing through Acambaro, Maravatio and Toluca, he arrived with his large army at Las Cruces some time between the 27th and the 29th of October. Here he was met, on the 30th, by a well-armed and well-equipped army of 3,000 men, under General Trujillo. The Spanish general was a wily leader, and by pretending to fall back, drew Hidalgo after him, until he reached an eligible position, when he opened his artillery with terrible effect upon the insurgents. The latter rallied, however, and by their superior numbers finally triumphed over the Spaniards, who were nearly annihilated. Trujillo saved his life only through the speed of his horse. Had Hidalgo followed up this advantage, he would most assuredly have entered the capital, which was in a defenseless condition. Instead of doing this, he remained virtually inactive in camp until November 2, when he began an inexplicable retreat toward Queretaro. Some of his men deserted; others followed him to Aculco, where he was unexpectedly confronted and routed by the royalist General Calleja. It is estimated that 10,000 Indians perished in this battle. Calleja entered Guanaxuato, where he distinguished himself by the most revolting barbarities, cutting the throats of the defenseless inhabitants until the principal fountain in the city literally ran with human blood. A brave and patriotic Franciscan, Padre Balaunzaran, afterwards Bishop of Nuevo Leon, confronted this bloody chieftain, and seizing the bridle of his horse, commanded him to put a stop to the carnage. Calleja restrained his troops, but not long afterwards ordered the arrest of fifty Mexicans, whom he sentenced to be shot.

The subsequent career of Hidalgo was a series of disasters. He retreated to Valladolid and thence to Guadalajara, where he is accused of atrocities upon Spaniards equal only to those perpetrated upon Mexicans by Calleja.

On January 17 following, having reorganized his troops, Hidalgo attacked Calleja at the Bridge of Calderon. Both armies fought with desperate valor. It was a contest between numbers on the one side and discipline on the other. Thrice did victory seem to favor Hidalgo's numbers, but at last the Mexicans broke and scattered in all directions, leaving the field in possession of the royal troops. Hidalgo, with several of his officers, moved northward towards the United States, where it was their intention to purchase arms and military stores. On the road they were surprised and captured. Hidalgo was tried at Chihuahua, degraded of his clerical orders, and, with Allende, Aldama and Juarez, was shot on or about July 30, 1811. These men were decapitated after

death and their heads taken to Guanaxuato, where they were exposed in iron cages on the four corners of the Castle of Granaditas.

After the fall of Hidalgo, his confidential secretary, Rayon, a young lawyer, attempted to collect his scattered forces, but his following was confined to his own men. Every province of Mexico now swarmed with insurgent forces, but, unfortunately, there was no concerted action among the leaders, and the principal cities were firmly held by the royalists. Morelos meanwhile had gone with a few followers to raise the standard of revolution in the southwest, and was by this time beginning to attract public attention.

Don Jose Maria Morelos y Pavon was born in the city of Valladolid (now called Morelia, in his honor) on September 30, 1765. His parents, Manuel Morelos and Juana Pavon, were in very humble circumstances, and not having the means of educating their son, found employment for him attending cattle and horses. He followed this occupation until he was thirty years of age. Having a fondness for study and feeling called to a higher sphere, he managed to enter the College of San Nicolas as a day scholar. The rector of the college was the unfortunate Hidalgo, whose successor in the cause of Mexican freedom the aspiring Morelos was destined to become.

Once in college, Morelos made rapid progress. In due time he was ordained a priest, and was alternately pastor of Churumuco and Huacana. It was while thus absorbed in his studies and in his pastoral duties that the revolution of 1810 broke out and led him to take up the sword for independence.

On the fall of Hidalgo the valiant Morelos, with a handful of men, was conducting operations in the northwest. On reaching the coast numerous bands of slaves, anxious to obtain their freedom upon the battlefield, flocked around the standard of Morelos. Arms were very scarce, and when good fortune brought him to a village where he found some twenty muskets he felt that an almost invaluable acquisition had been made to his stores. When his army had increased to 1,000 men he moved on Acapulco. Hearing that the commandant of the district was coming to meet him with a large force of well-disciplined men, he surprised him by a night attack, routed him and secured 800 muskets and five pieces of artillery, a quantity of ammunition and a considerable amount of money. Besides this, he took 700 prisoners and treated them with great humanity. From this time Morelos gained victory after victory over the royalists with astonishing rapidity. It is a source of gratification to be able to say that his successes were never tarnished with wanton cruelties. By February, 1812, his forces were within twenty miles of the Mexican capital. The Spaniards, alarmed at

the approach of so successful a leader, prepared to meet him, and Calleja, with the army with which he had triumphed at Aculco and at the Bridge of Calderon, was summoned to defend the City of Mexico. He fell upon Morelos at the town of Cuautla, where, after a severe contest, he was repulsed and compelled to retire, leaving 500 of his men dead upon the field of battle. Strengthened by additional forces, Calleja returned and laid siege in form. The besieged held their own with great spirit and determination, until famine and disease came upon them. Indeed, to such straits were they reduced that a cat sold for six dollars, a lizard for two and rats were a dollar apiece. Morelos so inspired his men that they bore their sufferings without a murmur, and it was only after all hope of obtaining supplies had vanished that they determined to evacuate. This they did on the night of May 2, without the loss of a man and without the knowledge of the enemy. Associated with Morelos in this heroic defense of Cuautla were two young officers—Guadalupe Victoria and Nicolas Bravo—who were destined to figure in the pages of the Mexican struggle for independence, while in the successful defense of a neighboring town the youthful Guerrero began his long and dangerous career.

Not discouraged by his sufferings at Cuautla, in the following month Morelos fell upon the enemy at Palmas, or the Grove of Palms. The fighting lasted for three days. The Spaniards retired to a village nearby, where their works were stormed by General Bravo, who captured 300 prisoners. At this time the father of General Bravo was a prisoner, under sentence of death, in the hands of the Viceroy Venegas. The 300 men just captured were offered for his ransom. Venegas refused, and ordered the elder Bravo to be shot immediately. The noble-hearted son felt the cruel loss of his father most keenly, and instead of retaliating upon the prisoners in his possession, ordered them set at liberty at once. "I desire," he said, "to put it out of my power to avenge on them the death of my father, lest in the first moments of grief the temptation should prove irresistible."

Morelos was indefatigable in his pursuit of the enemy. In November he attacked Oaxaca, and carried it by storm, although defended by a strong royalist garrison; and in August, 1813, he compelled the strongly fortified city of Acapulco to surrender after a siege of six months.

On November 8 Morelos appeared before Valladolid with 7,000 men. He was met by a formidable force, under Colonel Iturbide. Elated by his former success, Morelos, without giving his weary troops time to rest, advanced upon the town, and was repulsed with heavy losses. On the following day Iturbide sallied from the

city and attacked Morelos while his men were drawn up for review on the plains. Unfortunately for Morelos, a large body of Mexican cavalry came upon the scene to help him, but mistaking him for the enemy, charged furiously upon his flanks. Iturbide took advantage of the blunder, and put the insurgents to flight, with a loss of their artillery. On January 6, 1814, Morelos was again repulsed by Iturbide, and from that time success seemed to desert him. He continued to fight with desperation, but lost action after action, until, in November, 1815, while escorting the Congressional Deputies to a place of safety, with a feeble detachment, he was suddenly attacked by a large body of royalists. He immediately ordered General Bravo to continue the march, adding that his life was of little consequence, provided the Congress could be saved. He then endeavored, with scarcely fifty men, to prevent the advance of the victorious royalists. He succeeded in gaining time, until at last only one man was left fighting by his side, and he was taken prisoner. His captors treated him with great brutality, stripped him of his clothing, and carried him in chains to a Spanish garrison. When Don Jose de la Concha, who was in command, saw him, he received him with the respect due to a fallen enemy and treated him with a humanity unusual in those times. Morelos was hastily tried and condemned to death. He was taken to Mexico, and thence to San Cristobal Ecatepec, where he was shot on the afternoon of December 21, 1815. On the day of his execution Morelos dined with General Concha, whom he thanked for his kindness to him during his imprisonment. He then sent for a priest, made his confession and walked with perfect serenity to the place of execution. Here, turning his eyes towards heaven, he uttered this simple but affecting prayer: "Lord, if I have done well, Thou knowest it; if ill, to Thy infinite mercy I commend my soul." He then tied a handkerchief over his eyes and gave the signal to the firing squad.

With the fall of Morelos, who was no less generous than brave, the most brilliant period of the revolution passed away. The principal insurgents remaining at this time were: Don Manuel de Mier y Terran, Don Vicente Guerrero, Don Ramon Rayon, Don Nicolas Bravo and Guadalupe Victoria. These chiefs were scattered over different parts of the country, and although they fought bravely, want of united action operated against them, and in a short time Terran, Rayon and Bravo were successively captured by the royalists.

Don Felix Fernandez is known in the history of the Mexican war of independence as Guadalupe Victoria. He adopted these names in honor of the patron saint of Mexico and of the successes which attended him in many contests with the Spaniards. While

other leaders had been operating in different quarters, Victoria, with a force of 2,000 men, occupied (1818) the important Province of Vera Cruz, where, for a time, he was the source of great uneasiness to the Viceroy. For over two years Victoria held out bravely against the several thousand troops sent by Spain to subdue him. Lack of resources, however, operated against him as much as disciplined troops, and gradually he was driven from one stronghold to another. Most of his soldiers fell on the battlefield, and the remainder received so little encouragement from the people for whom they were fighting that desertions became frequent. In a little while Victoria found himself alone. Proffers of rank and large rewards came to him from the royalists, but they were indignantly spurned. He sent his few remaining companions to seek for safety as best they could, while he, accompanied by two attendants, sought an asylum in the solitude of the mountains and disappeared from the eyes of his countrymen. For a few weeks he received a little food from the Indians, who all knew and respected him; but when the Viceroy, Apodaca, sent out 1,000 men to hunt him down and capture him, they were seized with terror. Every village that had harbored the fugitives was burned to the ground, and such vigorous measures were used against the poor Indians that at the very sight of Victoria they fled or closed their doors against him. For more than six months was this unfortunate chieftain followed by his pursuers, sometimes surrounded and in imminent danger of capture and death, and yet he succeeded in eluding them. At last, wearying of their efforts, his pursuers pretended that a body had been found and recognized as that of Victoria, and the search was abandoned.

But the trials of the heroic Victoria did not end here. On one occasion, when attacked by a fever, he lay for eleven days at the entrance of a cavern, without food and in hourly expectation of death. Indeed, so near was he to death that the vultures were constantly hovering around him, waiting to pounce upon him the moment life was extinct. One of these creatures, more hungry than the rest, approached to feast upon his half-closed eyes. Summoning the little strength left him, he seized it, strangled it and drank its warm blood. This nourishment gave him strength enough to crawl to a spring nearby and slake his devouring thirst. His body was lacerated and worn to a skeleton and his clothes were hanging in rags about him. In summer his food consisted of roots and berries; in winter he was glad to gnaw the bones of dead animals that he happened to find in the woods. For two years and a half he neither tasted bread nor spoke to a human being, and yet he lingered on, hoping for the day of deliverance.

Three years had passed away since the unfortunate Victoria had been abandoned by his friends, in 1818. The last to part with him had been the two faithful Indians who had proven their devotion to him. Before returning to their home they asked him where they might look for him should some change take place in favor of the revolutionists. Pointing to a rugged and almost inaccessible mountain nearby, he said: "Up there you may find my bones."

The poor Indians remembered his words, and as soon as the revolution was known to them they set out to find Victoria. For six weeks they scoured the woods upon that mountain, and meeting with no success, were about to return to their village for more provisions, when one of them, in crossing a ravine, discovered the print of a white man's foot. For two whole days did this faithful Indian wait near this spot without food, and seeing nothing of his friend, he suspended four little maize cakes—all he had—to the branches of a tree and departed for his village in quest of more food. He hoped that if Victoria should pass that way the cakes would attract his attention and lead him to realize that friends were looking for his deliverance.

Two days later the half-famished Victoria, who had been several days without food, crossed the ravine in search of water. The cakes attracted his attention, and without stopping to think how they got there, devoured them with avidity. Convinced that whoever put them there would return in a short time, and not knowing whether they were friends or foes, he concealed himself near the place to watch for the stranger. The Indian soon returned, and as Victoria recognized his old adherent, he hastened to welcome him; but the Indian, terrified at the sight of so ghostly a figure coming, sword in hand, from the bushes, turned and fled, and could be induced to stop only when he heard his name called repeatedly by the voice of his old general. Tears sprang to his eyes as he contemplated the plight in which he found him, and he lost no time in conducting him to the village. Here the long-lost Victoria was received with great enthusiasm. His most immediate wants were quickly supplied, and the news of the "resurrection" of the great leader spread throughout the province. At first it was discredited, but as the truth dawned upon the people and they realized that Guadalupe Victoria was indeed alive and ready to wield the sword once more in the cause of Mexican independence, the old insurgents gladly rallied around him.

While Victoria had been in the mountains the most unexpected events had occurred. The independents had rallied from time to time, until, in 1819, they had defeated the Spaniards in twenty engagements. In the following year, much to their surprise, the

Spanish chieftain, Iturbide, one of their most energetic foes, abandoned his former companions and espoused the cause of the Mexicans.

In 1824 Guadalupe Victoria became the first President of Mexico under the Constitution. The first two years of his administration was not marked by any very stirring events, but the two following years were marred by conspiracies and the trouble brought about by the plan proposed by Don Manuel Montano, which demanded (1) the expulsion of the Spaniards; (2) the expulsion of Mr. Poinset, the American Minister; (3) the extinction of the Freemasons; (4) the removal of General Pedraza from the War Department. The Government displayed great activity, and finally General Bravo, Vice President of the Republic, and Berragan were sent into exile. Thus ended a revolution which is said to have extended over the entire country, and shortly afterwards Victoria's term of office expired. In 1828 his successor was elected in the person of Don Manuel Gomez Pedraza. He was a man identified with the Scotch Masons, and had been Minister of War. He was elected by a majority of only two votes over his competitor, General Guerrero, the candidate of the Yorkinos, or Masons of the York Rite. No sooner was Pedraza in power than the opposition claimed that the election had been carried by bribery. Santa Ana headed a movement against him, and Pedraza, anxious to avoid bloodshed, formally resigned the Presidency and quit the territories of the Republic. Congress, which assembled on January 1, 1829, declared Guerrero to be duly elected President, he having, next to Pedraza, the largest number of votes. Bustamente, a Yorkino leader, was made Vice President.

Don Agustin Iturbide was born in the Mexican city of Valladolid —now called Morelia, in honor of Morelos—September 27, 1783. His father was Don Joaquin Iturbide, a native of Pamplona, and his mother, Dona Ana Aramburu. At the age of sixteen Don Agustin was already an officer in the provincial regiment of his native city. When the struggle for Mexican independence began, in 1808, he opposed it with all his might. He served the cause of Spain in different parts of the country and always distinguished himself by his courage and energy. From a lieutenant he rose to the rank of colonel, and was entrusted with important commands at Guanaxuato and at Valladolid. In 1820 Spain established a constitutional government, but, instead of creating confidence in Mexico by liberal institutions, it aroused a desire for a complete separation from the mother country. Iturbide, who was then at the capital, determined to crush out this idea. He obtained from the Viceroy the command of the troops that were to make the

southern campaign against Guerrero, and on the 16th of November he left Mexico and with 2,500 men took up his quarters at Teloloapan. He then entered into correspondence with Guerrero. This led to an interview at Acatempan, on January 10, 1821. The result of these negotiations was most unexpected. Iturbide, who had been sent by the Viceroy to subdue rebels, resolved to espouse the cause of national independence. Guerrero, as brave as he was generous, yielded the command of the united forces to Iturbide, and thus secured the happy results which followed. The plan of independence, drawn up by the celebrated Don Jose Espinosa de los Monteros, was proclaimed at Iguala, on February 21, 1821. By this sudden turn in the state of affairs the position of the royalists became far from reassuring. Santa Ana was in Vera Cruz, Negrete in Guadalajara, Cortazar in the interior, Filisola at Toluca and Bravo and Victoria were pressing upon them in other quarters. In July the Viceroy, Apodaca, was recalled, and Don Juan O'Donoju arrived as his successor. He soon realized the impossibility of reconquering the country for Spain, and saw that it was too late to win the Mexicans by concessions. Iturbide met him at Cordoba, and they signed an agreement, known as the Treaty of Cordoba, which was afterwards rejected by the Spanish Government, less clear-sighted than O'Donoju. Iturbide and the other chieftains, on hearing that this treaty had been pronounced null and void, determined to move upon the capital. On September 27, 1821, they made their triumphal entry, amid the booming of artillery and the general rejoicing of the people who had succeeded in throwing off the yoke of Spain and in establishing their independence.

After the occupation of the capital by the army of the Three Guarantees a regency was established. It consisted of Don Agustin Iturbide, the Viceroy O'Donoju, Don Manuel de la Barcena, Don Jose Isidro Yanez and Don Manuel Velasquez de Leon. The country was at this time known as the Mexican Empire, and it extended from Texas to Guatemala and from New Mexico to California. The most notable event that occurred during the four months of the regency was the establishment of the Freemasons and their influence in the political affairs of the country. At first all Masons belonged to the Scotch Rite, and were known as Escoseses; but some years later Mr. Poinsett, at that time American Minister to Mexico, established lodges connected with the United States, and there arose a rival body, the Yorkinos, or Masons of the York Rite. The former, composed of large proprietors, were aristocrats in opinion and favored the establishment of a strong government. They were suspected of leaning towards a constitutional monarchy, with a kind chosen from the Bourbon family.

The Yorkinos, on the other hand, opposed a royal government and favored the expulsion of all Spanish residents. Their struggles for power became the bane of the country. One party criminated the other, and each was charged with the design of overturning the established institutions of the country. In the meantime Congress assembled on the 24th of February, 1822, just one year from the promulgation of the Plan of Iguala. The Iturbidists and the Republicans were the leading parties, and violent controversies followed. Finally, on the night of May 18, there was a pronunciamento in the capital, headed by Pio Marcha, a sergeant in the First Regiment, and seconded by Don Epitacio Sanchez, a colonel of mounted grenadiers. These troops, together with a crowd of people from the outer wards, principally from Salto del Agua, assembled before the house of Iturbide and proclaimed him as Emperor, and on June 21, 1822, he was solemnly crowned in the Cathedral under the title of Agustin I. But unfortunately for the new Emperor, his crown was not a crown of roses, nor was his policy marked by the wisdom which should have governed the ruler of a people who had just shaken off the yoke of a foreign power, and who had begun to realize the blessings of freedom and independence.

Iturbide antagonized the National Congress, from which he demanded powers that it regarded as arbitrary. Scarcely had two months elapsed since his coronation when he imprisoned the Deputies who were opposed to his policy. On October 30 he disagreed with the Congress and ordered its dissolution, and three days later convened a junta in its stead. Dissensions and dissatisfaction were now growing throughout the empire. On December 6 General Santa Ana proclaimed the Republic, at Vera Cruz, and formed a plan called the Plan of Casa-Mata, which was approved by Victoria, Bravo, Guerrero and other leaders. Iturbide, finding that there was a general feeling against him, and anxious to avoid bloodshed, laid down his crown on March 20, after a reign of thirteen months, and lest his presence should lead to further entanglements, went to Vera Cruz, where, on May 11, he embarked on an English vessel for Leghorn, proposing to spend the rest of his life abroad. Congress in the meantime had assigned him a yearly income of $25,000 for his support. From Italy he went to London, and in a short time began to make preparations to return to Mexico. Congress, on learning this determination, passed a decree of outlawry against him on April 28, 1824. On the 14th of July following Iturbide, in disguise, landed at Soto la Marina, and was immediately arrested by General Garza, and the Congress of Tamaulipas, at an extra session, decreed that he be shot. The sentence was carried

out near the church, in the town of Padilla, on June 19, 1824. Thus passed away the Spanish Lieutenant, the Commander-in-Chief of the Army of the Three Guarantees, who had driven the Spaniards out of Mexico; the Regent and first European Emperor of Mexico, Agustin I.

We have already spoken of Victoria, who joined Santa Ana in his efforts to overthrow the Empire and establish the Republic. Associated with him was a brave officer who deserves a few words of introduction at our hands. Don Vicente Guerrero was born in the city of Tixtla, some time about 1782 or 1783. His origin was humble, indeed, but he rose to distinction by his own indomitable perseverance and valor. Like his great predecessor, Morelos, his early life was spent in caring for horses, and it was while he was thus engaged that the war of independence broke out. In October, 1810, he enlisted under the banner of his country, and early in 1811 he became a follower of Morelos. By 1812 Guerrero's name was on every lip as a leader famed for his valor, his clemency to the conquered and his untiring energy in the field. In battle he was sometimes the victor and sometimes vanquished, but his resolution always remained unshaken. His body was covered with wounds, but he always returned to the front before they were thoroughly healed, and the number of his followers was never considered in the face of the enemy. When the chances of war were against his party and leaders of renown were paroled or pardoned, Guerrero refused all the offers and inducements held out to him by the enemy to wean him from his loyalty to his country, and he withdrew to the mountains of the south, where he gained many victories over his enemies. On March 6, 1818, Fort Jaujilla fell into the hands of the Spaniards, and the Mexican Junta, which was in session then, and which then represented the civil government of Mexico, was obliged to disperse. In September Guerrero routed the sanguinary Armijo and gained another victory over the Spanish forces at Tzirandaro, and in October he was in position to reassemble and protect the Junta at Jaujilla and to restore the national government. When Iturbide joined the patriots in 1820 Guerrero fought by his side in the struggle for independence.

Guerrero took his seat in the insecure Presidential chair on April 1. During the early days of his administration a Spanish expedition for the invasion of Mexico landed at Tampico. Guerrero was invested with the powers of Dictator, to meet the exigencies of the times, but when the Spaniards were driven out of the country he was loath to lay down these extraordinary powers. Santa Ana again took the field and headed a movement against the President whom he had raised to office. Guerrero was overthrown and fled to

the mountains. He returned, however, in September, 1830, and made an unsuccessful attempt to regain supreme power. He was obliged to flee to Acapulco, where he was betrayed into the hands of his enemies. Pittaluga, a Genoese, who commanded the brigantine Colombo, received $60,000 from the Government for his capture. Guerrero was invited to dine on board the vessel. He accepted the invitation, and after dinner was informed that he was a prisoner. He was taken to Cuilapa, where he was tried by a court-martial for bearing arms against his country, condemned and executed on February 15, 1831.

Anastasio Bustamente was born in 1782, and in his youth and early manhood took part in the civil wars which devastated the country. In 1830 he became President of the Republic, on the deposition of Guerrero. His administration was largely controlled by Don Lucas Alaman, one of his Ministers. His attention was directed towards a better administration of the laws, but it was not long before the chronic disease of the country broke out again. General Codallos published a "plan" demanding the restoration of civil authority. Other leaders joined in the movement against Bustamente, who distinguished himself by a sanguinary and proscriptive policy. After a struggle for nearly a year, attended with the usual proportion of anarchy and bloodshed, Bustamente proposed an armistice, which terminated in his retirement from the government in favor of Pedraza, who after a short administration of three months was succeeded by Santa Ana. The new President began his administration by banishing Bustamente from the country.

Nicolas Bravo was born at Chilpanzingo about the year 1790. At the age of twenty he took part in the revolution of 1810 and served with courage and distinction in all actions until 1814. Later on, in 1817, he joined the forces under the brave and brilliant General Mina, after whose overthrow he remained for a long time a prisoner in the capital. He became an ardent supporter of the Emperor Iturbide, and, as we have already seen, was a member of the Regency in 1822. When the Emperor became unpopular, Bravo contributed to his deposition in 1823, and in the following year became a member of the Provisional Government. Three years later we find him Vice President of the Republic and heading a revolt against General Bustamente, who was then President. In 1830 he opposed the insurgents under Guerrero, whom he captured and ordered to be executed on February 15, 1831. In 1839 he became President of the Council, and for a few months (1842-3) he acted as President of the Republic during the absence of Santa Ana. He became temporary President a second time, in 1846 (from July 29 to August 4), when he was deposed by a revolution. During

the war with the United States he took part in the battle of Cerro Gordo. In 1853, owing to disagreements with Santa Ana, he retired into private life and died suddenly in his native city of Chilpanzingo, April 23, 1854, under somewhat suspicious circumstances.

In 1837 Bustamente was again elected President, having recently returned from France, where he had resided for some years. His administration was soon disturbed by demonstrations in favor of federation and clamors for the election as President of Gomez Farias, who was then in prison; but these disturbances were easily quelled by the Government. In 1838 France demanded satisfaction from Mexico for outrages committed upon her citizens, and a fleet blockaded several Mexican ports. In July, 1840, an insurrection broke out, headed by Generals Urrea and Gomez Farias, of the Federalist party. The President himself fell into their hands, and after a conflict of twelve days, in which many lives were sacrificed, a convention of general amnesty was agreed upon by the contending parties, and peace appeared to be restored. But poor Bustamente did not long enjoy this peace. In August, 1841, Paredes, who was at Guadalajara, declared against the Government. The declaration was echoed in the capital and taken up at Vera Cruz by the ever-turbulent Santa Ana. The capital was bombarded and the revolution closed with the downfall of Bustamente and the return to power of Santa Ana. Bustamente went to Europe, where he resided for some years, after which he returned to Mexico. He lived in retirement for the remainder of his days, and died a natural death at San Miguel de Allende, in 1853.

Antonio Lopez de Santa Ana was one of the most remarkable characters in the annals of republican Mexico. He was born at Jalapa, in Mexico, on February 21, 1798. He was a man of genius and courage, full of ambition, and it is to be regretted that his life was stained by deeds of unnecessary cruelty. His early training prepared him for a military life, and in 1823 we find him fighting by the side of Victoria against the imperial and arbitrary rule of Iturbide. He figured in most of the turbulent periods of the revolution, and when, in 1828, the Scotch Masonic party unexpectedly brought forward General Pedraza as their candidate for the Presidency against General Guerrero, the York Rite candidate, and finally secured his election by a majority of only two votes, Santa Ana claimed that this result did not show the will of the people. With a following of 500 men, he took possession of the Castle of Perote and issued an address declaring the election of Pedraza a fraud upon the people, and asserting Guerrero to be the legal President. But he was not left unmolested. Pedraza declared against him; he was besieged at Perote, and after a heated action

made his escape; but was finally captured on December 14. While his pursuers had been hunting him down, important events had taken place at the capital, and by one of those turns in affairs incomprehensible outside of Mexico the captive general, within twenty-four hours after his capture, was enabled to assume command of the very army by which he had been taken prisoner. The Yorkino party triumphed; Congress had declared Guerrero duly elected President; General Bustamente, another Yorkino leader, was elected Vice President, and Santa Ana, who had "deserved well of his country," was named Minister of War. On the 10th of September following Santa Ana forced a Spanish army of invasion of 4,000 men to surrender. Soon after Santa Ana joined Bustamente in a movement against Guerrero. Bustamente became President, and after a brief administration of scarcely more than a year Santa Ana, alarmed at the "arbitrary encroachments" of Bustamente, took command of the garrison at Vera Cruz and called for a reorganization of the Ministry. After a contest of nearly a year Bustamente proposed an armistice to Santa Ana, and it was finally agreed that Bustamente should resign the Government in favor of Pedraza (a Scotch Rite Mason), who had been elected by the vote of the States in 1828. Pedraza returned from his exile to serve out the three months of his unexpired term, and in assuming his new position pronounced an extravagant eulogium on Santa Ana, his former enemy, but now his faithful friend, to whom he referred as his successor. His prophecy was not an idle one, for at the next election Santa Ana was chosen President and Gomez Farias the Vice President. On May 15, 1833, the new President entered the capital, and on the following day assumed the duties of his office. Two weeks later General Duran promulgated the "Plan of San Agustin de las Cruzes," and Santa Ana became supreme Dictator of the nation.

When the Texans revolted against his rule, in 1836, Santa Ana set out with an army to subdue them. He gained a number of battles over the Texans, some of which, like the Alamo and Goliad, were marked with scenes of unprovoked cruelty, bloodshed and broken faith which will forever cast a stain over his memory. On April 26, after suffering a defeat at San Jacinto, Santa Ana was captured on the banks of Buffalo Bayou and taken to General Sam Houston, who was in command of the Texans. Being disguised and alone when taken, his captors were ignorant of the identity of their prisoner. At the request of General Houston he took a seat on a box, and having composed himself, said to him: "You were born to no ordinary destiny; you have conquered the Napoleon of the West."

Although his death was loudly called for, in return for the many lives he had needlessly sacrificed, Santa Ana was released in 1837.

The French operations against Mexico gave Santa Ana an opportunity to repair his tarnished reputation, and he took command of the army. Shortly before the French retired from Mexico a body of their troops surprised Santa Ana at his own house, where he was with General Arista. Santa Ana, however, managed to escape, and, collecting together a few troops, pursued the French. On reaching the wharf at Vera Cruz, a cannonball from one of the vessels in the harbor shattered one of his legs, and amputation became necessary.

In 1841 Santa Ana again rose to power, but was banished in 1845, only to return in 1846, to become once more Commander-in-Chief of the army. Such things would be impossible in any other country, but in Mexico everything is possible during civil wars. Men rose to power, fought, laid waste the entire country, demoralized the people, swallowed up the fruits of their labor and, failing in the realization of their ambition, retired to their estates or went to Europe, only to return at the first opportunity and seize the reins of government or be raised to power by their partisans, and not unfrequently by the very party that secured their banishment and exile. This accounts for the continued change of Presidents and the different times at which the same person exercised the supreme authority. In an especial manner does this apply to Santa Ana. On February 23, 1847, we find him fighting the battle of Buena Vista, and then falling back upon San Luis. On April 18 he was defeated by General Scott at Cerro Gordo, and again on August 20 at Churusbusco. In the battles before the City of Mexico Santa Ana took a prominent part, and although always defeated, was never wanting in personal courage. During part of the Mexican war with the United States Santa Ana was President of the Republic. In September, 1847, he went into exile. (It was during this exile that the writer of this article met him, with Colonel May, at his father's table in Havana.) In 1853 Santa Ana returned to Mexico, was elected President for the sixth time and entered upon the discharge of his duties on April 20. His ambition and his spirit of retaliation against all who opposed his rule led him to increase and reorganize the army, to enact oppressive laws which he was powerless to execute, and it was not long before he had another revolution on his hands. He then proclaimed himself Dictator for life. After a despotic rule of nearly two years, during which Don Ignacio Comonfort and all the leaders in the land declared against him and routed him on every battlefield, he returned to the capital and attempted to organize a more liberal Ministry, with Don

Mariano Yanez at its head; but it was too late. His day was over, and on August 19, 1855, at 3 o'clock in the morning, he left the capital for Vera Cruz, whence he sailed for Havana. While living in exile he made repeated futile attempts to take part in Mexican affairs. In 1867, after the death of Maximilian, Santa Ana returned to Mexico and made an attempt against the Republic, which proved unsuccessful. He was taken prisoner at Vera Cruz and condemned to death. President Juarez pardoned him, on condition that he would leave Mexico for ever. On the death of Juarez his banishment was remitted, and he was permitted to return. The remainder of his days were passed in seclusion in the City of Mexico, where he died on June 22, 1877, at the advanced age of eighty-one years.

During the various periods of Santa Ana's rule he was in the habit, from time to time, either of retiring to his hacienda or taking personal command of the army, and it became necessary to appoint some one to act in his place. The choice fell upon Nicolas Bravo and Valentin Canalizo. These gentlemen went out when Santa Ana came in and returned when he was pleased to absent himself from the capital. On December 6, 1844, a popular movement broke out against the Government of Santa Ana and Canalizo, which resulted in the downfall of the Government and the imprisonment of Canalizo and his Ministers. On the following day Congress assembled. General Herrera, the leader of the Constitutional party, was appointed Provisional President of the Republic, and a new Ministry was formed.

Jose Joaquin Herrera was born towards the close of the eighteenth century. He participated in the civil wars of his country, rose through several military grades until he became a general of the army and a prominent Constitutionalist. In 1844 he was elected President of the Republic, but was deposed at the end of a year. Among the principal events of his administration may be mentioned the fact that Congress decreed the degradation of Santa Ana. The tragedy of "Brutus, or Rome Made Free," was performed at the theatres in honor of the success of the revolutionists, and everything connected with Santa Ana—his trophies, statues, pictures—were destroyed by the populace. Even his amputated leg, which had been embalmed and buried with military honors, was disinterred, dragged through the streets, torn to pieces and treated with every mark of contempt. The war with the United States and the difficulty with France, to which reference has already been made, were also important events in his administration. But General Paredes, who had been working up a new plan, "proclaimed" it at San Luis, where he was backed up by an army organized to fight General Taylor, who had landed in the vicinity of Matamoras. Herrera

was deposed and Paredes became President in January, 1846. Six months later he was, in turn, deposed by Bravo, who was succeeded at the end of a month—by Santa Ana, who again loomed up.

The country now seemed to have devoted itself to Presidential elections. Pedro Maria Anaya followed Santa Ana, and at the end of two months Santa Ana followed him. He was in power from June, 1847, until September, when he was succeeded by Don Manuel de la Pena y Pena. On November 12 Congress named Anaya as President *ad interim*. On January 7, 1848, De la Pena returned to the supreme power, only to be followed on June 3 following by General Herrera. From this period, the war with the United States being over, peace—Mexican peace—prevailed throughout the land, and Herrera was enabled to serve until January 15, 1851, when he turned the reins of government over to his successor, and for the first time in the history of Mexico a change of administration was effected without violence. It must, or at least, may have been a surprise to the nation; it certainly was to the nations of the world.

The new President was Don Mariano Arista, who was born in 1802. Having served in the usual civil wars, he became a general of brigade in 1833, and in 1841 he was in command of a division. In 1846 he was defeated at Palo Alto by General Taylor. In 1851 he became President of the Republic and devoted himself to improving the condition of the army and to the economical government of the country. He succeeded in reducing the expenses of garrisoning the City of Mexico to $6,000 a day. His administration and that of General Herrera are pointed out by Mexican historians as models of honesty, order and economy. But so long as Santa Ana lived it seemed impossible for any government to exist in peace. Trouble arose in different parts of the country; troops were sent out to suppress them; Caliacan was sacked and disorder reigned supreme; and when on January 2, 1853, the pronunciamento of Orizaba occurred, Arista resolved to rid the country of his presence. He refused to dissolve Congress and continue a war of bloodshed, and leaving the capital secretly, retired to his farm, near San Martin. Shortly afterwards he went to Lisbon, where he died in such poverty that his personal property barely sufficed to pay his debts.

The next President after Santa Ana's fifth term was Don Juan Alvarez, born in 1790. He was distinguished for energy and boldness. He took part in an insurrection against Santa Ana in 1854, and in September, 1855, became President of Mexico. During his administration he abolished the *fueros,* or privileges of the clergy. He appointed Don Ignacio Comonfort as his Minister of War.

The latter repaired to the capital and began reorganizing the army, which Santa Ana had scattered all over the country. Alvarez, with the troops from the South, reached the capital about the same time, and as he detected signs of division in the Liberal party itself, determined to put an end to it by resigning in favor of Comonfort.

Don Ignacio Comonfort was born at Puebla in 1810, served in the various civil wars and was elected to Congress in 1842. Six years later he was elected to the Senate. In 1854 he joined Alvarez against Santa Ana, and on December 12, 1855, he became President on the resignation of Alvarez. In 1856 he confiscated the property of the Church, and in 1857 was declared Constitutional President, after suppressing a number of revolutionary movements of more or less importance. Claiming that the country could not be governed by the Constitution, and judging this to be the sentiment of his party, he inaugurated a *coup d'état* and dissolved Congress on December 11. Some States sided with him, while he met with opposition in others. He was not long in discovering his mistake and in retracing his steps. On January 11 he released Juarez, whom he had kept confined in his palace, joined the Liberals and National Guards that were at the capital, and for some days valiantly opposed the rebel troops, until Osollo and Miramon entered the city to aid Zuloaga, and took possession of the palace and of the city. On January 21, 1858, Comonfort went into exile. In 1863 he again appeared and commanded an army against the French. In the same year he was murdered by bandits.

Don Benito Juarez was born in the village of San Pablo in 1806. He was a pure Indian, and at the age of twelve could neither read nor write, nor could he speak a word of Spanish. In 1818 he went to Oaxaca, where he found a protector in Don Antonio Salanueva. In 1821 he began the studies of Latin, philosoophy and theology at the Institute of Oaxaca. In 1824 he completed his law studies and was admitted to practice; in 1832 he went to the Legislature, and in 1842 became a civil judge. Two years later he was Secretary to the Government, and in 1847 was elected Governor. He was subsequently banished by Santa Ana, and resided in poverty in New Orleans until 1855. On his return from exile Comonfort made him Governor of Oaxaca, and soon raised him to the Ministry. In 1857, the time of the *coup d'état,* he was President of the Court of Justice, and, resuming the command, left the capital, when Zuloaga, Parra, Osollo and Miramon were in possession, and retired to the interior of the country, establishing his government at Vera Cruz until his triumphal return to Mexico in 1861. The three leading incidents of his administration were the suppression of religious orders, the confiscation of Church property and the sus-

pension for two years of all payment on public debts of every kind. This latter measure was made an excuse for the French occupation and the Maximilian Empire. Juarez maintained an obstinate resistance to the rule of the foreigner, which resulted in final success. In 1867 Maximilian was captured at Queretaro and shot, and in August of the same year Juarez was again elected President. His administration was far from peaceful. Discontented generals stirred up ceaseless revolts and insurrections, and although Juarez held his own and was reëlected President in 1871, his popularity seemed to wane. He died of apoplexy in the City of Mexico in 1872, and was succeeded by Lerdo de Tejada.

Don Sebastian Lerdo de Tejada was born at Jalapa, April 25, 1825, and was from his early youth intended for the bar. He made his preparatory studies at Jalapa and his Latin and philosophy in Puebla. His law studies were made at the College of San Idelfonso, in the City of Mexico, and he was admitted to the bar in 1851. In the following year he became rector of the college, and remained in that capacity until 1855, when he was elected to the Supreme Bench. From 1861 to 1864 he was a member of Congress. On the death of Juarez in 1872 Lerdo de Tajada took up the reigns of government and managed to keep the revolutionists quiet during his first term of four years. In 1877 he visited New York. On his reëlection in 1878 the revolutionists broke out again, and Lerdo and his Cabinet were banished, and General Porfirio Diaz, leader of the insurgents, became President.

Don Porfirio Diaz was born in the city of Oaxaca on September 15, 1830. His parents intended him for the bar, and he began his course of studies in the College of Oaxaca, but his leaning being towards a military life, he entered the service of Captain Jose Maria Herrera in 1854. At the close of his first campaign he resumed his studies, but having still a yearning for the army, he took part in the War of Reform and in the War of Intervention, where he soon distinguished himself by his courage and activity. Escaping from the disaster at Puebla, the indefatigable Diaz, now a general, collected together new troops and war materials, and going with his brother to Oaxaca, succeeded in placing that city in a position of defense. Bazaine sent General d'Hurbal to dislodge him, but the latter not being able to do so, Bazaine was obliged to undertake the siege himself. The city capitulated on February 9, 1865, and Diaz was taken to Puebla and confined in the Fortress of Loreto. He was taken thence to Concepcion, and thence to Compania, from which he made his escape on September 26, 1866, by lowering himself from the tower by means of a rope. In a few days he was again in the face of the enemy with his army

and did good service to the end of the war. During the administration of President Lerdo he worked with the revolutionists against him, and, as we have seen, became President of the Republic from March 5, 1877, to November 30, 1880. Revolutionary movements were inaugurated from time to time during this administration, but they were promptly suppressed.

General Manuel Gonzalez was elected President of Mexico on December 1, 1880, and reëlected in 1884. This year Diaz again peacefully resumed his seat, having been reëlected to the Chief Magistracy of the Republic. The events of his administration since that time are of too recent a date to require mention here.

The history of the "continuous" revolutions related above is one which could hardly be repeated in any other country. As we look out upon the Valley of Mexico the mind is filled with strange memories. It is not only an object of natural sublimity, but also a scene of historical events that made and unmade empires.

What dramas, what tragedies and, in modern times, what comedies of liberty and despotism have been enacted here! What successions of systems and dynasties! Toltec subduing aboriginal barbarism; Aztec subduing his Toltec teacher; Spain subduing and ruining Aztec; Spaniard revengefully overthrown by mixed races; Mexicans vanquished by the arms of the great North American Republic, but relinquished with the hope of progressive nationality; Mexican fighting Mexican in constant civil war; the *soi-disant* Republic attacked by Europe, subdued by France and forced to receive an Austrian emperor, and, finally, the Indian Juarez revindicating his race and American rule by the execution of the emperor whose race three centuries ago destroyed the Aztec.

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SOME SEANACHIE TALES OF IRELAND.

STORY-TELLING is, in most countries, a matter of pen-and-ink or typewriter keys-and-ribbon, of linotype machines, of "galley proofs" and "page proofs." The magazine editor and the publisher act as intermediaries between the "reading public" and "the author." Writing has become a vocation rather than an avocation; oral story-telling is a lost art. So it is in the rest of the world, but not among the cabin homes of Ireland. Yet, even in Dublin, the small group of patriots, pen-men loyal and aggressive in the support of Ireland, are already thoroughly modernized. This modernization in literature chills burning words to the cold black and white in even the finest letter-press, and though retaining the salient features, destroys incidentals that are none the less pleasing. The spell of the spoken word, the enchantment of the evening hour, the sympathy and common interest of fellow-listeners, the warmth of a glowing enthusiasm, the delicate voice shadings and intonations —these, all these, are foreign to the printed page.

Greece had its singers of hero-tales, Rome its musicians and poets, the Scandinavian peoples their reciters of sagas, France its troubadours, Scotland its minstrels, England its *scops* and ancient Ireland its bards. And to this day in America, in the secluded villages of the Hoosier State, in little old-fashioned New England towns and in many another placid and remote nook and corner of the continent there is real story-telling. Around the big hot stove in the general store the country folk gather, to discuss the news and to "argue."

In Ireland, in chimney corners, before the evening fire, in the smoke of burning turf, there are many story-tellers famous through the countryside. These, the *seanachies,* tell their tales in every corner of the hills and in every valley of Ireland. It is they who have kept alive—"through love of country and love of story-telling only," as one of them has said—the fine ancient tales of the Irish race, from age to age and from generation to generation. Himself of their number, Mr. Seumas MacManus explains:

"Tales as old as the curlew's call are to-day listened to around the hearths of Donegal with the same keen and credulous eagerness with which they were hearkened to hundreds of years ago. Of a people whose only wealth is spiritual and mental, the thousand such tales are not the least significant heritage.

"The man who brings his shaggy pony to the forge 'reharses a rale oul' tale' for the boys whilst he lazily works the bellows for Dan.

"As she spins in the glow of the fire-blaze on the long winter

nights, the old white-capped woman, with her hair like a streak of lint, holds the fireside circle spellbound with such tales as these.

"When at Taig, the tailor's, on a Saturday night, an exasperated man clamors angrily for the long-promised coat, Taig says, 'Arrah, Conal, man, have sense, and be quate, and sit down till ye hear a wondherful story of anshint happenin's.' And the magic of the tale restores Conal to a Christian frame of mind, and sends him home forgetful of the great procrastinator's deceit."

Like generations of his people, one particular barefoot boy, being himself enchanted with them, longed to transmit their charm to others, and spent many, many delightful hours acquiring fresh ones and recounting old ones to groups the most skeptical of whom more than half believed, like himself, in their literal truth. To a wider world and more cultured, he would fain tell them now. He would wish that this world might hear of the wonderful happenings with his ears and see them with his eyes and consent to experience for a few hours the charmed delight with which the simple, kindly people, at the feet of their own seanachies, hearken to them. He would wish that this world might for a few hours give him their credence and trust, consent to forget temporarily that life is hard and joyless, be foolish, simple children once more, and bring to the entertainment the fresh and loving hearts they possessed ere the world's wisdom came to them.

"And if they return to the world's wise ways with a lurking delight in their hearts, the seanachy will again feel rejoiced and proud for the triumph of the grand old tales."

Greek mythology has contributed no small amount of material to our own collections of hero-tales, the gods and warriors of the Scandinavian and Germanic races still more. And there is also a vast store of as yet ungarnered—if garnered, at least unpopularized—legends of the Celts of old times. Aside from the hero-tales of the Irish people, the Cuchulain saga and the rest, collections of which many know the names, but few the content, there are a large number of pieces which must be classed very distinctly as folklore. Some of these are merely "fairy stories" in the accepted sense of the term, others are completely of an Irish character. Then still others are combinations of both.

Mr. MacManus wishes to see the Irish folklore and fairy tales established in the books of our children on an equal footing with the classical and the Norse heroes. He has issued in book form "Donegal Fairy Stories," "In Chimney Corners," "The Bewitched Fiddle"[1] and "Through the Turf Smoke,"[2] each of these being

[1] American publishers, Doubleday, Page & Co.

[2] At present out of print.

a collection of folk-lore and fairy tales which "one particular barefoot boy" heard by Donegal hearth fires and with which the same barefoot boy, when he later played the rôle of *seanachie*, charmed the older folk and other eager, listening barefoot boys, to this kind of an audience he now presents his books. He writes them for Irish lads and lasses who had left home to push their fortunes among strangers in "Amerikay" he writes—that they be minded of the days when they were "childre" and be stirred anew with their old-time love for Ireland. To boys and girls in the foreign land he presents stories that pleased his own youthful imagination, thus to open new stores of inspiration for young hearts of America and to reveal treasures enjoyed *only* by past generations of Ireland.

His first purpose is a very commendable one. Irish life is very hard and pay is very small. When the young man—and the young woman, too—come to full stature, they often leave their old country to seek more remunerative employment across the water. A sorrowful hour it is in any home when farewells have to be said, and a glad time it is when one of the far-venturers sends a moneyed letter back across the water or when the "come-home Yankee" returns to his own town. But when they come not, at Rosary time in many an humble dwelling there is a prayer for one in the foreign land. Many are the sons and daughters that are over seas and yet, in the words of Lionel Johnson—

> Far off, they yet can consecrate their days
> To thee, and, on the swift winds blown,
> Send thee the homage of their hearts.

Mr. MacManus does a great work if in any measure, however small, he strengthens or renews the bonds which tie the wanderers to their home country. To keep the hopes of Ireland fresh in their minds and to throb their pulsing blood with thoughts of the dear green sod—it is a noble aim, an aim no less praiseworthy than that of the fervent Dublin writers of the Young Ireland movement. One of Mr. MacManus' books is dedicated to "Our Brave Boys and Girls, who have fared forth from their homes." To those loyal hearts he has said:

"Some of them come back again.

"Some of them do not find their fortune. They never come. Their mothers in Ireland still cry. The door is open and the hearth bright. If this book happens into the hands of any of these, their tears will moisten its merriest page, for—they shall remember—they shall remember.

"Mary Mother, smooth their rugged road, strengthen their failing hearts, and soften to them the heart of the stranger."

The second purpose, that of adding to our collection of tales from the vast Irish storehouse, also merits approval. Yet the tales which he has given us in his published books constitute only a few of the many thousand which the hill-country seanachies relate.

Most forcibly the reader of these collections is struck with the similarity of them to our fairy tales. Yet there is a difference, and the difference is due to the essentially Irish characteristics. Fairies are not merely the vague and indefinite people that they are to us, appearing on extraordinary occasions to work wonders of various sorts. In Ireland the status of the fairy is very precisely established. The fairies are the Gentle People who refrain entirely from taking sides in the struggle between God and Lucifer, and so, at the downfall of the latter, they were neither published with banishment into hell nor rewarded with residence in heaven. They fell out of heaven—some into the sea, where they became mermaids, and some on dry land, where they became fairies. And in Ireland, the land likest to heaven, they hang like a silver mist by every glen, hill and bit of running water. Still, in hopes of redemption at the last judgment, they like to keep man on their side, so they do much to help him.

> Jauntily riding down the Crooked Park,
> I saw them yest'reen 'twixt the day and the dark.
> There were fifty score maidens and men fifty score,
> And each had a little swift steed to the fore.
>
> 'Twas down in the hollow, beneath the sciog bush,
> They halted, and each tied his steed to a rush;
> A piper climbed into a Mayflower's cup,
> And, squeezing the chanter, struck the drone up.
>
> Then fifty fair maidens, all kirtled in white,
> Advancing and curtseying to left and to right,
> Took fifty bold partners and linked them along,
> And tripped a gay measure to music and song.

These are the folk who move through all the tales, and it is by their supernatural assistance that the heroes surmount their difficulties.

A great many of the narratives are merely plots to which Irish characters have been added. Many, though, deal with Irish lands, Irish ways, Irish places, as well as Irish people. There is a tale of scheming Manis the Miller and his wife and how they were outwitted by a sharper man. The story of how the widow's son Jack sold his three cows for a bee, a harp, a mouse and a bum clock, and, by their irresistible spell, found the king's daughter, induced her to laugh, and so won her hand in marriage, and another of the outwitting of Rory the Robber—these are all of Irish wit and cleverness, and there is little of the supernatural in them. Then, too, several of the pieces end with charming sentences which bear all the marks of oral relation. One, for instance:

"And all the others slunk from home, right heartily ashamed of themselves, for the whole world was laughing at them. Nancy, she went east, and Rory, he went west, and neither one of them was ever heard of more. As for Shamus, he went home to his own little cabin and lived all alone, happy and contented, for the rest of his life, and may you and I do the same."

Another story ends:

"I got brogues of *brochan* and slippers of bread, a piece of pie for telling a lie, and then came slithering home on my head."

Conscious art always becomes conventionalized with time. Thus the Anglo-Saxon poetry of early times became laden with certain stock phrases, and there were a number of invariable accompaniments of particular incidents or occasions, as, for instance, the raven and the gray wolf always lurked about a field of battle previous to the clash of combat. This formalization and conventionalization came only with age. Constant development and rearrangement and repetition of plots and situations resulted in the development of customary terms, in the recognition of certain forms to gain certain effects—in short, in a conscious art. So in Ireland, by a careful study of the stories themselves, we learn that story-telling is an art handed down from old. It is not naive; it is conscious artistry, carefully developed, deliberate and studied. Evidences of a set phraseology and set accompaniments of certain incidents are very numerous. And the set forms of this Irish folklore may be taken as a mark of the truth of its claim as a traditional heritage of the people.

Reading through the series of stories, we find tales evincing in many points marked similarity to Bluebeard and the Blue Closet and to the Sleeping Beauty of our own childhood days. Mr. Brander Matthews has often been pleased to note instances of coincident situations in different modern works of fiction. It is a well-known fact that certain identical plots appear with variant details in the epics and in the folklore tales of many peoples, and it is but natural that these tales should bear these characteristic traces.

Enchanted castles, redoubtable heroes and magic incantations weave about our youth a spell of wonder and mystery.

> Oh! grown-ups cannot understand,
> And grown-ups never will,
> How short's the way to fairyland
> Across the purple hill.

The tales of the *seanachies* of Ireland are told for old and for young. In the shadows of chimney corners and before the flickering glow of cottage fires much delight is given to imaginative minds. Mr. Seumas MacManus once told tales among Donegal cabins

before he turned the key in the schoolhouse door where he was *masther* and came over the hills and away to America. Now in a few books he grants us the privilege of sitting within his charmed, attentive circles. He comes, his heart and mind filled with the spirit and legend of his race, to be *seanachie* to the New World.

And we, if we only will, may sit by our own cottage hearth, may watch the curling turf smoke and the glowing fire and may gain an endowment which it is not possible to lose. The mystic beauty and tender pathos of a nation of story-tellers, poetry and enchantment—all these are offered us to love and appreciate, a spiritual impulse and largening of the soul that will be inspiration for many a harvest day to come.

Elbridge Colby.

New York, N. Y.

LOUIS VEUILLOT.

II.

WITH feelings somewhat akin to those of Childe Harold, when the fleeting shores of Albion were receding from his view, Veuillot shook the dust of France from off his feet, with a malediction upon a land he cared not if he never saw again—a land given up to folly and incredulity, where it was impossible to love, believe or respect anything; where young hearts were prematurely blighted, like trees that bear only faded leaves and where an atmosphere of doubt and derision rendered sterile the place where faith should germinate; hastening to seek a spot of earth where he would no longer hear language that had been the instrument of his spiritual ruin, but accents that would never be employed to blaspheme what he wished to cherish, and where his eyes would rest on books whence he could not imbibe the poison of sophistry. "I was not born," he exclaims, "to doubt, to hate, to fold my arms in the clashing of ideas that divide the world, without knowing to what flag to bear my sword. I had a conscience to discern good from evil, a heart to love, a soul to believe and all for self-oblation."

He had been only four days in Rome when he already felt its influence upon his train of thought. He and Ollivier lodged with M. and Mme. Féburier, friends of the latter. Together they visited the Church of Ara Cœli, where Veuillot at first was somewhat embarrassed, not being accustomed to pray, but he eventually knelt

along with the rest of the congregation. The next day he had the same experience at St. Peter's. Then, having heard talk of Père Rosaven, he evinced a wish to see and hear a Jesuit. An introduction led, in a couple of days, to three conversations, whereupon, at once "troubled and charmed," he said to himself: "It seems to me I am proceeding rather quickly." On the first night, before they retired, Mme. Féburier gently suggested that they should pray together. Veuillot, visibly ruffled, hesitated and thought of withdrawing; then, with rather a bad grace, he knelt. He was soon soothed and touched by the prayer, said aloud by Mme. Féburier. Three other days were thus passed. That was all that had occurred when, writing to his brother, he says: "I shall tell you something rather grave and serious is taking place interiorly since my arrival in Rome. I have seen a very superior man whose words have greatly moved me—he's a French Jesuit, one of the highest personages in his order, called Père Rosaven. We've had long conferences; we'll have more. I don't know what will be the result. In any case, I hope to get out of this uncertainty, and it will be a great point gained, for I am cruelly tormented for a year, not by Gustave, who leaves me alone, but by myself. . . . Do you know a friend of Gustave's named Féburier? We have found him here with his wife, who is young and charming and of solid piety.[1] We all live together. Féburier is a Christian, like Gustave, with less enthusiasm and as much solidity. His example contributes much to make me wish for a change in myself."[2] Professor Lecigne knows nothing more beautiful in the history of souls than the dénouement of this interior drama, as related in "Rome and Loretta;" no indiscreet self-exposure; not a trace of those confessions *à la* Jean Jacques, the strange penitent who makes his *culpa* on the breast of mankind and who, after stirring up the lowest receptacle in his heart, still finds a way of raising himself to the altars. Struggles and hesitations, prayers and tears, melancholy glances towards the past, sometimes a slight doubt—a last doubt, like those clouds that float across the horizon at sunrise—and then the serene joy of broad daylight—the joy of pardon!

After a trip to Naples and its environs they returned to Rome for Holy Week. Mme. Féburier having proposed on the Monday night a pious reading, her husband selected Bourdaloue and handed Veuillot the volume containing the sermon on delaying repentance. The young journalist read for everybody, for himself specially, but at first without paying much attention. The book gradually grasped

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[1] Long afterwards, when she was a widow, she joined, at fifty-eight, the Little Sisters of the Poor.

[2] *Op. cit.*, p. 44.

him; he applied to himself personally the forcible and pathetic entreaties with which Bourdaloue urges sinners not to defer repentance. He felt moved to the depths of his soul and conscience. "Every word I read," he says, "went straight to the mark, pulverized my pretexts, baffled my artifices, convinced me of my unreasonableness, proclaimed my folly." He was conquered; he made up his mind to surrender the next day; but before doing so his manner disclosed the fact that the spiritual combat was not yet ended; the will was not yet in complete accord with the intellect. Seeing Féburier's solicitude, he said to him: "It would then afford you pleasure if I became converted?" Féburier replied by shedding a tear and exchanging a glance with his wife. Veuillot no longer resisted. Pére Rosaven received his submission and heard his confession. "When, raising his hand over my head," he relates, "the minister of the Lord pronounced in a calm, grave voice the sacramental words of mercy and pardon, I bent lower, trembling with joy; I adored the inexpressible secret of the divine clemency and understood that God could forgive me." The next day, in the Church of Santa Maria Maggiore, accompanied by his three friends, he made what he calls his real First Communion. "He came from it," says his brother Eugene, "full of joy and confidence, believing that he had entered forever into peace."[3] But peace, permanent peace, had to be purchased at the price of more interior struggles. His self-revealings on this phase of his life remind one of some well-known passages in the "Confessions of St. Augustin." "Whatever be the issue of the struggle," he wrote, "I protest beforehand against the cowardice that would make me succumb; if evil triumphs, it is not that religion is not good; it is that I am too bad." But he did not succumb; his will power, corresponding with grace, completed the self-conquest; power was made perfect in infirmity. His conversion was an entire self-surrender; not like that of some half-converts, who chaffer with God and the Church and while they outwardly submit, interiorly dissent from something that clashes, or seems to clash, with their private judgment. "One thing in the letters and works of Louis Veuillot which date from this epoch,"[4] says Professor Lecigne, "strikes one at once; it is the absolute purity of his Catholicism. He who comes from the piscina is not a half-cured cripple or paralytic who leans to the right or left and introduces into his gait those pendulous, isochronous oscillations by which the Liberals and Modernists of all time are recognized. He is a Catholic—nothing but that, and all that. The truth which he has

[3] "Louis Veuillot," par Eugene Veuillot, Vol. I., p. 132.
[4] 1838.

embraced and swears to defend is that which he defines to his brother 'the true, clear, authentic truth, free from all suspicion.' He neither retrenches nor adds; he takes it such as it is in the Gospel, such as the Church interprets it, such as the tradition of ages has transmitted and consecrated it."[5]

When his friends in Perigueux were made aware of the step he had taken they were astounded. "Ah! poor fellow!" said Romien, the prefect, to Eugene Veuillot. "Make your mind easy, your brother is too intelligent to retain such ideas; it's good enough for a fool like his Gustave; he'll come back to us." Some one advised that his parents should be told of the strange and baneful taste for devotion he had contracted. Reproaches and counsels reached him from his mother. He justified himself with a respectful and tender firmness. "I have seen with pain," he wrote, "that they have made you uneasy on the subject of my resolutions. I hope that is all over now. I have done what I ought, and I have done well. Be persuaded that for having a little religion, I shall not be a worse brother nor bad son. My friend Gustave has rendered me, and you also, a great service. As to those who pretend the contrary, let them talk; they are speaking in their own interest; I am acting in yours and mine; you'll have proof of it one day."

After an audience with Pope Gregory XVI., who congratulated, encouraged and blessed him, and after visiting Loretto, Ancona, Florence and Venice, he returned by Switzerland, stopping at Fribourg to make a retreat with the Jesuits. For a moment he thought of becoming a religious, but was advised to repair to Paris. Resuming his journey, he passed through Bâle and Strasbourg, rejoicing at the prospect of rejoining his family, but somewhat depressed by the apprehension of being obliged to reënter the administrative or literary circle, from which he had become estranged.

His first letters to French correspondents during the return journey contained only vague allusions to his changed views on the religious question. As he declared afterwards, he was afraid of "provoking useless discussions in the tranquilly incredulous *milieu* "of Perigueux" and "wished to be more sure of himself." When he was freed from all uncertainty, when the charity that casteth out fear had taken complete possession of him, he pours out his whole soul in gratitude, in language as glowing as the love that warmed his heart, the triple love of God, the Church and humanity. "This happiness is mine," he exclaims; "it is quite new in my life, and I have never known anything comparable to it. To love without reproach and admixture of hatred is a thrilling, noble, continual,

[5] *Op. cit.*, pp. 46-47.

immense joy, and yet this joy is nothing, absolutely nothing, alongside another Christian joy which suddenly revealed itself to me like an enchanted world, like an ocean of delights into which I plunge, wherein I float, where I am inebriated with such transports that, sometimes, my eyes bathed in tears, I asked myself if it is really I who taste such raptures." In the first fervors of his conversion he thought of writing a religious romance on the beauty of the Christian soul, to be entitled "Frère Christophe, l'ami du peuple," but he only composed the preface, which thus ends: "I have seen Rome, the miracle of human genius; the mountains of Switzerland have enabled me to admire the splendors of nature, but I have seen nothing so beautiful and so miraculously admirably as a heart inflamed with the love of God."

I must refer the reader to "Rome and Lorette," a work that often recalls the imperishable volume in which the great Bishop of Hippo has bequeathed to future ages the record of his conversion, for a more detailed narrative of the succession of interior struggles and exterior distractions that marked the varying phases of Veuillot's toilsome ascent from the Valley of the Shadow of Death, covered with mists or darkness, to the sunlit summit of the Mount of God and the tranquil splendors of faith. It is not so much the portrait of an individual as the picture of a soul, typical of many, and was written, not from a puerile desire to speak of himself, but at the instance of many unquiet minds, many hearts tormented as his was. Putting aside all personal preoccupation and yielding to the Christian desire of being useful to others, he resolved to relate the whole thing simply, without pretense or dogmatism, like a friendly chat by the fireside—the longings, the attempts, the failures, resolutions, triumphs, as they came to mind; to give, in a word, the beginning of the intellectual history of which he had only thought of writing the conclusion. He entered Rome on the 15th of March, 1838, a rationalistic Frenchman who saw in the Church only an intelligent invention, like the laws of Lycurgus or the Republic of Plato, to quit it a fervent Catholic, nobly proud of all the glories of the Christian religion, discovering family titles in the aureolas of its saints, the wounds of its martyrs and the wood and nails of the Cross, feeling that his soul could never soar so high as to embrace all the horizon of beauty and splendor faith had revealed to his enraptured gaze.

Rome had captured him, a willing captive; it did more, it captivated him. All his thoughts and affections, all his hopes for the present and for the future were centred in that City of the Soul, which was to him the visible, concrete symbol of all that its hallowed associations represented. No one loved the Church with a more

whole-hearted devotion. "Blessed be God!" he exclaimed; "I am one of those stricken with the old death wound, Rome has raised up. Its luminous hand has transported me to divine heights, its maternal hand has steeped me in a divine atmosphere, its holy hand has fed me with Divine food. I have received from her life, I give her love." Again: "The Church has given me light and peace. I owe it my reason and my heart. It is by it that I know, that I admire, that I love, that I live. When one attacks it I feel the emotions of a son who sees his mother struck."[6] In 1866 he wrote: "I have loved the Church, which is supreme justice, and hated impiety, which is the supreme iniquity—social iniquity. For six years I have undergone a regular proscription, exiled from political life for this cause and for none other."[7] And replying to the taunts of the revolutionary press he said: "I am nothing, I aspire to nothing, I have nothing, I want nothing. I belong to no party; I am not self-deluded as to any party; I cherish no chimera; except towards the Church I am bound by no gratitude, no affection. The Church is my mother and my queen. It is to her I owe everything; to her, above all, the knowledge of the truth; it is her I love; through her I believe, to her alone I hope for all I wish to hope for; as man, the divine mercy; as citizen, the salvation of my country."

Everything in Rome appealed to his religious sentiments and his historic imagination. A tuft of grass, in the midst of which was what seemed a blood stain, brought vividly before his mind's eye, as he meditatively rambled through the Coliseum, the sufferings of the Christian martyrs, and he brought it away, pressed to his heart, as a memento. "Blessed," he wrote, "are those who have heard Mass in the Catacombs." He would have men make a rampart of their bodies around the Church, prepared to let themselves be massacred upon its steps for the least of its prerogatives. "For my part," he wrote to his brother in May, 1841, "I am quite decided to give my life to it, the best fruits of my mind; to make it the most constant aim of my labors and my efforts: everything for it!" As he gloried in being a plebeian, a man of the people, despite the sneers of the snobs—justly proud of that nobility which is the common heritage of all world's workers, "the nobility of labor, the long pedigree of toil—he was equally proud of the name "Sacristan," or man of the Church, an epithet which the freethinking liberals applied to him contemptuously. When they tried to intimidate him with the threat of imprisonment, he exclaimed: "The prison! But it was our birthplace! We have our roots in

[6] "Melanges," first series, Vol. II., Introduction, p. 7.
[7] Preface to the fourth edition of the "Libres-Penseurs."

the Catacombs. To put a Christian in prison is to reinvigorate him in his native air."

In the postscript of a letter to Père Rosaven he wrote: "Ambition is the first rubbish of which the good God has disencumbered my heart." To put it better, a higher ambition had displaced a lower one. When he returned from Rome he could not bear that one should speak to him of politics or even of the press. However, he had to think of securing a means of livelihood, and, doing violence to his feelings, through a sense of duty to his family, he solicited and obtained Government employment, and was appointed to a post in the Ministry of the Interior.

Detached from journalism, out of touch or sympathy with a press which too faithfully reflected the irreligious bent that Voltaire and his school had given to the French mind, he first thought of serving the Church by a series of books, his first publication, the "Pelerinages de Suisse," having been well received when it was issued in 1838, and favorably reviewed, even by certain journals not in sympathy with a religious apostolate. It is a varied collection of historical and descriptive sketches, narratives and legends, displaying much talent and breathing that fervent Catholic spirit which exhales from all his writings. The *Univers*, in a review ascribed to Alexandre de Saint-Chéron, characterized it as "one of the most brilliant mystical flowers that bloomed in the sunlight of faith in religious literature, the fruit of a soul wounded by the world's deceptions and smitten with the love of Christ," adding that it "secured for its author one of the most remarkable positions in the ranks of young and yet obscure writers, to whom the future belonged and to whom the sceptre of ideas was promised, in virtue of a right that the abettors of impiety, revolutions and anarchy never could destroy, the right of intellectual superiority—also a divine right." A little later author and reviewer met, when Veuillot wrote to the *Univers* a letter in defense of General Bugeaud, the first lines the paper contained from its future chief editor. It had then been five or six years in existence, a rather languishing existence. Saint-Chéron brought Veuillot into relations with Montalembert, who helped the struggling paper with purse and pen. When in February, 1840, the former took part in its production, its capital was exhausted. Then and for a rather long time he wrote for it gratuitously. The first article, properly so called, was about the celebrated convent of the Oiseaux. The office was at No. 11 Rue des Fossés-Saint-Jacques, a narrow street in a poor quarter, Eugene Veuillot tells how, when he went there at 10 o'clock at night to see his proofs, there was no light at the entrance and no office boy to show them the way. When they pushed in the half-open door

of the editor's room—a small, ill-lighted room, without any other furniture than some straw-bottomed chairs and a table covered with papers—they found two journalists silently at work. One, Melchior Du Lac, who wore a soutane,[8] responded to their salutation by half rising; the other, Jean Barrier, a layman, was gravely pasting on a large sheet of gray paper news paragraphs. After he had read his proofs Louis and his brother left, without ten words having been exchanged. The editors only interrupted their work to take snuff, which they did frequently and abundantly. They had hardly left the office when the brothers said simultaneously, laughing: "What do you say to it?" "Assuredly," resumed Louis, after a brief silence, "the paper is not rich, but, all the same, it is better than many others. That young abbé, whose big nose absorbed such large pinches, has a very intelligent face; he must be a man." "Yes," replied Eugene, "and the other must be a good boy," adding that he did not like to see his brother editor of a paper so unknown and certainly lacking resources. "Ah! well, *petit frère,*" said Louis, "if I resume journalism, it will probably be there!" "You are very capable of it," replied Eugene, with some humor, and they turned the conversation.

Pending his resumption of journalism, he followed two expeditions to Algeria, whither he had been sent by Guizot and drawn by General Bugeaud, returning at the end of six months with administrative reports which the Minister found full of interest, but a little too Catholic in tone. He brought back also personal notes which furnished matter for another book, "The French in Algeria." Meanwhile he busied himself with works of propagandism established here and there.

At length, in March, 1843, having by his retirement released himself from all ministerial ties, he threw in his lot with Catholic journalism, laying down, as a condition *sine quâ non,* that the paper should contract no governmental relations, should own no subjection to any party but the Church, to which it was to give its voluntary, absolute, active, zealous and gratuitous service.

Some months later he made a rather long sojourn in the Benedictine Abbey of Solesmes, recently restored by Dom Guéranger, where he wrote a pamphlet that gave a vigorous impetus to the campaign, then twelve years in progress, in furtherance of freedom of education, the first and longest of the numerous Catholic agitations supported by the *Univers.*

Veuillot was not a man to put a high thing on a low ground. He took a high view of Catholic journalism, which, as he regarded

[8] Du Lac had received tonsure. He afterwards laid aside the soutane. He never got orders.

it, seemed to him the last remnant of chivalry. He was a true *fils des croisés.* No mediæval knight ever entered the lists or crossed swords with a combatant with more chivalrous courage to do battle for the right than he entered the field of journalism to wage war upon the impious and embolden the faint-hearted. The retreat at Solesmes was his vigil of arms, and the pen was the weapon with which he armed himself. "God has given me a sword," he said; "I shall not let it rust." The paper in his hands was a weapon which he wielded with something of the dexterity of an expert swordsman and with slashing effect. He looked upon himself as the sentinel on the watch tower, the eye and ear of the citadel, the garrison or the camp, whose duty it was to signal the enemy's approach and to sometimes open fire on them. "A journal," he says, "is essentially an engine of war. If you do not make war upon your enemies, you will upon your friends." Although a journalist *par excellence,* one who made his mark in a profession he both elevated and adorned, he by no means shared the extravagant admiration of an institution—typical of an age with which he had little in common—in which postprandial orators occasionally indulge. "The progress of printing," he observes, "in universalizing the habit of reading has not equally diffused the knowledge of the true, the taste for the beautiful, the love of the good; it does not redound to the honor of the press and still less to the profit of liberty. The sentiment of liberty, if it seems to have become general, has nevertheless been singularly weakened. All discipline is more hated, all violence more meekly endured. History shows us in every page people at once more faithful and more high-spirited than nowadays. They loved something that could not be wrested from them only with their lives; they hated something they repulsed as long as they had life in them. Now they love nothing and they hate everything, but with a weak, cowardly hatred, prompt to yield, constant to betray, whence results the facility of dominating and the impossibility of governing them. The daily press has been the principal instrument of this decomposition; it has changed the moral temperament of humanity; it has brought about the reign of indifferentism, and indifference, too, weighs upon it. If the journalists of this time—those who can speak out—were careful of the honor of their profession and the future of freedom, if they were anything else than violent and audacious party men or minds lost in indifferentism, doubt and indolence, they would not ask for immunities in servitude, but rather responsibilities in liberty. They would blush to have privileges and no rights, arms and no adversaries; in fine, to be a police force for the repression of ideas in conquered countries, rather than loyal soldiers voluntarily engaged in waging

a just war legitimately. I may take the liberty of using this language. I have been a journalist. For twenty years I held the pen every day. When that pen was broken in my hands by an act as easy to foresee as to execute I had never, I hope, betrayed my profession, freely embraced after I already had experience of its work and worry—a profession I esteem very noble and even glorious, when it is worthily exercised. And as I have not betrayed, neither have I flattered it. I know the press. If I had to make a present of it to the world, I should doubtless hesitate, and very likely withhold it. But it is no longer a question of setting up this perilous and perhaps destructive enigne in the midst of civilization; it is a question of living with it, of getting all the good one can out of it, of neutralizing or at least attenuating the evil it may do. I have never concealed that this evil might not be very great and probably greater than the good; I have never despaired that the good might not be real and capable of counterbalancing the evil to a certain extent. I have always thought that the only way of maintaining this equilibrium was to give the press a sufficient amount of liberty, and, by strict laws, impose an equal amount of responsibiilty upon it. An illimitable liberty, as has often been demanded, and such as sometimes has nearly existed, an illimitable servitude such as is now[9] imposed are two different, but equally efficacious means of turning the press into an absolute evil; then it is really and exclusively an instrument of destruction. In both cases, in the present state of civilization, with the influence the press necessarily exercises, authority, religion, morals, art, language, culture of manners could not have a more formidable enemy than a completely free or completely enslaved press."[10]

Louis Veuillot was practically the creator in France of Catholic journalism as a force on the side of the Church. Before he came forward Catholic publicists were contemptuously and disdainfully disregarded by the sophists and Voltaireans, even under the Restoration and the reign of "the Citizen-King" Louis Philippe. The faith supposed to be professed and practiced by the vast majority of a nation one of whose titles of distinction was that of "Eldest Daughter of the Church," was the butt of the jeers and blasphemies of the freethinkers, who refused to read or reply to its Catholic advocates. There was a conspiracy of silence against Catholicism. Veuillot broke up this conspiracy and compelled attention; that was his first great victory. The unbelievers affected to believe that Catholicism was moribund and incapable of producing great thinkers, great orators or great writers. Ozanam from his rostrum at the

[9] Under the Second Empire.

[10] "Les Odeurs de Paris," liv. 1.

Sorbonne and Louis Veuillot from his editorial chair proved to demonstration the falsity of this assumption. That a devout or practical Catholic could be a journalist was, to the *libres-penseurs*, unthinkable. The eminent French critic, Sainte-Beuve, who considered Louis Veuillot worthy of a more or less appreciative literary *étude*, held that a Catholic journalist was impossible.

Free thought had long held the field. From 1817 to 1824 there were twelve or thirteen editions of Voltaire and Rousseau; 316,000 copies of the former and 240,000 of the latter had been reprinted. The *Constitutionnel*, the leading journal, had a writer specially employed in relating, several times a week, absurd or calumnious stories about the clergy. This specialist was called the "editor of the silly articles," and the shareholders found fault with him if he was not sufficiently spicy and sensational. If the list of subscribers showed a falling off, the editor of the *Siècle* would say: "We'll have a strong article against the Jesuits this evening." In *bourgeois* circles, mainly Orleanist, it was taken for granted that measures directed against priests did not in the least constitute a legitimate grievance. The Catholic religion was officially recognized as the religion of the State, and that was considered enough. Government, and particularly the University, held as an established principle that the external protection accorded to the Church placed it under their moral and political tutelage; it was, therefore, considered a scandal if a Bishop dared to express disapproval of irreligious theories maintained by some official or to stigmatize the blasphemies in which philosophical speakers or writers and the free-thought press more and more indulged.

Such was the situation with which Veuillot was faced. Inheritor of the Crusader spirit of old Catholic France, he did not recoil before the sons of Voltaire. In him they found a doughty champion of the Catholicism they were sapping and undermining; in his journal a battery they could not silence. He gave them back blow for blow; he fought them with their own weapons, ridicule and sarcasm, of which he was a consummate master; he neither gave nor got quarter; it was war *à outrance*. "Young and recently converted," he says, "I did not understand why I should defend my religious convictions less boldly than I had lately expressed my political convictions. Moreover, it is necessary that it should be known what they said to us, what gratuitous and unceasing outrages against our Bishops, against our Church, against Christianity provoked our indignation. No Bishop raised his voice without being overwhelmed with affronts; no Catholic wrote or proclaimed his principles without raising tempests of insults, without being pointed out in all the papers and from every platform as an

enemy of religion, which he injured, compromised and dishonored. . . . I hate the work to which many men condemn themselves, the irreparable effects of which I daily witness; I hate it with a passion which nothing can suppress, nothing lull to sleep, which, despite me, whatever I do, breaks out in violent bewailings. No, no, I cannot feign a cowardly respect for so many contemptible idols before which I see our sages bow. Those idols will get no adulation from me, not even silence."[11] He had seen infidelized France, as he expressed it, "spit on the Church." He rose in his righteous wrath and smote unbelievers with the only weapon he was free to use. "He saw only one possible answer to this insult," observes Professor Lecigne,[12] "and he gave it unsparingly. He was right; others were not wrong in being more indulgent. It is not forbidden to at once applaud Veuillot's bellicose prowess and Ozanam's miracles of charity. There is more than one legitimate tactics in the apostolic army. Veuillot had chosen the first, and when Ozanam accused him of discouraging conversions and converters he replied: 'We are very wishful that blasphemers should save their souls, but meanwhile we do not wish that they should cause others to lose theirs, and if we cannot wrest our brothers from them without inspiring them with an everlasting hatred of the Christian name, we are very sorry for it. It is, no doubt, important that they should be saved, but it is also important that they should cease to damn us. Their soul is not worth two, and still less is it worth a hundred or a thousand. Moreover, we would like to know from the viewpoint of eternity what wrong we do them in preventing them from increasing the sum of evil they would have committed. . . . We count by hundreds their victims, and in our very souls exist the dregs of their poisons! Our business now is to get away from them.' It were easy to come to an understanding, but homilies on charity should not begin by aggressions against the Church's avenger, accusing him of 'presenting truths to men, not by the side which attracts, but by that which repels and stirring up the passions of believers.' Ozanam was self-deceived as to the duties of the Catholic soldier; Veuillot on the necessity of a special strategy in defending religion."

His critics seem to have forgotten that the Church on earth is the Church militant; that a militant Catholic, born of the need and the duty of combating error, is quite in his place therein; that he must not lay down his arms as long as the Church and its doctrines are assailed, but he was always on the alert, always ready to receive cavalry. If ever there was a time when militant Catholi-

[11] "Melanges," first series, Vol. II., Introduction, pp. 4-5-7.
[12] *Op. cit.*, pp. 163-164.

cism was called for it was in the time and in the country in which Louis Veuillot found himself. It is easy to pardon his occasional violence and exaggeration when one calls to mind his magnificent services in the cause of religion and true liberty. He was a splendid type of the militant Catholic. The Church in France would be stronger if it had in the ranks of the laity more men of his masculine mould, of his robust character, of his steadfast earnestness and undaunted courage. If at times he shows a tendency to be somewhat transcendental, if he soars so high into the region of the ideal and the abstract as to lose sight of this nether world, where we must perforce put up with the best possible when we cannot attain the most desirable, he at all events kept before the minds of men in his generation high aims and lofty aspirations. If he hit hard, it was not persons, but principles he attacked. He devoted his life to making war on "liberalism," which on the Continent was synonymous with irreligionism. He would have no truce with these so-called "liberals;" he had no patience with craven-spirited and timid Catholics who feared to face the foe. His articles, pamphlets and books were like so many trumpet calls to action, *reveilles,* to make them march to combat and force them into it despite themselves. "Every time," he said, "I see one of them come out of his torpor, if I have contributed anything thereto, I take credit to myself for a great success, for I have transformed a statue into a man, I have armed and made virile an indolent arm. Such a one would do deeds that will convert the impious." Holding tenaciously to these views as regarded the attitude and action of Catholics towards the *libres-penseurs,* any *rapprochement* between them and the liberals was strenuously opposed by Veuillot. It resulted in the once compact Catholic party splitting up into Veuillotists and liberal Catholics. Although among the latter there were many distinguished Catholics of unimpeachable orthodoxy, like Ozanam and Lacordaire, there were some who were disposed to make concessions to the time-spirit, which Veuillot opposed; he looked upon them as treading upon a slippery incline. He remembered the fate of the *Avenir,* its condemnation by Rome and the lamentable fall of Lammenais, drawn into the liberalist current and swept along by it until he was engulfed by the Revolution. Who will now venture to say that in the main he was not right, seeing that Modernism, that synthesis of all the heresies, is admitted to be largely the outcome of a fusion between liberal Catholicism and liberal Protestantism? In his work, "L'Illusion Liberal," Veuillot, with remarkable foresight, predicted that liberalism was leading up to a heresy, one of the most pronounced that had yet arisen. His prophecy has been unhappily verified.

Other causes contributed to divide the Catholic party. In addition to the disagreement on the tone and direction given to the *Univers* by its editor and the ineffectual attempt to muzzle him, there was, *inter alia*, the controversy on the use and abuse of the pagan classics in education, raised by the Abbé Gaume, who wrote strongly on their corrupting influence on the impressionable minds of youth; the struggle for freedom of teaching and doing away with the autocratic control exercised by the University, Veuillot declaiming against the Loi Falloux, which he maintained only offered Catholics a share in the monopoly when they demanded complete freedom, and Papal infallibility, which Veuillot ardently advocated and the opportuneness of which Dupanloup and Montalembert contested no less earnestly, until the Vatican decrees silenced all discussion and raised up one more impregnable rampart of orthodoxy, drawing closer the *vinculum* which binds together all Catholics all over the world to the source and centre of immutable truth.

The most painful episode in this conflict of opinion was the separation between Veuillot and Montalembert, at one time marching together as the two foremost champions of Catholicism, in the forefront of the vanguard of the Church's army. Eugene Tavernier, for many years Veuillot's secretary and confidant, says the latter passionately loved, admired, glorified and defended Montalembert, who reciprocated his affection. The great journalist and the great Catholic writer who has enriched literature with such masterly works as the "Monks of the West" and the "Life of St. Elizabeth of Hungary" were then of one mind and one heart. Montalembert wrote to Foisset: "I am delighted with this Veuillot. There is a man according to my heart!" His admiration a little later became almost fondness. He wrote to Veuillot himself: "You can demonstrate to all the true and perfect science of courage, humility and patience. I only aspire to follow you on this royal road, safe in drawing closer to you in presence of the enemy. I love and admire you more than ever." Veuillot felt no less warmly towards Montalembert; he defended him against those who could not forget the bad memories of the Lammenais incident. He wrote to the *fils des Croisés*: "I do not see two men in France who can render the Church the services you render it." It is sad and strange that when the cleavage took place and widened and Montalembert's irritation increased he became so color-blinded and forgetful of their old friendship as to declare Veuillot to be "the most formidable enemy of religion that the nineteenth century produced," and, sadder still, that he became so implacable and unforgiving of hot words used in the heat of conflict as to sternly reject all Veuillot's proffers of reconciliation, though they reached him through the intermediary

of so influential a prelate as Mgr. Mermillod. Veuillot was inflexible only in his adherence to principles; Montalembert was inflexible in his resentment. Those who reproach the journalist who has to write on the spur of the moment, with extravagance of expression must admit that the extravagance was not all on one side. Veuillot harbored no feelings of resentment against the man who spoke thus, because he had once written to him, "It seems to me that I am never so worthy as when I am defended by you" and "may I never be too unworthy to fight by your side." When, during the Vatican Council, the great writer and orator died, Louis Veuillot wrote: "People heard last night of the death of Montalembert. With what sorrow, with what bewilderment! I do not know if there is a Bishop or priest in Rome who this morning has not offered the Holy Sacrifice for this great servant of the Church, fallen at a time of melancholy gloom. Let us be silent. It is the cruelest situation to which his enmity could lead us, not to have the consolation of praising him as he so well deserved. But this necessity does not forbid us either respect, kindly remembrance, prayer or hope, and we shall bear witness to him one day as he bears witness to us now."

It was not only at the hands of freethinkers and liberal Catholics he met with opposition and had to endure obloquy, but at the hands of arbitrary power. When, in 1844, failing to intimidate the Bishops, the Government of the day thought by rigorous measures to silence the writers who assailed the University monopoly, they fined and imprisoned the Abbé Combalot, author of a "Memoire aux evèques." The editorial staff of the *Univers,* in conjunction with the Catholic Committee, prepared a special report of the trial, with an introduction by Veuillot. The very day it was issued—the 25th of March, 1844—the whole edition was seized and Veuillot sentenced to a month's imprisonment and fined 3,000 francs. Among those who visited him in the concierge were Montalembert and Madame de Montalembert, the great Catholic orator writing on a letter he received from the imprisoned journalist "infinitely precious." A letter to the Abbé Morisseau describing his prison life begins with the words, "Glory to the Sacred Hearts of Jesus and Mary!" "Dearest abbé," he says, "let us praise God, let us bless Him; may every moment of our life be employed in blessing Him; may every throb of our heart be a fervent act of thanksgiving!"

Though a legitimist at heart, he was by family traditions a Bonapartist, having had uncles in the imperial armies, and when Louis Napoleon made himself Emperor he fancied for a moment that the son of the Dutch admiral who was the putative nephew of the creator of the Napoleonic legend was going to fill the rôle

of a new Charlemagne! But events in Italy, particularly in 1859, soon disillusionized him, and penetrating the tortuous and treacherous policy of the masked and crowned conspirator who opened the way to Rome for the Revolution, he rejected the offer of the Cross of Honor, refusing to be bought, and fearlessly attacked the Emperor's line of conduct. Threatened by the imperial police, the *Univers* received warning after warning. But Veuillot stood to his guns, and in November, 1859, published his famous article on Julian the Apostate. Threats were renewed, but Veuillot still remained impassive. At one time the editor was warned for unmasking the real aim of the campaign in Italy, the protocol of April 8, 1856, having shown that Piedmont might count upon France; at another for an article headed "Europe in Asia" or for proposing an address to the Pope. The staff decided to publish whatever documents reached them from Rome, without submitting them to the imperial censors or seeking the permission of the Government. The paper, despite a formal menace of suppression, printed the allocution in which Pius IX. stigmatized the pamphlet "Le Pope et le Congrés," well known to have been inspired by Napoleon as "a signal monument of hypocrisy and an ignoble tissue of contradictions," following it up on the 28th of the same month (January, 1860) with the Encyclical "Nulliscerte," in which His Holiness reprobated the latest outrages committed against the Holy See. The chief editor handed the Encyclical to his colleagues with the remark: "Voici la mort; le journal sera supprimé demain." It appeared on the 29th; on the same day an imperial decree extinguished the *Univers*. The paper perished, but the document had appeared, and its contemporaries were at liberty to produce it; since then no obstacle has been raised to their appearance. The next day the editorial staff thus addressed the Sovereign Pontiff: "An Encyclical of Pius IX. had restored life to the *Univers;* it is for an Encyclical of Pius IX. it has been deprived of life. God and Pius IX. be blessed for both. Our work was thoroughly devoted to you, Most Holy Father, and our wishes, our labors and ourselves are ever yours." The Pope congratulated the editors on having long and heartily labored to sustain the grandest and noblest of causes and extolled the ardor with which they had fearlessly striven to refute mendacious journals and combated for the civil sovereignty with which Providence had invested the Roman Pontiffs. Resuscitated in 1867, it was again struck at twice by the Government, and again, after the Second Empire had fallen, its publication was twice suspended.

Although journalism absorbed a large share of his time, it was in literature he made his most enduring mark. A great admirer of the grand age and *le grand français,* and yet not insensible to

the influence of the romantic school, he united in himself two epochs, two periods of which he was the *trait d'union,* grafting upon the lofty language of the Bossuets, Bourdaloues, Fenelons and Racines, the younger, bolder and more flexible French of the nineteenth century. Master of a style formed upon the finest models, abounding in traits of the highest excellence,polished and perfected by dexterous retouches of the pen, which shows that it is the hand of an artist that is at work—a style rich, varied, complex, strikingly original in its idiomatic individuality, full of brilliant epigrams, exquisite turns of phrase that express the finest shades of meaning—he has written books that by the common consent of all competent critics have been unanimously accorded the rank of contemporary classics; books brimful of thought and suggestiveness, full of illuminative views upon history, philosophy and politics, upon all that directly or indirectly affects Christian civilization. The twenty-two volumes comprised in the "Melanges"—reproductions mostly of his *Univers* articles—make the past, the history of half a century's struggles, live again in their vivid pages, while the eight volumes of his voluminous correspondence—for he was a charming letter writer—reveal to us his *vie intime,* his inmost soul, his kindly, affectionate nature and portray a character quite different from that which enmity or prejudice ascribed to him. In everything he wrote one dominant thought finds constant expression—devotion to the Church, absolute, complete, uncompromising, for he was one of those "who never sold the truth to serve the hour." After his death on April 7, 1883, when they opened his last will and testament they read these words: "In all my life I have only been perfectly happy and proud of one solitary thing—it is of having had the honor and, at least, the will to be a Catholic; that is to say, obedient to the laws of the Church." That sums up in one sentence his whole life, which, viewed from this standpoint, was that of an ideal Catholic.

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THE CONCEIVABLE DANGERS OF UNBELIEF.

THE desire to be "liberal" in religious thought and feeling is manifestly one of the distinguishing characteristics of our modern time. To acknowledge anything like a binding authority in the sphere of the moral life has almost come to be regarded as a sign of inferior intellectual culture and of a faulty education. Physical science is supposed not only to have satisfactorily demonstrated the purely natural origin of the moral faculty, but to have sufficiently shown that conscience, too, and what we term the higher spiritual sense in man are but the final links of one long chain of purely mechanical evolutionary events.

It is, after all, but natural that, with such conclusions of the modern scientific method of thought, all the manifestations of our moral nature should have experienced a corresponding degree of discredit, and that numbers of intelligent persons should imperceptibly be losing that sense of a higher responsibility which has hitherto been regarded as the moving principle of all progressive life. It could not well be otherwise. When the very power of a free choice between good and evil is declared to depend, in large measure, upon "inherited tendency," and when the possibility of a decision in favor of the morally good in the case of one who is "erblich belastet," as the Germans say, is denied, how can anything approaching authority still be claimed for the human conscience? If the conclusions of science are to be trusted, there is no reason why a troubled conscience should not hereafter be regarded as a symptom of organic disorder, and why the higher manifestations of the moral sense should not be looked upon as an evidence of a morbid and supersensitive nervous temperament.

But are the conclusions of science to be trusted? This is, after all, the supreme and all-important question which is again and again presenting itself to the thoughtful mind.

The ordinary man of the world, whose views are largely determined by his environment, will probably be disposed to answer it in the affirmative. He has but little inclination to view the matter from any but the most superficial and conventional standpoint, and he welcomes the dicta of science chiefly because they free his mind from a burden which he has always found it somewhat inconvenient to bear. He may possibly regard religion as a very necessary and practical thing, which is essential to the moral life of the community, and without which society can scarcely be expected to hold together; but it is a thing which has no higher binding claim upon himself. He feels instinctively that a thorough conviction of personal respon-

sibility—responsibility extending far beyond the limits of this present life—is not only an exceedingly irksome and troublesome thing from a practical point of view, but a state of mind very apt to give rise to disturbing and disquieting reflections. How very natural for him, therefore, to welcome the dicta of any science which practically bring with them moral emancipation, and which leave him to the undisturbed enjoyment of the manifold pursuits and interests of life.

When we bear in mind the natural tendencies of average human nature, as it is exhibited to us in the ordinary conditions of human life, it is certainly not difficult to understand why the modern science view of life is meeting with such ready and widespread acceptance, and why it is found to be so much easier to trust it rather than the promptings of certain apparently instinctive moral feelings and convictions.

But the fact remains that these moral convictions and intuitions do exist and that they are, moreover, very apt to resist all ordinary attempts at effacement, and this being so, it may, I think, with good reason, be doubted, even by non-Catholics, whether the modern scientific view will, after all, bear very close investigation, and whether it will ever become a settled and permanent one. It seems already certain that this will never be so with really careful and accurate thinkers. The force which will ever be found to be opposing it, and which, I am confident, will prove infinitely stronger in the end than the most authoritative scientific dictum, is the conscience itself. Its voice is far too clear and persistent to be silenced by any dominating form of philosophy, however plausible and convincing it may be, and if experience is to be any guide at all, it is more than probable that it is on this solid rock that modern rationalistic thought will ultimately suffer shipwreck.

For it will have to be admitted that conscience is, after all, the highest ultimate authority which we can have in the matter. Of what use to us are all the results of the best scientific research and the most forcible arguments which can be adduced with a view to convincing the mind, if they finally all fail in convincing the conscience, if the conscience will persist in telling us that, in spite of ingenious theories and apparently quite logical deductions, we are and remain morally responsible for our actions, and that there exists somewhere in this mysterious universe a higher tribunal by which they will be judged? And that conscience does persist in asserting this, what rational man can deny?

And it will further have to be admitted (without in any way entering upon a question of theology proper) that there hangs over this same conscience a dark shadow which we cannot disperse and which somehow resists all the influences which have been and are

continually being brought to bear upon it. It is simple matter of experience that neither the advance of education, nor the arts and comforts and luxuries of life, nor the occupation of the mind with a thousand absorbing and interesting problems, even high moral effort and attainment, have proved effectual in dispersing it. It is further admitted that, in numerous instances, those who, by virtue of their position and their many social and intellectual advantages, might be supposed to be most happy and contented are not really happy and contented; that there is in their life that indescribable something which, to say the least, renders it imperfect and incomplete. It is manifestly conscience, the vague sense of a higher responsibility, unrecognized or ignored, of a truer end not attained, which seems to stand between them and real happiness, and most men know how frequently this state of mind leads to that utter weariness of life, of which the outward tokens are so abundantly manifest in the age in which we live. "Some men," wrote the late Professor Romanes, "never acknowledge this articulately or distinctly even to themselves, yet always show it plainly enough to others. . . . Custom may even blind men to their own misery, so far as not to make them realize what is wanting; yet the want is there."

Now, it is clear that, so far as our present powers and knowledge go, we have, in the natural order of things, no means of solving this strange psychological problem; we know of nothing that will effectually banish the spectre from our moral life. There is, in the physical world, no set of conditions or environments amidst which we can shake off this discord of the inner life, and which will establish a state of order and harmony within. It seems as though we were out of touch and correspondence with a truer and higher state of things, as though we had lost something which all the arts and pleasures of life, all our intellectual achievements do not and cannot help us to recover—that there are, in fact, in our nature no inherent powers or possibilities of recovering it.

Now, it is manifestly to this fundamental and, after all, but little varying manifestation of the moral conscience, to this blank in life that the Christian religion addresses itself; it is upon it that it builds up its entire philosophy. It not only constantly points to the serious issues of human life, but it takes for granted that that seriousness is fully and universally recognized—by all normal and unperverted minds at least. The Apostle of the Gentiles unhesitatingly declares that the conscience is so authoritative and binding a force in man's moral life that those who have not the higher law of the Christian dispensation will hereafter be judged by the law speaking through the manifestations of their natural conscience, this either excusing

or accusing them. And there is nothing in the history of religious thought that could in any way lead one to suppose that this apostolic view of the matter has met with any serious opposition, or that right-thinking men have seen in it anything unnatural or contradictory of their own inward feelings and promptings. On the contrary, there is every evidence to show that that view has ever been regarded as a fair and a just one by minds most diverse in intellectual culture and in moral attainment.

But if all this be so—and it is difficult to see on what reasonable grounds it can be denied—why should it be considered an unscientific and unreasonable thing to believe that the Christian explanation as to the origin of these remarkable moral manifestations is, after all, the true one, and that there is in the Christian system pointed out to us the only way likely to lead us out of the difficulty? Christ declared that the sorrows of the soul and the restlessness of the conscience are the natural manifestation of an inward state of discord and disorder which He termed sin, and that no real and permanent relief is possible so long as we refuse to recognize the fact or seek to explain it away. He declared that acceptance of His explanation of the matter, and confidence of the means of relief which He points out, could alone solve the problem and restore to the soul the moral balance which it has lost. He disclosed a scheme or a moral method which, He maintained, would put man in correspondence with that higher sphere to which by destiny he really belongs, and outside of which he can never hope to be wholly contented or happy.

This method, we are told, does not commend itself to the man of science; it is contrary to all he might reasonably expect. Faith in a person he has not seen, and in a method he cannot investigate and analyze, is to him a violation of the scientific principle and of all rational habits of thought. He declares that he is intellectually quite incapable of exercising such faith or to put the method proposed to anything like a practical test. In fact, he cannot get himself to believe in the reality and efficacy of the method.

But now, granting for a moment that there is a spiritual world or life for which man is destined, but with which he is (as conscience would certain seem to indicate), for reasons not fully understood by him, out of touch, on what grounds can it be shown to be unreasonable that the Creator should disclose a system which would put him in touch with it, and that He should institute ways and means, contrary possibly to expectation and experience, but effectual, nevertheless, in attaining the end in view? We have surely in the natural world endless processes of a precisely analagous nature. We are constantly called up to place ourselves within the

operation of laws which we do not understand, but by the action of which certain well-known results are attained. Our comparative ignorance of such laws does not apparently help us to escape them. Why should it be considered unreasonable then to maintain that, in the sphere of the higher life, similar laws and forces to which we are to become subject are at work, and that from the action of these there is no escape? It is clear, at any rate, that Christianity, especially in its sacramental aspect, claims to be the introduction to such a new and higher order of things and to possess means of bringing the soul in correspondence with conditions and environments to which it cannot possibly hope to attain by any effort of its own. Throughout the entire thought-structure of the New Testament, for instance, there runs one great fundamental idea upon which all the other ideas are practically built and with which they are inseparably connected. It is, perhaps, most forcibly expressed in the words: "The soul that sinneth, it shall die." The very form of the thought seems to suggest some fixed law, some kind of unalterable order, some state of things from which there is no known way of escape.

Regarded from the purely natural and scientific point of view, there might, of course, be considerable difficulty with regard to this thought. It might not unreasonably be asked: What is precisely the meaning of sin? What are we to understand by the dying of the soul? The subject could easily be shown to bristle with intellectual and philosophical difficulties. But there need be no such difficulty from the higher and transcendental point of view. There may be a point of view from which the soul, out of touch with the higher environment, and electing to remain subject to the lower, falls under the action of the laws which govern the lower, and consequently is, and remains, morally dead. Such death would not be the immediate consequence of refusing to believe in Christ so much as the result necessarily following upon the refusal to employ or accept the means instituted for the attainment of life. The position of the unbeliever would thus be similar to that of a man who is dying for want of food because, although he knows that that food maintains life, he will not eat of it so long as he does not know of what substance is it composed and by what means the result is attained.

And from such a standpoint it would certainly become conceivable that want of faith in Christ—in other words, rejection of His method and refusal to submit to the law of life instituted by Him—may bring with it consequences of a certain kind much more serious possibly than one may at first sight be inclined to suppose.

For even if it be granted that the moral act of unbelief or of

disbelief cannot, with some minds, carry with it a responsibility equal to that of other minds, would there not still remain all the practical consequences necessarily flowing from such a negative attitude? And it is clearly no argument against this view to urge the extreme simplicity of the institutions of this new and higher order of things, when compared with the immense importance of the issues attending them, and our own inability to trace the mode of their operation. We have everywhere abundant evidence that the most insignificant causes bring about vital and far-reaching results. A simple thought, whose source and origin no man can trace, may set the world on fire, or may, on the other hand, bring about its moral regeneration. The lightest act or word may determine a life's course or destiny. The tiny seed, no larger than a pin's head, contains vast potentialities. We are moving in a world of wonder and mystery and know very little indeed of the sequence of cause and effect. We cannot see the effect of a genuine sacramental act; it is so simple in its form that we are almost tempted to despise it, and yet it may, for all that, be a thing of the utmost reality and importance in the other-world order, calling unseen forces into operation and leaving indelible marks and impressions upon the soul.

It is, moreover, conceivable than in an extra-corporeal condition, and with sharpened or extended faculties, we shall be able to trace that mark very distinctly; to distinguish, for instance, between the baptized and the unbaptized, between the spiritually fed and the starving. Who knows what the soul really is, of what substance (if one may employ such a term) it is composed, by what means its higher life can best and most effectually be initiated and maintained? That these means are not to be found within the sphere of this natural life, amidst the conditions of death and decay, we might reasonably expect. That the unaided effort of man cannot generate them might, with equal reason, be supposed. What ground, then, granting there be another life, and, of course, another world order, for refusing to believe that they must come from without, and that the Christian system, rightly understood, introduces and provides them?

There is, for instance, the sacrament of baptism. It is an extremely simple rite and institution—so simple, in fact, that the wise ones of this world treat it with contempt. They cannot see the use of it. In what sense, they say, can it be expected to produce any kind of change; how can it possibly affect the moral character, the latent life of the soul? It is, of course, quite true that we do not understand. But if it really be a supernatural process, a method of the other-world order, how can we be expected to understand?

That world is altogether hidden from our view, hidden so effectually from some minds that they have altogether ceased to believe in its existence. A subtle process may surely be taking place all the same, so subtle, indeed, that it is not perceived by the senses, but powerful and effectual, nevertheless, in securing the end it has in view. Admitting that we are destined, by the mercy of God, to a higher state, a supernatural one, to which we have no right, is it not lawful for God to prescribe in which way, by what initiation, we are to be admitted to it? And can He not give special powers or produce special effects consequent upon any external ceremony, however simple, appointed by Him? Initiation in Masonic lodges gives special powers and faculties to members, and so in other cases in the natural order. Why should not God be able to produce a supernatural effect by a natural agency? The external sign, therefore, of baptism, viz., water, plus the life-giving energy of which it is the vehicle, may, in the truest possible sense, cleanse and purify the soul, may impart to it some new law and condition of existence—some element which it never possessed before and which, by the laws of life, it could not generate within itself. It may, in some subtle way not discerned by us, be the link between the universe of matter and that of spirit.

In the natural order science has taught us that there is no such thing as spontaneous generation. Organized life cannot spring into being of itself under any conditions. It must be communicated from without, from preëxisting life. Its manifestation is governed by fixed law. So surely the higher life, being supra naturam, and therefore unperceived by the senses, must come from without, from the quickening and life-giving Spirit; it, too, can only manifest itself according to some fixed law, only partially discerned by us. And it may require for its operation some medium, some definite condition which it is for us to provide. And "Ignorantia modi non tollit certitudinem facti;" that we cannot trace the process or understand it, and sometimes not even perceive its effect in the outer life, is clearly no argument at all against the reality of the process itself or against its binding force in that other-world order. It may be that we could do even this were we possessed of one additional sense, of some more refined or developed supernatural faculty. It is conceivable that we shall quite understand when we ourselves enter upon that other-world order.

Psychological research has shown us that certain abnormal persons possess what has been termed "extended faculties," by the operation of which hidden things are disclosed and the most subtle changes in external objects can be traced. Ecclesiastical records tell us of saintly persons who could discern evildoers by peculiar

odors emanating from them, who could see spots and marks on the inward soul, who could at once distinguish objects upon which consecrating hands had been laid. There may, in all these things, be no real analogy to the processes here under consideration, but they go to show that such processes are at least probable, that they are not nureasonable, that they may have their right and proper place and sphere in a world-order not understood by us.

And if this be so, the inference must surely be obvious. It may not make any immediate moral difference externally whether we believe in Christ or whether we do not; it may, strictly speaking, matter very little whether we have confidence or not in the efficacy of baptism. But the consequence of our neglect of the sacrament may be disastrous all the same; it may make the most vital difference possible in the supernatural order, and it may well be that it is in this direction that the peril of disbelief or unbelief really lies. Our failing to receive the new life-germ from without, and being wholly unable to generate it from within, our souls may remain helpless and lifeless in a very real and definite sense, and we may, in spite of all our culture and enlightenment, and in spite of all our moral aspirations, have to remain outside the sphere of that life-order with which the sacrament is designed to bring us in touch and correspondence.

Again, there is the sacrament of Feeding. The very institution of such a sacrament is, to say the least, highly significant. From the standpoint of modern "Ethical" Christianity, it is almost impossible to understand it. There is absolutely no sense in it. In what intelligible way can the physical act of eating and drinking be made to signify to us a great moral truth or assist us in our moral conduct? How can our character be helped or strengthened by our consuming some bread and wine? What really reflecting mind has ever been assisted by such a use of the sacrament? The difficulty becomes apparent the moment it is pointed out; it is custom which is apt to blind our eyes in such matters. We are told that Christ, the teacher of the highest moral truth, wants us to remember that truth and Himself who taught it, by eating and drinking something. The merest child ought to feel that this was the least likely way of accomplishing such an end. Most men are apt to put away the thought of "higher things" when they eat and drink. Their very instinct would seem to tell them that they are, at such times, out of place. It is admittedly the lower nature which is thus being ministered unto, not the higher. The reading of a book, the hearing of a sermon, a recital of the history of the Passion would most certainly be a method far more in accordance with our human nature and far more calculated to produce in us

the effect and impression desired. There is, indeed, the greatest possible intellectual difficulty in this view of the sacrament, and it is not easy to understand how thoughtful men can still be found defending it.

But from the historical and, if I may use that term, "mystical" standpoint, the difficulty vanishes at once, and the sacrament assumes an entirely different aspect. It becomes intelligible, and, on the line of thought suggested, absolutely consistent. If a life-giving element, coming from without, be needed to bring the soul in touch with new environments and to kindle in it something which unaided human nature cannot generate within itself, if this something is conveyed and imparted by certain outward means and channels, it is but reasonable to suppose that, by some such similar outward means and channels, this something is also kept alive. "The great central thought of the Sacrament of the Altar," says a writer on the subject, "is the intimate union of God with man. It is a participation in the life of God. Why need we supernatural food? Because we are born to a supernatural life, and it is the deposition of the germ of eternal life in a mortal creature. Our nature does not contain within itself the power of self-renovation and self-regulation. It requires the introduction of a new and divine element."

The human soul is here on earth, necessarily and unavoidably, in touch with earthly and material conditions; it is incessantly in danger of parting with what it has received, or at least of letting its vitalizing power become diminished. It must, therefore, feed again and again; it must receive unto itself more and more of the life-imparting elements, so that it may effectually maintain itself amidst the new environments to which it has been transplanted.

And this process is, at any rate, wholly on a line with that natural process by which our bodily life is maintained and with which we are all familiar. The sacrament, from this standpoint, certainly becomes intelligible. In this present world-order we cannot discern how and why materials taken into our natural bodies are there transformed into heat, and life, and energy and into manifold human activity. We cannot watch the process, nor do we precisely understand the laws which regulate it. We only know that the process takes place, and on that knowledge we act. We know that by eating and drinking we are kept in touch with that world of life and energy of which we are a part and of which we desire to continue to be a part. Our refusal to eat because we do not entirely understand would be attended by disastrous consequences. These would follow, not so much because of our peculiar mental attitude, but because of the consequences resulting from it. We

would be placing ourselves *en rapport* with conditions and environments which carry with them decline and finally death. We would die simply because we refuse to eat. The circumstance that we still possess a kind of life, or that we once had food and consequently had life, would not save us; we must obey the whole law, even if we do not understand. We must believe, but above all things, we must eat.

It seems to me that Christianity and its sacraments have some such meaning as this or they have no intelligent meaning at all. Any purely "moral" system of Christian thought, which, nevertheless, seeks to retain the sacraments, is an outrage to ordinary common sense. The whole of the New Testament is full of the idea of the new *life,* and, without a due recognition of this thought, two-thirds of it become wholly unintelligible. This fact was fully admitted by the late Anglican Archbishop Magee in his sermon on the "Christian Theory of the Origin of the Christian Life," preached in 1868 on the occasion of the meeting of the British Association at Norwich. "We claim for Christianity," he said, "that it is not a code of morals merely, not a philosophy, nor a creed, nor a system of religious discipline, but that, over and above all these, it is a life, a new and *real vital force* in the world; a life with its own conditions of existence, its own laws of development, its own peculiar phenomena, as real and as distinct as those of any other form of life which science investigates and classifies, and that this life is in Christ," etc.

It will now be seen that, if this line of argument be a true one, grave dangers are unquestionably incurred by the unbeliever, whatever justification there may be for his unbelief and however lightly he may be disposed to regard the whole matter. The known world is, as every intelligent person knows, governed by fixed and unalterable laws. It is for us to ascertain these laws, so far as we are able, and to obey them to the best of our knowledge and ability. But experience constantly teaches us that our ignorance of them, our indifference respecting them, is attended by precisely the same consequences as our wilful disobedience of them. Drinking poison, for instance, entails the same physical consequences, whether taken by accident or by design. The law takes effect whether we understand it or not, whether we believe it to be a just law or whether we do not.

Now, it is surely perfectly conceivable that God acts in the same way in the spiritual universe. The process there may be of an analogous nature. It may be absolutely necessary for man, in order to enter upon the divine order of things initiated here and now, to receive the Divine touch and to eat of Divine food. It may be

that the highest thought, the noblest action, do not contain within themselves those elements which will quicken and energize the soul and which will enable it to exist amidst supernatural environments. It is both reasonable and conceivable that by the introduction of an element altogether different in kind this can alone be accomplished. And it is further conceivable that the absence of this element will, in some way, bring about that "death of the soul" towards which, probably by reason of some earlier loss and its own material constitution, it is naturally and constantly tending. I say again, we do not know and cannot know what the soul really is and what it may need with a view to the maintenance of its life.

One thing certainly must be clear. If the view here indicated be the correct one, if, unless we be "in Christ," as the New Testament puts it, and "unless we eat and drink of Him, we have no life in us," then surely it is not difficult to see in what sense the law of the new life may take effect. The unbeliever reaps the result of his unbelief according to fixed and perfectly reasonable laws. The life and environment of a higher sphere are offered to him, the conditions are pointed out to him; he is expressly told that he cannot hope fully to understand now. But he is enjoined to exercise trust in the method proposed by One who knows his nature better than he knows it himself; he is asked to obey and to submit. He fails to obey, and as a consequence he remains amidst the lower conditions—he is constitutionally not fit for the higher. His soul is not in touch with that sphere of higher operations between which and the present state Christianity and its institutions may very well be conceived to be the connecting link.

It will, at any rate, be admitted that this view furnishes us with a rational and intelligible conception of sacramental Christianity, and that it puts a fair and reasonable interpretation upon Christ's own words, as well as upon the practice and teaching of the Christian Church in all times.

It seems to me that in any list of the forces which are calculated to obstruct the Church's progress in the modern age the steadily growing indifference of the world to the claims of Revealed Religion must hold a prominent place.

We can reason with the man who has a sense that he needs something—who is willing to believe the truth if he can discover it. We can argue with the man who holds some fragment of truth, but who is ready to admit that that fragment does not quite satisfy him, since, detached from the whole, it proves itself to be of little service to him. We can help the man who is stumbling about in the maze of religious error and contradiction and who is anxious to be extricated and to be guided into the sunlight. What can the

Church do with and for the man from whose heart and mind the sense of need has disappeared and who has settled down to an utter complacent indifference about the whole matter?

It has been questioned whether there are really persons of the latter type and whether the indifference spoken of is not assumed rather than real, since man is admittedly a religious animal and cannot disregard the higher problems of life for any great length of time. While firmly holding the latter truth, I am nevertheless persuaded that, for the time being, indifference is overshadowing all these natural promptings and that this indifference—a kind of soul-paralysis—is the strongest force which the Church will be called upon to contend against in the immediate future. It is a sufficiently formidable adversary now, as our priests know only too well.

The voice of God in the human heart no doubt speaks earnestly and long—in the circumstances of life, its sorrows and failures and disappointments; in that sense of need, of something left undone and neglected; in a sort of intermittent consciousness of sin; in possibly an occasional loud trumpet-call to repentance. But if the voice be persistently and systematically unheeded and ignored, there comes a time when it ceases to speak, when indifference and callousness take possession of the soul and when all become silent and still in the temple of God.

And there is surely not a more saddening and moving sight in the world than that presented by beings destined for eternal life, in whose souls death and decay are doing their work. It is a sight to make the angels weep. It is not unlike the picture presented by the man who outwardly appears in fair health, is actively engaged in some business or profession, is amiable and pleasant in his intercourse with his fellows, perhaps helping forward the world; temporal progress and well-being, but in whom a deadly cancer is steadily undermining his very life and vitality, who is by slow, although possibly imperceptible stages being hurried on to destruction—who is, to all intents and purposes, a doomed and a dead man.

It is difficult to make the modern world realize the possibility of this process. There is about the thought itself something extreme and almost sensational. There is a natural shrinking of the mind from its full and serious contemplation. And yet if Christianity be true, if the human soul, in order to be saved, must by God-appointed means seek union with Him in the present life; if the Cross of Christ be the only way of effecting that union, what other alternative remains to us—in what other light can we regard the matter? Religious indifference is then most certainly the deadly cancer of the soul, for the cure of which we possess no natural

remedy. What, we may ask, are the chief causes of this strange religious indifference?

The first is, I think, the growing materialism of life. All human ingenuity is increasingly directing itself to the creation of *temporal* conveniences and improvements. The question of the body and the bodily life—food, clothes, house and family and domestic environment, of the utmost possible amount of ease and leisure, are so increasingly and exclusively occupying the mind that the question of the soul is systematically pushed into the background, until there comes a time when it practically ceases to exist, or at best assumes the most vague and shadowy form. In the pressing claims of the *secondary* aims of life the primary and true aim is lost sight of, and quite imperceptibly there comes a sense or feeling that it may be safely disregarded, since so vast a proportion of millions are evidently quite happy and content in disregarding it. There is no necessary hostility to religion, no desire to dispute its value and usefulness; there may even be an intention to consider its claims seriously some day. But meanwhile there is indifference and apathy; the soul is allowed to go to sleep and Christ and His claim upon the soul, His redemption work, becomes mere meaningless phrases. The sleep of death falls upon the soul, and from that sleep there seems, in many instances, to be no awakening.

Another cause of religious indifference is, I think, that state of mental dissipation and disorder which is produced by the modern habits of desultory reading. I am not now thinking of that cataract of immoral and debasing literature which is being absorbed by thousands of weary and jaded minds day by day. Everybody knows how effectually this destroys the very fibres of the moral life. I am rather thinking of a certain habit of the mind, created by an excessive indulgence in the reading of light and superficial literature, which is so marked a characteristic of the modern man. Whether we travel on the underground or by motor omnibus, whether we enter a railway station waiting room, or a restaurant, or pay an afternoon call—old and young, rich and poor, all alike are reading something—a newspaper or magazine, a light novel; seldom, very seldom, do we come upon the person who is intent upon some serious book, demanding the mind's energy and attention. And almost all this literature presents the indifferent and superficial side of life, what brainless men and women will do or not do under given conditions, and how effectually they manage to evade all the serious issues and considerations of life. It may be asserted that all this is done with a desire to rest the mind from the strain of business or professional responsibility or to amuse and entertain; but the integrity of the motive does not diminish the disastrous

effects which this practice produces upon the character and moral life.

It creates a certain habit and state of mind which, in the course of time, renders the mind incapable of entertaining serious thoughts and of addressing itself to life's graver problems. An unnatural and unwholesome mental atmosphere is produced, in which the sensitive plants of religious need and desire cannot grow up and find nourishment, and in which, as a consequence, they die out and perish. The mind, grown accustomed to literary sweets, not only declines the more solid and nourishing food, but loses the power of assimilating it when it is offered. It becomes as jaded and apathetic as it is apt to become under the influence of alcohol or narcotics, and it only recovers its vigor when new doses of the enervating stuff are introduced. What observant man has failed to notice the eager haste with which respectable and gray-headed men, as well as little boys and young women, will rush to the bookstalls when some spicy divorce case is in progress or some murderer's sexual career is being laid bare? It is a known fact that, in order to insure the success of a play or the sale of a book, it is only necessary that the censor should have scruples respecting the former and the better class reviews condemn the latter. In America the trick of suggesting the possibility of such condemnation is barefacedly resorted to in order to insure financial success, and even a religious book may count upon a vast number of readers if there is a suggestion only of its being unorthodox, and, in the case of a Catholic book, of its being possibly put on the Index.

Can any person measure the far-reaching effects, both moral and intellectual, of this kind of thing? We condemn and imprison the man who undermines the moral life of a woman and who ultimately leads her to ruin and crime. It is a thousand pities that there is no legislation which make it possible to imprison those who commit these far greater literary crimes, destroying character and, by slow but certain stages, hindering mankind from the pursuit of its true end and from the attainment of its true happiness. Modern psychological research has shown us very clearly how this literary poison is apt to work, and in that manner the disastrous moral effect is produced. It seems fairly certain that nothing that a man has ever heard or read is ever wholly effaced from the tablets of the mind. The normal memory may not be able to recall it, but the impression received remains in the mind. By the law of the association of ideas it produces other impressions, which lead in their turn to desires and images and temptations, and, in the course of time, to a fixed disposition and indication of the mind.

The entire character and tone of mind thus become imperceptibly affected and are formed in accordance with the kind of impressions which have been created.

We thus come to understand how it comes to pass that the outwardly respectable and even venerable looking man, the good father and prominent and loyal citizen may subliminally be a great rascal, full of debasing and dishonorable schemes and desires, and quite capable, under given conditions, of acting diametrically contrary to all his outward profession. We come to understand much that is so puzzling and perplexing in the moral life of the world of our day.

But we also come to understand by what processes indifference to the claims of religion lay hold upon the soul. It is in this inner life of the soul that God works. And, in the natural man, He works by natural means, by the very elements, as it were, which constitute that inner life. There are passing desires which move the soul in the Godward direction. There are momentary glimpses of the higher life and of higher possibility. There is the sense of sin, of a deep moral need, of the impossibility of ultimately finding joy and peace in life without facing its deeper problems, without repeating of sin and cultivating virtue, and, in some measure, attuning the soul to the higher spiritual order. These impressions in our fallen nature are brief and fleeting. They never stay very long. They are apt to cease entirely if there be no response, no material at all to which they can attach themselves and upon which they can work.

Now, how can they find support and assistance in a mind which has no material in the least degree corresponding with these movements, which is choked up with the weeds of debasing and antagonistic thought, and in which an atmosphere prevails which is calculated to efface and discredit and destroy them? God, as all experience shows, never *compels* man in the spiritual direction. The will remains free. He works sacramentally by ordinary human means and always and everywhere calls for man's intelligent response and coöperation. And how can there be even a faint response if the mind is stored with negative impressions and has lost the very power of perceiving and believing in the reality of the divine prompting? Is it not bound, however high its degree of development in other respects, to cease to perceive these promptings and to fall into a condition of indifference and of spiritual death? It is a subtle spiritual law clearly which is at work, and this law would seem to be as unerring in the spiritual order as any natural law is in the natural order.

"How shall we escape," writes the Apostle (Heb. ii., 3), "if

we neglect so great salvation?" The day of judgment surely will be a day of consequences as much as a day of punishment!

This growing indifference clearly is one of the most formidable forces which the Church is called upon to face in our day. And the question which not only her priests, but the ministers of *all* Christian organizations, are asking themselves is: How is it to be combated?

I have had many an interesting talk on this subject with thoughtful priests and laymen who are keenly alive to the grave and growing danger. I have myself reflected on it much and long. One is so constantly reminded of the existence of the danger and of the complexity of the Church's task by life in Continental countries, where indifference to the claims of religion is so apparent and manifest in all conditions of life. But I doubt whether the methods generally proposed will really prove effective. It seems to me that in some instances and in some countries the evil has gone too far and that things must become much worse before they can possibly be better. The Christless world must realize yet more fully what life really is or what it may become without a religious ideal to sustain its moral endeavors and to give it the right and true direction. It must increasingly discern the debasing effects of religious indifference in the public and family life. The general moral disorder under which so many nations are suffering must become still greater and more pronounced. There must be a fuller and more universal recognition of the inadequacy and fallacy of the merely human means employed for the renovation and reconstitution of modern society.

The modern man, perverted as his moral sense so often is by the pride of intellect and of life, by the lust after wealth and self-indulgence, and by the restless and ignoble striving after temporal achievement, must fall much deeper before he can begin to rise. He must be brought to admit and to fully realize that he is living on a dunghill before we can expect him to seek for ways and means of escape from it into a purer atmosphere.

The Church will, of course, continue on her mission with calm dignity and undisturbed by the hostile forces which are surging around her. She has faced problems and difficulties far greater than any of those which the twentieth century presents. She will continue to preach the Gospel, as it was committed to her keeping, without change or modification and unconcerned whether men will listen and obey or turn a deaf ear to her warning call. And she will from time to time devise and employ special and extraordinary means calculated to awaken those in whom the paralyzing influences of the modern life have stifled the voice of conscience and destroyed the sense of higher duties and responsibilities.

But I cannot help feeling that, in view of the peculiar circumstances of the case, any such unusual effort should be made in the Godward direction rather than in the manward, should take the form of fervent intercessory prayer to God, of personal holy living and thinking and of real sacrifice and mortification.

In our time, talk on religious subjects, even though it be of the most persuasive and cunning kind, has become too cheap and commonplace to influence men in any marked and permanent degree. Special sermons by popular preachers are apt to be sought after for the purpose of experiencing intellectual or moral thrills rather than with a view to ascertaining the truth and becoming a learner in the school of Christ. They are largely frequented by pious habitués who delight in being again and again assured of their spiritual safety and of the correctness of their religious belief. They scarcely ever reach or vitally influence that great class of modern heathens which I have in mind. The ears of the multitude of this Christian land have grown accustomed to these special efforts and trumpet-calls, and they most certainly do not move the heart in everything like the same degree in which the simple but fervent preaching of the Gospel moved the pagan world in the days of the Apostles. That world had at length come to understand its needs; it had a sense of sin and a spiritual hunger, and that preaching was done by men whose life of suffering and sacrifice was a witness to all that they had gladly surrendered all things in order that they might "win Christ."

When one really thinks the matter out and considers it independently of accepted and conventional ideas, is one not forced to the conclusion that those who have known the divine philosophy of the Cross, but who have rejected it, are really in a far worse condition than those to whom it was made known for the first time? These latter, it is true, worshiped false gods or even the unknown God (Acts xvii., 23), but they had the sense of a deep need, they had a kind of heart-preparedness which disposed them favorably toward the reception of the Gospel.

The modern indifferent man has managed to get rid of this sense of need, or he explains it away by some scientific shibboleth, and he worships no God at all—unless indeed it be that most fearful of all deities—the god within. He has in this respect, in spite of all his intellectual achievements, sunk deeper far than the heathen and even the cannibal. And what will awaken him from such a lethargy as this if it be not God Himself; what is there in the order of created things that could effect this? Solemnly striking are those words of the Apostle in the application to the God-estranged people of our day: "It is impossible for those who were once illuminated,

have tasted also the heavenly gift, and were made partakers of the Holy Ghost; have, moreover, tasted the good Word of God and the powers of the world to come, and are fallen away; to be renewed again to penance, crucifying again to themselves the Son of God and making Him a mockery." (Heb. vi., 4, 6.)

What was it that produced the most profound spiritual impression upon materialistic France not many years ago and brought men to their senses? It was not some modern Tertullus, who understood the art of turning phrases or of discovering new and hidden meanings in familiar and time-worn sayings. It was not the schoolman who brought all the heavy artillery of his learning to bear upon the Gospel truth. It was a humble curé, in an unknown and obscure village, a man of mean appearance and of meaner education, whose only armor was prayer and self-sacrifice and mortification and the love of souls—it was this kind of man who accomplished this thing. Like his Divine Master, he pleaded incessantly with God and literally gave his life for his fellows, thereby drawing forth the divine energy and coöperation and bringing the wisest men of the day to his feet—captives to the obedience of Jesus Christ.

And it seems to me that in our own time all special Christian effort, if it is to be really fruitful, must take a similar form; it must energize itself in the Godward direction. Ours is the dispensation of the Holy Ghost, and it is for us to implore Him, unitedly and persistently, to revisit the earth and the souls of men and once more to "convince the world of sin and of justice and of judgment." We must mortify ourselves and put more confidence in prayer and self-sacrifice than in elaborate external machinery and organization. These latter, good and necessary, no doubt, in themselves, are but too apt to cause one to forget that in God's divine scheme of redemption God is all and man is little or nothing at all, and that without Him we can literally do nothing. Few thoughtful men would be foolish enough to depreciate any earnest effort of our day to win the estranged hearts of men back to God, but really serious reflection upon the grave problems which the present state of things present must necessarily lead to the conclusion that the reconversion of the world to Christ is probably best advanced by prayers and self-immolation of consecrated men and women in the hidden places of the world.

I remember expressing these ideas to a saintly old Franciscan Father in San Francisco, who himself lived a very active life, but who had evidently come to conclusions similar to my own. He thought that much of the Church's energy in our days was being misdirected and that it was just possible that God was teaching us a very great and solemn lesson. This priest was the confessor to

a Carmelite convent, and he took me there one day for a talk with the reverend mother, who, he told me, was a woman of great practical wisdom and spiritual insight. My thoughts have often gone back to this interesting interview, and I have pondered deeply on the things which this remarkable woman said to me. I never saw her face. I only heard her voice, speaking to me from behind a grating covered by a thick curtain. It seemed to me at the time like a voice speaking from another world, so clear and incisive were the thoughts expressed and so full was the conviction which spoke through them. "The world has lost God," she said, "through its pride, its indifference and self-love—through the easy carelessness of His instruments by which He must often find it impossible to work. The salt has lost its savor and there is nothing wherewith to salt it. Nothing, in the natural order or that human ingenuity can invent, can bring the world back to God. Ardent prayer and penance and mortification alone can do it. We Christians must once more offer ourselves 'living sacrifices unto God,' and thus actively plead and intercede for our brethren. The Church must with one accord invoke the aid and action of the Holy Ghost, who alone can reërect in the hearts of men the desire for God and for the salvation of the soul. We are daily praying for this consummation and offering our lives and sacrifice to God. Will you pray with us that His kingdom may come?"

I have never forgotten these words, spoken as they were with an intense conviction and coming as they did from one who evidently knew the world and the human heart, and who was only too well acquainted with the argument which "the practical common sense" of the day was apt to advance against such a view of the matter. I have thought much and long about it, and I am convinced that this woman is right. It is clearly by these means alone that the Church is likely to rouse the modern world from that lethargic sleep of indifference to the claims of God which has fallen upon it.

I have often heard it asserted that there is always something of the fanatic about the man who has made a special study of some particular subject or thought-movement.

The mind of such a man, constantly occupied with one particular train of thought and ideas, is apt to become narrow and one-sided and to lose the power of estimating "the true proportion of things" and to form accurate judgments. It tends to look upon human life and the pursuits and interests of men in the light, and from the standpoint of the one absorbing interest and to exclude from its considerations other and perhaps weighty and modifying facts and circumstances. One must not, it is said, put too much confidence in the man who is a specialist and nothing but a specialist.

This is no doubt very true. We have abundant illustrations of it in the lives of famous men, who have done good work in some special sphere of scientific research, but whose inferences and generalizations have nevertheless been found strangely unsatisfactory and lacking in judgment.

It seems to me to be the duty, therefore, of every man whose time and thought are taken up with some special and perhaps complex subject to guard against this mental tendency and defect.

I have always been keenly alive to this danger, and I do not think that those of my friends who know something of my methods of life and work would associate with me the notion of a fanatic. It is not the habit of my mind to jump to rash and unconsidered conclusions. I am, on the contrary, rather inclined to distrust my conclusions, to seek the advice and consent of others more experienced and learned than myself, and often to suspend my judgment while waiting for further light and evidence. And I have no difficulty in entirely shelving my subject for a time, so that the mind may retain its full equilibrium. Often, for months together, I am in the habit of putting aside my books and all my papers relating to spiritistic or psychical matters and of avoiding the company of those who are in any way connected with the inquiry and who are likely to talk to me on the subject. I drop it entirely when I go away on my holiday.

I have thus learned, I think, to form rational and sensible views on the subject, and if there be, nevertheless, about those views something extreme and unacceptable to some "practical modern minds," it is not because those views are narrow and one-sided, but because the facts which in the course of years and of a many-sided experience have come to my knowledge compel those views.

There are, it must be remembered, circumstances in life in which a man must be content to hold and must not shrink from holding an isolated position, so long as he can be quite certain of the grounds on which he holds it. Time and better knowledge often justify his apparent narrow-mindedness and fanaticism.

To a certain extent this has already been so in my case. When I published, some years ago, my first little book, pointing out the fallacies of the accepted spiritistic contention and the dangers attending the inquiry, I was treated with scorn and abuse by the spiritistic press, and by some prominent psychical researchers. Religious fanaticism was declared to inspire my book. The Jesuits were held to be behind it. At a meeting held in St. James' Hall to pass judgment on my book, a noted spiritist openly declared this to be his belief. I knew what I knew and I refrained from controversy. After a while I wrote another book, giving more evidence

in support of my contention, and still more fully developing my argument.

The years have passed and the noted spiritist who opposed me in public, is now a humble and loyal Catholic. Several scientific men are slowly but nevertheless surely coming round to my view and are uttering warnings similar to those which I have uttered in my books. Some of the best publications in America declared a little while ago, that with every desire to arrive at some other conclusion, my facts were incontrovertible, and reasonable men everywhere were increasingly compelled to an acceptance of my position. While fanaticism, therefore, no doubt, is a bad thing, there are evidently some *forms* of fanaticism which have a good deal of sound logic and common sense about them. And so I am well aware that many a reader of this little book will pronounce me a fanatic when I express it as my conviction that Spiritism will be one of the most dangerous enemies with which the Church will find herself in conflict in the immediate future. A learned friend of mine, a priest, goes farther even than I do. He believes that it will be *the very greatest enemy* which the Church has ever been called upon to face throughout the entire course of her history. And he gives good and valid grounds for this belief.

I will briefly state by what processes of thought I have arrived at my own convictions.

A long and many-sided experience has taught me that spiritistic research constitutes for most men *one of the most interesting and fascinating of pursuits.* Indeed, so great is this fascination that even men whom one may regard as intellectual giants fall victims to it. I have almost daily opportunities of observing this, both in the persons I meet and in those who write to me and who ask my advice in the matter of their experiences. It is the case of the candle and the moth. They may burn their wings ever so much, be deluded and tricked and deceived and suffer the loss of physical and moral health, but they will, some time or other, fly back to the candle, or at least hover in its vicinity. And women are, generally speaking, much worse in this respect than men. They will go to far greater lengths. You can, in the end, reason with a man. He will listen to your argument and will examine and think over your evidence. You can do little or nothing with a woman who has tasted of this forbidden fruit and who has been seized by the craving for intercourse with the spirits. She will turn a deaf ear to all your appeals and reasonings.

I had evidence of this a little while ago in the case of a lady whom I had seriously warned some years before. I knew from her friends that she had gone very deeply into the matter. But

although I presented the most conclusive evidence, strongly corresponding with what she was then experiencing, I could not make my voice heard. She thought me a prejudiced religious fanatic. It was five years later that her friends sent for me. The lady had then lost her reason and had twice attempted suicide.

But some men are equally bad. And, strange to say, they are often men whose intellectual training has been of such a kind that one would expect better and saner things of them. But it seems as though "the lure of the unseen" tended to break down the strongest intellectual barriers.

A striking case of this kind was brought to my knowledge during my stay, a couple of years ago, at the Catholic University in Washington.

It was the case of a noted local physician who practiced in the city as a specialist and held a foremost place in his profession. He had started life as a sort of scientific materialist, and had entertained doubts of the existence, as an independent entity, and therefore possible survival after death of the human soul. Circumstances had brought him in touch with spiritistic phenomena, the reality and genuineness of which he could not possibly deny. He perceived their bearing upon the problem of human life, and the craving for further knowledge took possession of him. He lost all interest in his profession, and in the course of time neglected it. His mind lost the power of rightly estimating the proportion of things. In spite of the earnest warnings of his wife and of his many friends, he devoted most of his time and money to spiritistic research—with the result that his health broke down and he took his own life. He took it because of the irresistible "lure of the unseen." His heart-broken widow wrote to me, bitterly regretting that my warning words had not reached her husband before the catastrophe occurred. Those letters were sad beyond words. This is a recent case; it is, alas! but one of very many of which I have record.

I have known numbers of people who started their investigation with the single intention of obtaining *some* personal evidence of the reality of the phenomena. They had been more or less affected by the skeptical ideas of the times, and hoped by these means to recover their belief in the existence of an unseen world. They were persuaded that the fatal fascination of the subject was not likely to take possession of their own minds.

They little knew the extraordinary strength of that fascination to which, of course, they fell victims after a time. It is a pitiful sight sometimes to see these very persons spending all their time and energy in the all-absorbing pursuit, and frequenting one circle

after another in search after further and still more convincing or interesting evidence and phenomena. Some of them, after a while, regulate their entire family and business life by the directions received from the spirit world. I knew a stock-broker who had a separate room reserved at his office in which a medium was permanently retained for the purpose of obtaining information respecting transactions and investments from intelligences supposed to have been engaged in similar pursuits in their earth life. It is difficult to make sensible men believe how far this kind of folly will go.

And in numerous instances neither heavy pecuniary losses, nor a manifestly disordered family life, nor the breakdown of physical and often of moral health will be effective in bringing about the disillusionment. The spirits are always ready with plausible explanations of their failure, and they so thoroughly control the mind and pervert the judgment that the most conclusive demonstrations of deception on their part, manifest perhaps to all outsiders, are ignored and disregarded. The next day, or the next sitting, it is believed, will clear everything up, since spirits have promised to come forward who will be able to explain and who will set everything right.

With the orthodox spiritist the case is, of course, quite hopeless. His theory of the spirit world and of spirit action provides him with a way out of every difficulty and complexity. He will accept any and every explanation, provided the practice itself be not condemned and the spirits be not utterly discredited.

Now, the peculiar danger of this pursuit lies in the circumstance that it creates a state of mind which, in the course of time, entirely unfits and indisposes the mind for any kind of legitimate religious exercise. It produces an unwholesome condition of agitation and excitement. By the side of the constant actual intercourse with the spirit world that infinitely less exciting intercourse with it which is cultivated by prayer and the use of the sacramental ordinances of the Church begins to take on a flat and little interesting appearance. It ceases to have any attraction and to impress the mind with any sense of its necessity and reality. It wearies and oppresses the mind which has become accustomed to the infinitely more exciting procedures of the séance room.

And the truths of Revelation, too, conveyed as they are by the mouths of living men, begin to assume a vague and shadowy form. They are found not to square with what the spirits constantly disclose respecting the actual conditions of life in the unseen world. And why, the mind then argues, should one trust in the mere human and fleshly messenger, who may have misconceived his message

or may have misinterpreted it, when one can speak direct to the spirit-messenger who is actually in the other world and who must know what the laws and conditions are which govern its life? It is a good and useful thing to receive information by book or letter respecting another country which one may desire to visit, but it is a far better thing, surely to meet and learn from the man who actually lives in that country and who must necessarily have full and accurate information respecting it.

And thus does the testimony of Apostles and Saints and Martyrs come to be doubted and discredited. "They were no doubt good and well-meaning men, but they were fanatics and enthusiasts. They were men who had lost their mental and moral balance and whom one must not take too seriously." "Christ Himself clearly was a great and good teacher, whose splendid life and example renewed the moral life of the world. But Christ, too, was limited. He taught much that is quite untenable to-day. He certainly was not God, and He clearly does not hold in the other world the position which the Catholic creed has assigned to Him. In any case, what is Christ and His knowledge by the side of the great spirit teachers such as 'John King' or 'Rector' or 'Imperator?' Do not these latter give us a far more rational and intelligible interpretation of the Gospels and a far more reasonable and up-to-date view of life and its duties than the Apostles and the theologians and Fathers of the Church?"

It is by mental processes such as these that Spiritism accomplishes its work to-day, first fascinating the mind and captivating it by presenting to it interesting and mysterious phenomena and then enslaving it and utterly perverting its judgment. And these processes of thought are practically those of every mind which has been drawn into the fatal sphere of spiritistic research. That sphere holds the mind as in a vise. Such people are generally hopelessly lost to Christianity. We can sometimes arouse them from this fatal lethargy at the *initial stages,* when first the realities of the séance room have come home to them and the mind is struggling with conflicting ideas and impressions. We can do nothing when the spirits have gained closer access and the mind's balance has been disturbed. My own experience on this point is constantly being confirmed by evidence which reaches me from other quarters.

There are some spiritists who, alarmed by some startling occurrence, have joined the Catholic Church; but it will, I think, be found that not many of them have died in it. Mr. D. D. Home took this step, but he left the Church again, as the spirits had prophesied, a year later. Miss Florence Marryat, too, was a good Catholic for

some years. She died without the sacraments—a declared enemy of the Church.

The late Archbishop of Philadelphia told me that he had himself received the daughter of the late Judge Edmonds into the Church. (She had developed a most astonishing form of mediumship, being able to converse intelligently in eight or nine different languages, none of which she had normally acquired). But, after a while, she returned, as the Archbishop put it, to "the spirits and their rappings."

An experienced priest on the London mission said to me a little while ago: "I have received many people into the Church, and with God's help have broken down the strongest barriers of ignorance and prejudice and misconception. I can do nothing at all with the confirmed Spiritist!"

But the fascinations of Spiritism in its attractive scientific form are increasingly invading the social life of all nations, and it is therefore with this state of mind that the Catholic Church will have to reckon in the future.

A second reason why I believe Spiritism to be likely to become one of the strongest of the Church's opposing forces is *the attractiveness of its creed and philosophy.*

That philosophy adapts itself to and admirably fits in with the "Zeitgeist." It furnishes the modern mind with a most acceptable and attractive view of life, strangely harmonizing with the dicta of modern science. I will not here weary the reader by repeating what I have already explained very fully in my books specifically dealing with this subject. It is sufficient to say that the harmony exists. The spirits of the séance room, broadly speaking, teach what modern science asserts. Human life passes, they say, through successive phases of development and that development is continued and perfected on "the other side." There are no sudden catastrophes or interferences. The machinery of the universe works by the sequence of cause and effect. And from this law there is no escape. Man will be hereafter what he is now and what he has made himself. No God will save him from himself, and no Redeemer can deliver him from the consequences of his actions. He must be his own deliverer. And he must learn and suffer until he can so deliver himself. There may be aids, vouchsafed to him by the action of higher spirits who have passed through a similar process, but to the process itself there can be no finality or terminus. States or places, corresponding with the Christian notions of Heaven or Purgatory or Hell, do not, strictly speaking, exist on the other side of life.

To the modern mind, steeped as it is in Rationalism and in the

Higher-Criticism Philosophy, this aspect of the matter is intensely attractive. It frees it from much that seems difficult and perplexing and bizarre. It furnishes it with a happy method of reconciling Science and Religion. And consequently it is ready to embrace this philosophy with all its heart, and indeed in a sense has already embraced it.

But I must not be understood to be asserting that I believe the modern world to be increasingly accepting the spiritistic philosophy because it is the spiritistic philosophy. Nothing is further from my mnd. On the contrary, I am convinced that in spite of all that Sir Oliver Lodge may write, there is still much distrust in the public mind as to the disclosures that emanate from the séance room. But the barriers are *gradually* being broken down. A thought here and there, forcibly expressed, finds its way to the mind. It is linked with other thoughts, suggested perhaps by some scientific man or by some book dealing with Scriptural or theological problems, and the mind is impressed. It begins to entertain the thought that the true explanation of things may after all be found along these lines and that scientific psychical research may in the end bring the much-sought-for relief. Christian beliefs and practices are not discarded, but *they are interpreted in the light of these ideas*. They are regarded as half-truths, or as truths largely misinterpreted and misconstrued. The mind assumes a reserved and waiting sort of attitude, very acceptable and pleasant to the natural man, but, in its effects, utterly destroying the very possibility of a robust Catholic life and of a fruitful Christian affirmation.

It is, in my opinion, this attitude of mind, so familiar to those who have opportunities of forming a judgment, that is the really dangerous thing. It is in this attitude of mind that I seem to recognize one of the most dangerous of the Church's opposing forces.

It is generally assumed that our own Catholic people are not very greatly affected by this movement. But I must confess that my own extensive and many-sided experience has led me to the opposite conclusion. I am here, too, no doubt running the risk of being regarded as a fanatic who takes extreme views of matters constantly occupying his mind. But I adhere to my view, nevertheless, and do not in the least mind the indictment. I am convinced that, in this respect, too, time will justify me and will show the correctness of my contention. Indeed, I wish that I could utter a much louder note of warning!

Upon the Catholic the creed of Christendom has, of course, a much stronger and firmer hold than upon the Protestant. He is in sacramental contact with the supernatural. He has clear and definite

teaching, too, as regards "the occult" and indulgence in spiritistic practices. The confessional, too, in many instances, constitutes a strong barrier and safeguard. And yet I know, as a matter of fact, that there is a steady, if slow, leakage from the Church because of Spiritism. The scientific form in which it clothes itself, and which seeks to present it as a new light come into the world, ensnares numerous victims, and in some countries the danger is becoming a very real and formidable one. I have gathered this fact from talks and intercourse with both Bishops and clergy, who were able to speak from actual knowledge and experience. And many of them seemed convinced that the educated laity were being very strongly affected. I went to America a few years ago to explain the subject to the clergy and to the students preparing for the sacred priesthood, but in many instances the Bishops invited the laity, too, to attend my lectures. They felt that the time had come to make them acquainted with the facts which I had to present.

In every part of America I came in contact with educated Catholic laymen, who were well acquainted with the most recently ascertained results of psychical research, which manifestly caused their minds a good deal of uneasiness, suggesting as they do so many grave and perplexing problems. The questions put to me by them often occupied hours after the delivery of my lectures—to say nothing of requests for interviews and of a daily and lively correspondence. It is by these means that I have gained a clearer insight into what is actually going on in the Catholic sphere than is obtained by many a priest on the mission and certainly by our Bishops, who only get to hear of these things indirectly and at second hand.

In one American diocese we discovered a woman who carried on an active spiritistic propaganda while apparently diligently attending to her religious duties. She silenced all suspicions by taking part in parochial work and by thus cultivating a most friendly relation with the clergy. At the time of my visit to the diocese she was presiding over a stall in connection with a sale of work. And yet we ascertained that she practiced all the well-known forms of mediumship, her clientele consisting of the well-to-do working classes of the district, who paid her so well for her services that she was enjoying a splendid income. She had adopted the practice of artfully combining certain spiritistic with Catholic practices and devotions. Thus a mother who had lost her child would come to her with a view to getting in communication with the spirit of her child. The woman would tell the mother to come again on the following day. Meanwhile she would ask the priest to say a Mass for the child, would pay him a generous honorarium and

she would tell the mother in the morning that she had spoken to the child, "who desired Masses," and that "she (the medium) and the priests were already praying for her." In this way all possible suspicions on the part of the clergy were lulled to sleep, while an impression was created on the minds of the people that the Church approves of and sanctions these practices. The mischief was only discovered accidentally. The woman had gone to work so cleverly that, although there had been misgivings here and there, nothing had been actually brought home to her.

I know of several Catholic families in England who are engaged in spiritistic practices. Not very long ago a lady of considerable culture called upon a friend of mine and told her that she was in constant communication with the spirit of the late Cardinal Vaughan, who had recently commanded her to go upon the public platform and to inform the world that the dogmas which Catholics held and which he had taught during his earth life were false, he having discovered this upon his entry into the spirit world and being now anxious to undo the mischief which he had wrought. The lady was desperately in earnest and was with difficulty persuaded to at least defer the carrying out of her commission to "a more convenient time."

In the Catholic sphere, for obvious reasons, the thing is apt to work more quietly—more under the surface of life. The mind is more slowly and with greater difficulty detached from the old beliefs. And there are friends and the family to be considered. The Catholic who is ensnared into an acceptance of spiritistic teaching does not come out openly or become a public champion of his new creed as the non-Catholic is apt to do. He simply drops out of the Church's life, ceases to go to confession and Holy Communion and often leaves a particular neighborhood, thus making it impossible for his friends to become aware of his defection. They merely suspect him of laxness in the matter of his religious life. And it is here where the chief element of the mischief lies. For the Church thus loses not only all control of the movement, but she also loses all power of determining with any degree of certainty what its extent is and *how far* the mischief goes.

It is, of course, extremely difficult to suggest the right kind of remedy for a subtle evil of this kind. I can but speak of what a long and many-sided experience has taught me.

A first and absolute necessity, it seems to me, is a full and accurate knowledge of the subject on the part of our clergy. This necessity is very fully recognized by the Holy Father, who has commanded me to tell the clergy the whole truth about the matter. In view of what is now going on in the world, what the public are daily

being told in reviews and newspapers, the policy of silence, so far as we are concerned, is no longer a possible, neither is it a safe policy. Our priests must know accurately what the actual results of recent research are. They must be made acquainted with the form in which the argument is presented. They must, in their dealing with their penitents, take account of the possibility of a dabbling—a possibly innocent dabbling—in spiritism and of the conceivable effects of such dabbling upon the mind. It is not sufficient, in my opinion, to forbid such practices simply because the Church forbids them. We must meet our opponents on their own ground; we must be able to show how unsatisfactory *their* evidence is; how contradictory the statements of the spirits are and by what methods they obtain that knowledge which makes it possible for them to produce these startling phenomena and to impersonate the dead. We must have accurate acquaintance with the literature on the subject.

Experience is daily teaching me that there is nothing so disastrous to the Catholic cause as the exhibition of manifest ignorance of the subject on the part of a confessor and the thinly-veiled doubt as to whether there are any real phenomena at all. Persons who have seriously investigated the matter will know differently, and the priest's doubt will but tend to throw them into the arms of that daily increasing body of men who are never tired of pointing out that the Church is behind the times and is maintaining an obscurantist kind of attitude in the matter—is purposely keeping valuable information from her people. They will find justification for turning away from the Church in order to move with the times.

It seems necessary, too, that the subject should be more frequently explained and referred to from the pulpit and the platform, the manner in which the mind is apt to become entangled being intelligently set forth and actual cases and instances related. Questions should be invited and every opportunity given to a perplexed mind to communicate itself freely without fear of being reprehended and misunderstood.

And track should be kept of Catholics who drop out quietly and mysteriously. This I know is a difficult matter for a hard-working priest on the mission. But it can often be done through other members of the family or through friends who might not naturally be disposed to communicate with the priests. Books, too, fully explaining the methods of spiritism, might with advantage be recommended. The poorest can in our days obtain them from our public libraries.

These are some of the means, it seems to me, by which we can, in some measure, combat this dangerous and subtle movement,

which is at present working the utter undoing of so many souls. And as regards the Church's dealings with those who have become actually entangled, I would counsel much patience and a kindly and sympathetic treatment.

We must remember that the Catholic who habitually attends séances has passed out of the Catholic atmosphere into one in which the great truths of Revelation appear bizarre and highly improbable. He is not unlike the man who has long been gazing at a beautiful landscape which is suddenly veiled from his sight by a thick cloud, so that he is not only unable to determine any longer what the landscape is really like, but that he begins to entertain serious doubt whether it exists at all. The mind, opened by passivity to entirely different impressions, assimilates these impressions and loses what I may term "the Catholic sense of things." It suffers a complete tranformation, Catholic practices and devotion seeming silly and puerile and befitting a primitive state of life and mind.

In my own experience—and it is now a pretty extensive and many-sided one—argument is utterly useless in the case of persons who have reached this state of mind. The most forcible argument is unconvincing—for the simple reason that the mind is "holden." It is like the attempt to prove that a certain color is green to a man who is color-blind. The mind has parted with certain fundamental ideas and conceptions, and there is nothing to which the argument can appeal. There is no longer any kind of interior correspondence with the truths presented.

Our efforts, therefore, must be directed to detaching the person from the new spiritistic environment. We must persuade him to give up—for a time at least—attending séances, so that "the passive door" which has been opened may in some degree be closed and the spirit influence be shut off—that the mind may regain its balance. We must persuade him that there is just the possibility of his being mistaken and that it is his duty to give the Church and her teaching a chance. We must try and get him to pray, in the old accustomed way, for light and guidance. We must point out to him that the saints and martyrs who have passed into the unseen world are also living spirits, whom we must suppose to be acquainted with the laws and conditions of the "other side" life, and that if spiritism be legitimate, they cannot possibly be found to be antagonistic to its pursuit. We must get the man to see the reasonableness of invoking them and of asking their aid.

And we must do what we can to bring the enslaved soul in immediate and frequent contact with the supernatural. An hour spent before the Blessed Sacrament will often effect more than the most persuasive argument will effect, because the old true im-

pressions are thus apt to be reawakened and the soul is more likely to recover its lost balance. Retirement to a religious house of the stricter kind is thus often the best and the most effective of all remedies. I know of cases in which this method has been adopted, with the result that the mind has been simply appalled at the rapidity with which all the Catholic ideas and landmarks had been destroyed.

And even when the balance has been regained such souls will require constant and watchful care, for the fascinations of the subject are strong beyond conception, and the spirits do not easily surrender a soul upon which they have cast their spell and whose inner life they have found it possible to invade. The strongest souls are always in danger of a relapse. And such relapse is often brought about by the simplest and most innocent and insignificant means. There is more than one door by which the evil spirits have access to the human mind.

I cannot resist the belief that the time is not very far distant when many of the negative conclusions of the rationalist and of the modern higher critic will be destroyed by the fuller recognition, that a hostile spirit world exists and is increasingly invading human life and that the only power which can effectually check and resist this invasion is the power of Him "who came that He might destroy the works of the devil." All other agencies and weapons will be found inadequate and useless.

And whose hand can put this power to such effective and telling use as the hand of the Holy Catholic and Roman Church?

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London, England.

THE SWORD OF THE SOLDIER SAINT, IGNATIUS LOYOLA.

IT is now a week of years since the joyful Catholics of Barcelona witnessed, on the 7th of March, the great and longed-for procession which wended its way from the Church of Our Lady of Belén to that of the Sacred Heart. A current of tiptoe excitement had suddenly electrified the throng packed in the principal streets of the route, for in the distance they beheld the sun's bright rays flashing from a silver cross borne aloft and guarded by a group of acolytes. It was the head of a procession more magnificent and solemn than had graced the city for many a decade of years —a procession in which State and Church vied with each other in paying the highest tributes of honor to Spain's glorious son, Ignatius

of Loyola. After many score years of separation from those to whom it rightfully belonged, the sword of this wonderful hero of God's Church, the soldier saint of Spain, was being returned with pomp and universal gladness to the members of the Society of Jesus.

So often and suddenly, however, has the sword been transferred from one church to another, and for such long periods does all trace of it seem erased from the pages of history, that many continue to doubt whether or not the sword borne through Barcelona's streets that day and deposited in the Jesuits' Church of the Sacred Heart is really that of Ignatius. But for him who squarely faces the question and with un-Macaulian lack of prejudice searches history for history's sake and for what history declares true the question soon fails to conjure up any serious doubt.

No one even dreams of questioning the fact that Ignatius really left his sword at the altar of Our Lady of Montserrat in 1522. For who knows anything of Ignatius' life and yet is ignorant of that enchanting scene when, in the dull gray light of early dawn, standing before the altar of his Immaculate Queen in the chapel of Montserrat and lifting his sword on high, the gallant Spaniard swore ever to be her knight-in-armor, doing valiantly in the Church's battlefield? Then laying the sword at the feet of Mary's statue, he set forth to fulfill his vow.

For nearly eighty years the sword lay where Ignatius had placed it. Pilgrims after pilgrims from many countries round, coming to Mary's favorite shrine to pay their prayerful homage, were struck with astonishment on seeing the sword resting at the foot of the statue. To what knight had it formerly belonged? What wonderful favor had he received from the hands of his bounteous Queen to warrant such an extraordinary mark of gratitude? The self-same answer was always given—a nobleman in courtly attire, a penitent clothed in sackcloth, a saintly vigil-at-arms, a valiant knight of Mary. But besides the sword's princely richness which attracted so much attention, there was a modest simplicity about it that equally charmed the pilgrim's eye. It was a rapier such as was worn by all the courtiers of that day. Its blade, extremely keen on edge and about forty-five inches in length, gradually tapered from the width of one inch at the hilt to the very sharp point so characteristic of the nobleman's fencing sword. On both sides of the blade two small grooves extended a quarter of the entire length, and in one set of these the cutler's name was thus engraved:

GONÇALO
SIMON:EN:T

The last letter surely must have caught the attention of any connoisseur who chanced to visit the shrine. To him it told more

of the weapon's remarkable excellence than did the bright steel, the rich gold or the keenly sharpened edge and point. For Toledo, even from a very early period, had stood first in the production of the very best swords in the world.[1] The hilt of Ignatius' rapier was rather long. Its barrel was of wood, covered with the softest velvet and broadly indented to afford a sturdy grip for the soldier hand. Encircling the upper and lower ends of the barrel were platted bands of gold, while a double pommel of polished steel, one about three times the size of the other, completed the main structure of the sword. In common with all the rapiers of that age, that of Ignatius was also adorned with a guard, which gradually spread out into several branches, richly carved and gracefully twined, lending much beauty to the weapon. The guard and blade were held in position by a tongue that projected from each and fitted very tightly inside the barrel. But as both could be removed without great difficulty, it is not surprising that after some years the guard was actually separated from the sword. What finally became of it no one seems to know. We can only surmise that it was kept as a relic by some pious devotee of the saint. But, as we shall see, this in no way invalidates our reasons for believing that the sword venerated in the Jesuits' church at Barcelona is really that of the founder of the Society of Jesus.

In the year 1599 the church that capped the peak of Montserrat was replaced by a new and magnificent pile. When finally the day came for the solemn opening of the sacred edifice it proved one of triumph not only for Him to whom is all honor and glory, but also for Mary the Queen of Heaven and Ignatius, her loyal knight. Princes and nobles, with their numerous suites, traveled great distances to share in the day's festivities, and even His Majesty Philip III. was present with his royal court. Around the temporary chapel, in which Mary's statue and the sword of Ignatius had rested for the last several months, a stately procession was formed, and with the mingled solemnity of Catholic pomp and courtly grandeur the image of Our Lady and the sword of Loyola's son were carried from their humble shrine to the monastery's beautiful church. The former was placed on a magnificent altar, while the latter was treasured away in a handsome reliquary fixed to the sacristy wall just behind Our Lady's shrine.[2]

But the spot where for eighty years this famous sword had rested was not destined to fall into oblivion. By order of the prior of the monastery, it was covered with costly marble, and to this day

[1] Arms and Armor in Antiquity and the Middle Ages; Charles Boutell, M. A., p. 288.

[2] Nueva Historia de Montserrat, Crusellas; p. 96.

the passerby may learn from the engraven tablet the story of Ignatius and his noble sacrifice. The Latin inscription may be rendered thus:

Here Blessed Ignatius of Loyola, in the midst of prayers and tears, consecrated himself to God and to the Virgin. Here, clothed in the spiritual armor of sackcloth, he spent his vigil-at-arms, and then set out to found the Society of Jesus. A. D. MDXXIII.
Affirmed: F. Lauren. Nieto, Abb. 1603.[3]

Ere the seventeenth century had attained to youthful growth Loyola was numbered among the blessed of the Church. Thirteen years more and the whole Catholic universe celebrated his solemn canonization. The relic at Montserrat now became a most precious heritage. More than ever was it prized and venerated, treasured and guarded by the devout "monks on the hill." But if very dear to them, how much more so must it have it been to the members of the Society of Jesus! How they longed to obtain this precious heirloom! In fact, Father Gabriel Alverez, the seventeenth rector of the College of Belén, when writing of the sword at that time, grieved that it was kept from the society, though he knew and acknowledged that by the monks and faithful of Montserrat it was fully appreciated and duly reverenced.[4] This passage of his, together with several other references, such as the various processes of beatification and the manuscript histories of Montserrat, show that up to this time every one admitted that the sword venerated at the monastery was truly that of the soldier saint.

The relic, however, was not always to remain near Our Lady's altar. The dark and stormy days of 1640 threw the kingdom of Philip IV. into sadness and confusion, terror and bloodshed. The Provinces of Cataluña revolted against His Majesty. Fire and sword were mercilessly sweeping over the entire northeastern territory. Montserrat was in the greater danger of wholesale devastation. The deputation of Cataluña, then in charge of some of the religious affairs in that portion of Spain, being alarmed for the safety of the relics and treasures of the monastery, immediately ordered everything of value to be brought to their vaults in Barcelona. Thus for the first time since Ignatius had placed the sword on Mary's altar that precious relic was removed from Montserrat. But the Benedictine monks still retained the right of its possession. To them it was to be returned when the days of strife should end. Shortly after the transfer the royal troops judged it necessary to burn the monastery to the ground, and for many years the monks were unable to rebuild a suitable dwelling on the site of their ancient home. But the day finally came when a new monastery was ready

[3] *Ibid.*, p. 97.
[4] Hist. M. S. del Col. de N. Señora de Belén.

for them, and the happy monks returned to the hill, bearing with them the sword of Ignatius.[5]

Thus far it has been easy to trace the history of the sword, for the many references on which we have based our assertions are absolutely reliable and mistrusted by none. Now comes the crux of the discussion, and it rests with us to straighten it out.

In 1671 a day of joy and thanksgiving dawned for all Catholics, but the Jesuits in Spain were especially entitled to share its great delights. It was the solemnity of the canonization of a former Viceroy of Cataluña, the glorious Francis Borgia. On the morning of the great festival thousands of devout Catholics thronged to the Church of Belén to assist at the Pontifical Mass, celebrated by the reverend abbot of the Monastery of Montserrat and to listen to the eloquent panegyric delivered by the Rev. Domingo Gutiérrez, a religious of the same monastery.[6] Now, the fact that in a celebration so great and sacred to the Jesuits as this the two posts of honor were given to members of the Montserrat community shows how close and strong were the ties of friendship that bound the Jesuit Fathers of Barcelona to the Benedictine "monks on the hill." This manifest friendship goes very far in explaining the final readiness of the Benedictines to give to the Jesuits, in 1674, the treasured sword of the saintly Ignatius. Still, one thing more had to happen before the donation was made.

On the eve of the great celebration we have just mentioned St. Gertrude's altar in the Church of Belén was completely destroyed by fire. Struck at the greatness of the loss and prompted by his devotion to the saint, Father Antonio Font, a famous Jesuit of that century and much esteemed by the Cataluña nobility, appealed to Doña Maria de Camporrells for financial assistance in rebuilding the sanctuary. This pious and wealthy lady joyfully acceded to the father's request, and won over to the cause the Marquesa de Tamarit, Gertrude of Montserrat. Out of devotion to her patron saint, the Marquesa offered to readorn the interior of the chapel, and gave a silver pedestal for the statue of the saint.[7] Father Font's expression of gratitude to her has the closest bearing on our subject. Knowing well her great devotion to St. Gertrude, he wrote to the father general of the Society of Jesus for permission to give her a precious relic of the saint kept in the Church of Belén.[8] The Marquesa was filled with the utmost gratitude to the father for the generous promise he had made in the name of his community.

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[5] Inventari del Monastir de N. Senyora de Montt. Sr. Dr. Jaime Collell.

[6] Hist. M. S. del Col. de Belén, 1671.

[7] Las Casas de Relig. en Cataluña. Sr. Dr. Cayetano de Barraquer y Roviralta, Vol. II., p. 14.

[8] Hist. M. S. del Col. de Belén, 1675.

While carried away by this feeling of indebtedness, she heard how anxious the Jesuits were to possess the sword of their holy founder, kept as a relic at Montserrat. The Marquesa had ever been a great benefactor of the monastery,[9] and felt she had some claim to the generous good will of the monks. Now, did she or did she not obtain the sword from the Benedictines to give it to the Jesuits? On this rests the whole discussion.

In a letter of Father Ignatius Cant, S. J., to his provincial, the Rev. Lorenzo Van Schaone, dated from Montserrat, August 11, 1674, we read that he just had had the privilege of celebrating Mass before the statue at the feet of which St. Ignatius had left his sword. Not a single word, however, does he write of having seen the sword. But only a week later, in a letter from Barcelona to the same provincial, he states expressly: "I have seen and touched with my own hands the sword which our Holy Father, just after his conversion, hung at the altar of Our Lady of Montserrat. Our fathers here (the Jesuits of Belén) received it as a gift not long ago, and at present they keep it in the sacristy, esteeming it the best of treasures.[10] Thus we see that *somebody* gave the sword to the Church of Belén *not long before* the 18th of August, 1674. This was some time after the promise made by Father Font to the Marquesa de Tamarit, for that was in 1673. Now, what caused the Benedictines of Montserrat to give the Jesuits, or allow some one else to give the Jesuits, at just *that* time, the sword they had kept so many years in spite of knowing how greatly the members of the Society of Jesus desired possession of it? Four facts seem to clear the mystery.

First of all, when Luis de Montserrat, a relative of the Marquesa de Tamarit, became abbot of the "monastery on the hill" in 1673, both he and his community desired to obtain a large relic of St. Gertrude, who was a canonized member of their order.[11] Knowing that the Marquesa had been promised one by her friend the Jesuit, they turned to her as a possible source for obtaining the sought-for treasure. Then we have Father Cant's assertion that the Jesuits in Barcelona received the sword of their holy founder not long before the 18th of August, 1674. Next we learn that Father Font, having been granted the necessary permission, gave the Marquesa the promised relic in 1675.[12] Finally we read in the "Libro de los Bienhechores de Montserrat:" "1685, June. In this same month and year Father Joseph Sellerés, the procurator of this monastery at Madrid, sent a heart of crystal, lined with gold, in which lay a

[9] Libro de los Bienhechores de Montserrat, M. S., 1685.
[10] Acta Sanctorum, VII., p. 791.
[11] San Ignacio en Barcelona; P. Juan Creixell, S. J., p. 160.
[12] Hist. M. S. del Col. de Belén, 1675.

relic of St. Gertrude given by Doña Gertrude de Camporrells." The Doña, we may remark, was none other than the generous Marquesa de Tamarit, who at times was called by the name given in the quotation.[18] Thus it seems that the abbot, in return for the many acts of charity hitherto heaped on his community by the Marquesa de Tamarit, and from an eager desire to obtain from her the unusually large relic promised by the Jesuits, yielded the sword of Ignatius to her with the understanding that she would give the relic of St. Gertrude to the monastery. The Marquesa then gave Ignatius' sword to the Jesuits, and later on fulfilled the promise to the Benedictines by sending them St. Gertrude's relic. True, there are no historical documents that directly and absolutely authenticate this conclusion. But do not the Marquesa's gratitude to the fathers of Belén, her claim to the generosity and good will of the Benedictines of Montserrat, her knowledge of that community's earnest desire to possess the relic promised her and the peculiar concurrence of the several dates just given satisfactorily link the chain of historical evidence that has been broken so unaccountably?

But, you say, there seems no concurrence of dates. Ten years elapsed between the gift of the sword to the Jesuits and the reception of St. Gertrude's relic at the Monastery of Montserrat. This is certainly true. But since we have documents positively asserting that the two gifts were finally made, and since we know absolutely the relations of gratitude and good will that existed between the three parties concerned, this lacuna proves nothing more than that there was a hitch or deliberate delay of some kind on the part either of the Marquesa or of the procurator in Madrid. In no way does it disprove that the exchange was finally accomplished. Our conclusion, we think, still remains untouched—that the prospect of obtaining St. Gertrude's relic from the Marquesa de Tamarit led the community at Montserrat to give her St. Ignatius' sword, and that there was an understanding between the two parties that St. Gertrude's relic was finally to be given to the monastery in exchange for Ignatius' sword.

But it is here we meet our most strenuous adversary. His attack, strange to say, is not directed against the gap of time that exists between the two gifts, but he denies outright that the "monks on the hill" ever gave away St. Ignatius' sword. The honorable Señor Muntadas is a staunch defender of the principle that "a thing cannot be and not be at the same time," and hence he declares in his work on the sword of Ignatius that "*such* an exchange of relics is a

[18] Notas hist. de la Espada de San Ignacio; D. Mac. Golferichs, p. 11. Allegat. Juris, XVIII. (archives of Sr. Marques de Dou).

myth."[14] "Mary, do not tell me that you have the breakfast steak in the kitchen, for I have just seen Fido eating it in the back yard." Such seems a parallel to his argument. He admits that there may have been an exchange of relics towards the year 1685, but he absolutely denies that Ignatius' sword was the relic exchanged by the Montserrat community. "For that sword," he says, "was still at Montserrat in 1811, and that year it was destroyed by fire when the whole monastery perished in flames." Crushing argumentation, provided Señor Muntadas can prove that the sword actually was destroyed by fire in the Monastery of Montserrat in 1811. What, then, is his fully developed proof? It may be thus translated and summed up:

In 1608, at the Monastery of Montserrat, a rapier was seen by a certain Señor Villanueva, who had gone there to examine the various relics in possession of the monks. The rapier was fitted out with a guard and cross-guard and richly ornamented with fleur-de-lis. It had been at the monastery for years and years. No one had ever heard of its being exchanged for any relic whatever. "This sword," writes Señor Villanueva, "was that of St. Ignatius of Loyola."[15] Now, Señor Villanueva seems certain of this statement. If, then, the sword of Ignatius had been exchanged for the relic of St. Gertrude, he could never have said that it had never "been exchanged for any relic whatever." Señor Villanueva adds, moreover, that no mention could be found of this sword of St. Ignatius ever being removed from the monastery after 1806. *Therefore*, the sword of St. Ignatius perished in the fire of 1811, and hence the exchange of relics mentioned above is all a myth.

We do not like to find fault with Señor Muntadas' argumentation, nor to belittle the authority of Señor Villanueva. But really the sword described by the latter could not possibly have been that of St. Ignatius. First of all, Señor Villanueva says that Loyola's sword was adorned with fleur-de-lis. Now, Ignatius was not of French extraction. Not a drop of French blood flowed in his veins. Owing, moreover, to the great hostilities then raging between France and his own beloved fatherland, he detested even the least thing that savored of the French. Why, then, should he, so noble and so loyal a Spaniard; he who in 1521 was fighting with all the strength of his body and all the power of his mind against the invading troops of France; he who in the thickest of Pampeluna's battle leaped to the summit of the walls and with hatred for the French burning in his breast, urged his Spanish followers to withstand the attacks of the enemy until victory should crown their bravery or the very

[14] Montserrat, edicion de Manresa, 1871.

[15] Viaje literario á las eglesias de España; LIV., p. 143.

last son of Spain should perish in the strife; why should he, I ask, always carry at his side and wear in the Spanish courts, in the midst of the most loyal princes of the realm, a sword adorned with a symbol which, at that time, was absolutely typical of the French? We must remember it was not until the end of the seventeenth century that French influence began to be felt in Spain to such an extent that the noblemen began, one by one, to adopt the fleur-de-lis as an ornament for the guard of their sword.

Besides, how can Señor Muntadas expect the testimony of Villanueva to withstand and overthrow the testimonies of the many historical writers who, from the very beginning of the eighteenth century (one hundred years, notice, before Villaneuva ever visited the monastery), up to the present time have traced the history of the sword received by the Jesuits of the Church of Belén in 1674, and who unanimously affirm that it can be none other than that of the soldier-saint? Had the relic been one of only passing note, we might suspect the absolute correctness of these historians and put more faith in the assertion of Villanueva. But so many ecclesiastical historians have mentioned the sword in their works that no one can doubt that it was, in the century past, an object of much interest and comment at least to the Catholics of Southwestern Europe. Hence we feel compelled to look on Señor Muntadas' argument, based merely on the testimony of Villanueva, as by far the weaker side of the discussion. But who are those historians that have written so clearly about the sword of Ignatius? The question is a fair one and deserves at least a brief answer.

Don Pedro Serra y Postius, famous in Spain for his historical works, visited the Monastery of Montserrat in 1707. Afterwards, in his "Epitome histórico del portentoso Santuario y Real Monasterio de Montserrate" he gives a detailed and interesting account of his trip. "Brother Isidro Vidal, the sacristan," he says, "allowed me to take note of the many relics kept in the monastery," and he goes on to mention all the precious objects of veneration he saw. Yet in this long enumeration we find no mention of St. Ignatius' sword. And, what is more to the point, after naming all the relics he saw, he expressly states that "St. Ignatius of Loyola had left his sword at Our Lady's altar in the monastery before setting out to found the Society of Jesus." Now, if the sword was in the monastery at the time, why did he not mention not having seen it, instead of merely stating that Ignatius had once left it there? We find the reason in a later work,[16] where the same author declares that "the Church of Our Lady of Belén has the sword which St. Ignatius of Loyola hung as a trophy on the altar of Our Lady of

[16] Historia Eclesiastica de Cataluña.

Montserrat." Thus one historian, in both a negative and positive manner, disproves the assertion which Villanueva afterwards made, and hence renders futile Señor Muntadas' consequent objection.

Some two years after Don Pedro Serra y Postius had published the first of two works just mentioned, the Bollandists, in the seventh volume of their celebrated "Acta Sanctorum," mentioning the incidents of Ignatius' life, quote as historically true Father Cant's letter to his provincial, which we have given some pages above. Thus they also affirm that Ignatius' sword, after being in the Benedictine Monastery for very many years, was transferred to the Jesuits' Church of Our Lady of Belén in 1674.

Six years then elapsed before any further historical testimony was given of the sword of the soldier saint. At the end of that period Father Francis Fluviá, the prefect of the Church of Belén, published his life of St. Ignatius. In it he says, "At Barcelona, in is the one he formerly offered to Our Lady of Montserrat."[17] Thus is the one he formerly offered to Our Lady of Montserrat."[7] Thus is Señor Villanueva contradicted time and again.

Not many years after the publication of Father Fluviá's work the murky clouds of pitiless persecution gathered thickly over the Spanish kingdom. The whole world saw the onrushing storm and trembled for its future victims. In 1767 it burst, and of all the Spanish Catholics, the Jesuit fathers were the first to know its terrors. Unmercifully they were swept from the Spanish realm. Their churches were closed, their schools confiscated; every speck of their property was seized by the Government. The doors of the Church of Our Lady of Belén were sealed; but by some special providence of God not one of its relics was removed. Twenty-one years later, when the fury of persecution had calmed, the Bishop of Barcelona, José Clement, got possession of the church, and on taking an inventory of the relics, he found among them the sword of the soldier saint.[18]

For almost twoscore years the Jesuits were unable to return to Spain; and when at last Ferdinand VII. permitted them to resume their former labors in the realm, what bitter sorrow was theirs on learning that the Church of Our Lady of Belén, with its precious relic of their holy founder, would not be given back to them! It was a cruel blow, and many a Barcelonian sympathized deeply with them. But how few, if any, realized how many years would elapse before the fathers would regain their rightful possession of the sword! Several years slipped by, and then a change took place in the jurisdiction of the Church of Belén. The record of it affords us

[17] Book V.

[18] Archivo particular de la Mitra de Barcelona.

another testimony that the sword of Ignatius was never returned to the Monastery of Montserrat, but remained in the church formerly owned by the Jesuits. In his well-known "Diccionario-geográfico-estadistico-histórico de España," Don Pascual Madoz says: "The Church of Our Lady of Belén, which formerly had been attached to the Jesuit fathers, became a parochial church in 1875. Though consisting of one nave only, it is very large and has several spacious chapels. Of these the richest is that of St. Ignatius, where several relics of the saint are kept. Among them is the sword he left at Montserrat before starting out for Manresa.[19]

In the face of all these testimonies, given by so many men, living at different times and in different circumstances of life, every one of whom declares that St. Ignatius' sword had been transferred from Montserrat to the Church of Our Lady of Belén, and there had remained until 1835 at least, how can Señor Muntadas expect us to believe that the sword never was given to the Church of Belén, but always remained with the monks of Montserrat; that "the exchange of relics is all a myth;" that the sword was finally destroyed by fire at Montserrat in 1811?

As years after years rolled by, the Jesuits longed more and more to regain the sword of their holy founder. Now one, now another, might be seen dropping in at the Church of Our Lady of Belén, to kneel with the other devotees of the saint and venerate his sacred relic. Finally on the 2d of February, 1907, Father Juan Creixell é Iglesias, a most devoted son of Ignatius, who had spent many years in a close study of the life of the soldier saint, finding some who still doubted that the sword in the Church of Belén was really that of Ignatius, published his excellent and very accurate historical work, "San Ignacio en Barcelona," in the pages of which are found a very close tracing of the sword's history to the end of the year 1906, and proofs not only that the sword in the Church of Belén was that of the soldier saint, but that none other could have been his sword.

A few days after this work was published the good old Father Joaquin Carles, S. J., one of the most ardent venerators of Ignatius' sword, received the last sacraments in the College of the Sacred Heart at Barcelona. How he ever had longed to talk of the sword; how frequent had been his visits to its shrine in the Church of Belén; how earnest had been his desire and how fervent his appeals to God that the sword would be given back to the Jesuits who loved it so dearly! Even as he lay on his death-bed, his thoughts reverted to it; and when one of the fathers brought him a copy of Father Creixell's newly published work, his face flushed

[19] Vol. II., p. 524.

for a moment and his eyes sparkled with joy. He asked that the fifteenth chapter, which treats of the sword in an especial manner, be read to him; and then begged that he be allowed to hold in his trembling hands until death, the sword he had so often venerated. Unfortunately, the last request could not be granted; for the thread of his life was snapped before the sword could be procured for him. But the one thing he had so often prayed for, and which had been refused him by God in life, was granted after his death.

A day or so after the good father had been laid to rest, the reverend pastor of the Church of Our Lady of Belén felt an irresistible impulse to give the Jesuits their founder's sword. Not that any one had asked him to do so; not that any one had even mentioned the sword to him. He simply was filled with a great desire to donate the sword to the Jesuits' Church of the Sacred Heart in Barcelona. After a few days he called a meeting of the Junta de Obra de la Parroquia and told the members of his proposed donation. To his surprise, they were in unanimous accord with his plans. So on the 25th of March, 1907, the three hundred and eighty-fifth anniversary of St. Ignatius' vigil-at-arms before Our Lady's altar at Montserrat, the sword of the soldier saint was given back to his loving and devoted sons, the Jesuits of the Church of the Sacred Heart.[20]

Thus occurred the scene described in the beginning of this article, and thus is explained the great joy of all Barcelona's Catholics that day, as the truly triumphal procession drew near the Church of the Sacred Heart. It was a triumph of patience, a triumph of prayer, a triumph of justice and love. All participated in the joy that overflowed the hearts of the fathers. Not even one-third of the vast concourse that thronged the streets to witness the procession could enter the church for the ceremonies accompanying the donation. But as soon as the sword was placed in the rich reliquary of brass standing near the main altar, thousands and thousands of the faithful formed into an unbroken line, waiting their turn to kneel in veneration before it and to implore the favor and protection of its erstwhile saintly owner. There it remains to-day, an object of widespread devotion. Some, it is true, still doubt of its being Ignatius' sword, and, doubting, refuse to venerate. But day after day many Catholics may be seen visiting the Church of the Sacred Heart to kneel and humbly pray before the sword of the soldier saint.

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[20] Notas hist. de la Espada de San Ignacio, D. Mac. Golferichs, page 28.

PICTURE TEACHING.

I.

THAT a man who is himself known to be a writer of romances, and also a writer in newspapers, should treat of the mission of novels and of the press is natural, but I would like to speak now of another matter not connected with any activities of my own.

The great importance of novels in the modern world is, I believe, a thing that must be now recognized: the great importance of the press has been fully recognized by the highest ecclesiastical authorities, more than recognized—strenuously insisted upon. But the importance to which newspapers and novels have attained is comparatively recent, and, unfortunately, is principally due to the fact that they are immeasurably more read than any other printed matter. That fact I, for one, deplore; nevertheless it cannot be ignored. Hence the enormous importance of trying to provide a Catholic press that shall really rival in attraction that which is not only non-Catholic, but un-Catholic, and to provide the huge body of fiction readers with novels, tales, romances, etc., which shall be at least harmless to Catholic readers, and shall not be obnoxious to the many great objections that the mass of non-Catholic current fiction may be accused of. But there is another sphere of influence, of absolutely recent growth and of daily increasing extension.

Quite young people must remember the time when picture shows were of no importance; people who are scarcely middle-aged can remember a time when such shows did not exist at all. Already any considerable town in the "civilized" world is full of them, and even in the smaller towns and in villages they are seen and will soon be more and more seen. Villagers crowd into the towns near to them to see these shows; and we are told that as much money is spent in seeing them as used to be spent on drink. Probably that statement is short of the truth, for thousands of decent and quiet folk, who never did spend much of their wages in drink, see no objection to buying this easy form of recreation.

A man need not be a rabid teetotaler to say that it is better money should be spent in seeing picture shows than in getting drunk. Drunkenness is not only a sin in itself, but leads to other sins, and the drunkard, apart from his own shame, is only too likely to make others miserable. Nevertheless, it is not our present business to pursue that comparison.

What concerns us now is the plain fact of the enormous hold picture shows have in a very few years acquired over hundreds of

millions of men, women and children. There is no likelihood whatever of any decrease in that hold, but every probability of its rapid extension. A picture show is nearly as cheap as a newspaper; cheaper than all except the cheapest books, and cheaper, I suppose, than getting drunk; and it appeals to immense numbers who do not care for reading, even newspapers, and to immense numbers who are in no danger of intemperance; i. e., of excess in drinking.

Anything of such universal popularity must be of immense significance, and all the more so that it is not a mere game. Though sought simply as a recreation, it must exercise that influence possessed by any form of teaching, and it is obvious that it does teach. Of course, all teaching is not education; if you teach a lad to tell lies you are not educating him, and though you teach another lad familiarity with violence, craft, murder or fraud, you are not educating him, either. Many newspapers are daily teaching these things to young and old. But there are numbers of children who do not yet care to read even the most morbidly sensational newspaper who do naturally frequent picture shows. Unquestionably they are being taught—some things. So are their elder brothers and sisters, and their parents, too.

It would be hard to imagine an easier way of learning than sitting still in a picture palace and watching the show upon the screen. Millions are so learning every day throughout the world.

Can it then be a matter of trivial consequence what sort of things are being so taught to learners of every age, of every degree of capacity or the lack of it?

Nothing we have could be much more didactic than the picture show. Hardly anything, hardly the press and the penny novel, are actually teaching so universally and so surely. What does it teach? To answer such a question adequately would require the testimony of an enormous number of witnesses. Any single witness can only give the result of his own personal experience; to reach anything like a fair and candid judgment his report would have to be compared with those of countless thousands of other witnesses. The present writer lives in the depths of the country, and seldom stirs thence; previously he was stationed in a small but very populous island of the Mediterranean. In that latter place the religion of the country is Catholic, and the ecclesiastical authorities are by no means powerless in the matter of censorship; an immoral newspaper could not exist there, immoral books could only be sold secretly, and would come into very few hands. But the number of picture shows is astounding, and bears witness to their growth of influence; there immense numbers who never read even newspapers are assiduous witnesses of the shows of the picture palace. Well, a

"film" that could be definitely branded as "immoral" would speedily be suppressed; speedily, but hardly instantly. Before its withdrawal could be demanded it would have been seen by many—and duly reported against. But other places are not so circumstanced. Very few places in the modern world are so circumstanced. And really obviously and intentionally immoral films are common enough in thousands of cities and towns all over Europe and America. But, short of that, there are many more that would not, perhaps, be so described; that even a censor might find it hard to forbid without being violently accused of squeamishness, that nevertheless are most fatally "suggestive."

I myself saw one of the sort recently. It had rather a pious title, and was supposed to be all on the side of the angels. It was intended to draw precisely the sort of audience that would not go and look at wicked pictures. Schools and "educational establishments' were admitted on special terms. All the same, a large number of the scenes were erotic, and the religious surroundings made them worse. The combination or attenuation of a sensational religiosity with "several suggestions" was repulsive. But, then, it would not repel those who happened to lack the instinct that made it repulsive, and it seemed to me plain that almost everybody there thought it all right, and even edifying. Personally I should have thought an admittedly "naughty film" less dangerous. Pious parents, and schoolmasters and schoolmistresses would not have taken their young people to see an "improper" show. So far as I could see, the sort of films usually shown in the island of which I speak were of three classes. There was a class that was professedly "educative;" one saw the process of making motor cars, or silk, or hot-cross buns; the history of tea was shown from China or Ceylon to the teacup; the course of the Nile or of the Mississippi was traced from the source to the sea; æroplaning was exhibited, and diving for pearls; one could stand in the fair at Nijni Novgovod or on the top of the Falls of Niagara; one took part in an elephant hunt, and also in the election of a Mexican President. It was all intensely instructive to a people that lived upon a tiny pearl set in the sapphire midland sea and had mostly seen nothing anywhere else. The frozen North and the eager West were brought to them as nothing else could have done it. Fruits of travel were thrown, ready plucked, into their laps who might never hope to travel twenty miles. And things specially appealing to them were shown to them, things they would long to see, and could, for the most part, hardly expect to see; there was the metropolis of their faith, Rome, and the palace of its august head. They saw him bless crowds of pilgrims from his

balcony, and they themselves might feel almost as though they, too, were present and sharing in that paternal benediction.

No one could help realizing what a window into the great world was being opened—for a penny or two—to these watching folk, to whom North and West and East were but names. A wider sense of brotherhood might well spring from this unlooked-for encounter with men of every race from noting what was diverse and what was identical.

And there were history pageants that opened another window into the past; geography pageants that brought down thither to that little place Alps and glaciers, forests and great lakes, cities with streets of water and hamlets whose houses were like beehives built of bricks of snow, and others that made the untraveled islander know of strange beasts and birds, monstrous reptiles and fishes bigger than boats—which else might have been to them no more intelligible than the names of Behemoth and Leviathan.

I for one gloried in thinking how thus some shreds of that intense delight of travel that is so peculiarly a prerogative of the rich and of the leisured were so cheaply given for the sharing of the poor and toil-tired.

I say all this, perhaps at tedious length, lest it should seem that I am blind to the enormous power for beneficence lying in the grip of this new thing that has become a salient feature of current life. That power seems to me so vast that I can only long to see it more and more profitably used; that any teaching power so potent should be neglected would be a most lamentable indolence.

Was it really Luther who said: "Why should the devil have all the good times?" If it was he, then it is only another illustration of the fact that no one incapable of shrewd and true remark could ever be a redoubtable teacher against truth.

Why should we leave the picture influence to the devil, without a struggle, any more than the music teaching? Myriads who care for no music, good or bad, are being influenced by the picture shows.

The second class of pictures following the frankly didactic consisted of representations of "sport," *e. g.*, of football matches, boxing competitions, and so on. And one can say little about them beyond what would be said of the real thing. Those who are sure that it is altogether a good thing for vast numbers of people to spend their leisure from work in watching others play a game; or box, or wrestle or run races without doing these things themselves will be almost equally certain that it is an excellent thing, as far as it goes, to watch them in dumb show in a picture theatre.

But the third class of picture is that which, for most of those who frequent these shows, forms apparently the principal attraction. It may be called a story, and may be a sort of novel, a sort of play or a sort of farce. There is much more to be said about this class of "film" because of its very wide scope and variety. There is no reason why the novel, or play or farce should not be excellent; perhaps they often are excellent. But personally I have seen few, perhaps none, that could be so called. To begin with the least important, the farces have been commonly poor, mean and vulgar, which a farce need not be. There has been little appeal to any real sense of humor, any healthy, though perhaps boisterous, spirit of fun. Nevertheless, they may, for aught I know, be as good in these respects as the farces current in real theatres. If they be less amusing, it must be borne in mind that it is all dumb show, and extreme art is necessary to make action without word really comic.

I am quite willing to admit that a picture farce, unless it be indecent, though not really humorous, may be harmless enough. Of course, I personally think it a pity that a false idea of fun, instead of a true one, should be taught, as it must be taught, in this way. The more people learn to imagine that the road to laughter is vulgar, or half-cruel or half-brutal the worse for laughter and for them. For folk must laugh, and it is an abdication of right teaching to let them stick in the belief that the ways to it are sordid and ugly.

But many, very, very many of the farces are open to deeper objections, objections which must appeal to those who are not greatly concerned about the dignity of humor, the use and abuse of fun, the duty of vindicating the non-Puritan attitude towards such merriment. For some of the farces are actually indecent, and a much larger number, without any frank and flagrant fault of that kind, are immoral in this way—the thing at which laughter is intended to rise is something essential to decent and wholesome life; for instance, marriage and the sanctity of conjugal fidelity. There are no verbal jokes, no obscene words; the joke consists in the cheating of a husband or of a wife; the laughter is against the dupe and on the side of the scamp who deceives him. This, as Macaulay pointed out, was the worst sin of the Restoration dramatists. That the talk they put into the mouths of their characters was grossly indecent was bad enough in all conscience, but they did far worse, for the whole effect of their teaching was that conjugal fidelity was a thing to scoff at and make a jeer of, that it is all a theme for laughter and that the laugh must be against the betrayed husband, and cleverness, sharpness, attrac-

tiveness—and so the sympathy—all on the side of the betrayer. So much for the farces.

The plays and stories are far more important. As for the plays, even if the best plays be represented, they are not often represented in the best way. A play which in the original really embodies a true and high teaching is so pictured that the lesson is entirely left out, and by the mere omission a totally different and opposed effect is produced on the minds of the spectators. Shakespeare's plays convey, in his words, lessons of supreme truth, sanity and wisdom, but they can be so mangled in a series of silent pictures as to teach no truth and to teach instead what is mischievous. "Hamlet" itself can be so ill handled as to preach the justice of murder; "Romeo and Juliet," as a film play, may teach lads and maidens that suicide is the only and obvious remedy for unhappy lovers. Shakespeare's "Julius Cæsar" certainly does not glorify the crime of regicide, but his play in a picture theatre presents regicide, so to speak, without comment. But if statistics were available it would probably be found that, in the picture theatre repertoire the plays of Shakespeare occupy an inappreciable place in reference to the whole, that they barely constitute a percentage of the total sum of plays represented. It is very largely to the modern French theatre that recourse is had for themes. None that I have seen conveyed any human lesson whatever except one—that to passion and "love" everything in heaven and earth is to be sacrificed; that the business of life is exclusively not merely marrying and being given in marriage, but falling in love, and so falling as one falls over a precipice.

Many of the plays combine this morbidity of passion with another morbidity—of violence. The love interest is irritated and made more uneasy by its conjunction with tragedy, and the tragedy is crude, violent, morbid—an existant fully as dangerous and unhealthy as the other existant.

It may be said that an acted and spoken play upon the boards of an ordinary theatre may have equally mischievous results. There may be, no doubt there are, plays so acted whose result is of the same mischievous character; nevertheless, I believe that the *same* play in dumb show only is liable to *worse* effects, because it *is* only dumb show and there is nothing to modify and counterbalance the mere morbid violence. It is obvious that an acted play whose whole plot hinges on a murder *may*, by the author's treatment and by the words in which the story is told, teach a sane and wholesome lesson, but it is not so easy to understand how any such lesson will be taught by the crude presentiment of murder to the eyes of spectators, without any words. And it is very easy

to understand how such bald figuring of crimes of violence, without comment or explanation, may engender an unwholesome familiarity with ideas of violence and crime, a morbid interest and a diseased sympathy, for it all tends to the heroization of the criminal.

Hardly anything is more lamentably true than that this sort of heroization of criminals is being carried on to a deplorable extent by a huge section of the press all over the world to-day. The evil effects of this morbid magnification of murderers, for instance, cannot be calculated, but is already felt. Administrators of criminal justice are awake to it and speak of it with grave apprehension.

But it must be said again that many who do not read, even about murders and murderers, many who can barely read do see in picture theatres that which they have not read in print, and so grow into this most miserable intimacy with the idea of crime and violence. And the record of pictures is more lasting than that of newspapers; the hideous vogue of a murderer is a nine days' wonder so far as the press is concerned, but the pictures stereotype and perpetuate it.

And what is true of unwholesome newspapers, in this comparison is even truer of unwholesome novels. There is an enormous output of these latter, and their evil influence extends to an incalculably wide class; nevertheless it *is* a class. The picture theatre extends its influence beyond the limits of any classes. Perhaps not one in five hundred, or even one in a thousand, of those who frequent picture shows is a library subscriber, or even takes a book out of a public free library.

II.

Can anything be done?

Is it enough to record a protest and insinuate a warning?

Having fully recognized that this picture teaching may be immeasurably useful and that it may be immeasurably powerful for mischief, is there nothing to be attempted? Are we simply to confess that the weapon is out of our hands and that we are impotent to get hold of it?

Well, not thus have the supreme guardians of our faith and morals bidden us hold ourselves in reference to the press. Alive to its vast influence, the late and the present Sovereign Pontiffs did not open their mouths much to say that it is a huge inimical force of which we must beware, before which we are to tremble for our souls and sit still in idle dread.

If one should say that it would be a vain and futile dream to hope that the Catholic Church could ever get into her hands the picture theatres of the whole world; may we not retort that it

would be just as wild a fancy to aim at commandeering the world's press in the interests of religion and truth. But not on that account are we allowed to believe that there is no use in trying to do anything. The non-Catholic, un-Catholic and anti-Catholic press we have been urgently called upon to oppose in every country by a press of our own in the first place as an antidote for the use of our own people, but not that only in the last place, too. The scope of the Catholic press is to be not only domestic, but missionary as well. We certainly cannot at present aspire to a strategic occupation of the world's press; but we are bidden to set up our own citadels, redoubts and outposts and not to be content unless we are continually multiplying them, occupying new posts and making the old ones more and more effective.

We cannot, of course, hope to monopolize the picture teaching of the world, but we can try to get our share of it, to enlarge our share industriously everywhere to get hold of this weapon also, and make it more and more operative in our hands. Nor would it appear that such an enterprise would be either so difficult or so costly as the other enterprise—of opposing a Catholic press to a non-Catholic or anti-Catholic press. Every large undertaking is largely expensive, but there does not seem to be any reason why this undertaking should be so costly that the cost would be plainly prohibitive.

The capital necessary for opening and maintaining a picture show is nothing near that of inaugurating and carrying on a newspaper. Thousands of towns that could not possibly keep half a dozen local newspapers afloat already possess a dozen picture theatres, all of which are making good profits. Only large towns attempt a *daily* press of their own; in such large towns there are innumerable picture halls. A successful newspaper demands not only large capital, but something more; it cannot keep going without much skill and a certain fund of talent to draw upon, which is not often available locally. A Catholic newspaper in an inconsiderable town, or in a large town where the Catholic population is not considerable, has at least three great difficulties to face—meagre support, *i. e.*, a feeble subscription, lack of easily available talent in contributors and the impossibility of obtaining the number of advertisements essential even to solvency.

A local picture theatre suffers barely, or not at all, from such difficulties. People who would not spend one penny a week on a newspaper are ready to spend many pennies a week on this easy form of recreation; the manager, like the editor, must have a knowledge of his business, but he needs no staff of equal capacity; nor must he find his stuff close at hand. The advertising of his

own show is essential, but it is not costly, as is that of the advertising of a newspaper, and he is by no means dependent for his profit on advertisements of other people's wares.

No doubt there would be a need for large expenditure over and above that involved in the installation of the picture shows; there would be the heavy cost of film production. But it should be remembered that *that* cost would not fall on each picture theatre, wherever it might be, in Catholic hands. For just as the same films are used in hundreds, or perhaps thousands, of the existing establishments, so would the same films, once produced, be available for use in any number of our own establishments. And it should also be borne in mind that picture theatres in Catholic hands would not have to depend for their *whole repertoire* on films specially produced for them, since an immense number of the series of which we spoke above as the first, or frankly instructive, class might very profitably be used by us; the geographical, ethnological, industrial and zoölogical films already existant would serve our turn perfectly.

It would seem that this matter is one which might very usefully engage the attention of those who are zealously concerning themselves with the apostolate of the laity. An enormous number of earnest and capable laymen, and laywomen, too, are occupied all over the world in the production and promulgation of our Catholic press, and they are backed, as regards the sinews of war, to a large extent by other Catholic laymen who, not themselves writers, are willing to give financial help.

For such a campaign as we are suggesting no doubt much would be required—tact, aptitude, taste, energy, business capacity and financial means. But there is no reason for doubting the possibility of finding all of these. And as regards the money question, I must repeat that the difficulty need not be so great as it must be in relation to the press. Many influential Catholic papers of high quality are owned by Catholics, or groups of Catholics, who scarcely even hope to receive any financial return from their expenditure; by the time editors, contributors, printers and the management staff are paid, and rent is paid, and cost of distribution is paid, very little, if anything at all, is often left for the owner by way of interest on his invested capital. Yet such papers continue and have continued for many years; their owners are content to regard their outlay as a contribution to the Catholic cause.

In the undertaking here suggested we believe that the cost would be far less and the reasonable hope of return far more secure that the campaign would not only soon support itself, but show a profit also. One ground of that belief may be very easily stated. A Catholic magazine or newspaper anywhere must look for support,

i. e., for subscribers or buyers, practically among Catholics alone; non-Catholics are hardly ever regular subscribers to or even occasional buyers of Catholic journals or periodicals. But if a picture theatre in Catholic hands and admitting to its *repertoire* only films such as the Catholic conscience would approve were opened in any city or town it is impossible to believe that none but Catholics would frequent it; on the contrary, it would almost certainly be the case that it would be frequented by more non-Catholics than Catholics. If it be objected that even where a town possessed its Catholic picture theatre numbers of Catholics would go on visiting the non-Catholic picture shows, we may reply that so do Catholics go on buying and reading non-Catholic papers in towns where there is a Catholic paper.

And if, again, it should be urged that a picture theatre which was exclusively religious would never be frequented by anybody, we would say, "Who talks of anything of the kind?" We have no such idea. What we suggest is the provision of picture theatres providing entertainment free from the objections indicated as existing elsewhere. That there would be room for more than mere amusement we believe to be proved by the fact, already noted, that even as things are, the confessedly didactic films are far from being unpopular or unappreciated; and further, we believe that there would be ample scope for definite religious teaching. One of our most brilliant writers and speakers attended at a recent Catholic congress to an artisan who told him that but for the cinematograph he would never have heard of Jesus Christ! With picture shows of our own many more might be taught concerning Him and to better purpose, and be taught also of other matters involved in His stay while on earth and since. The history film alike opens out an inexhaustible field of intense interest as well as of invaluable instruction. The history of the Pope, for instance, is only the story of Christendom told from within, instead of being jumbled from without. And no one who has perceived the eager appreciation accorded "The Miracle," whether as acted or as shown in pictures, can have a shadow of doubt that the stories of many saints and martyrs would provide themes as inexhaustible as general history and as attractive as any novel or secular play. The provision of Catholic picture shows all the world over is, then, we say again, neither a wild scheme of impossible realization nor an undertaking so arduous and so perilous that it need appall us.

But while that, we firmly believe, should be done, there are other things that need not be left undone. Over the existing picture theatres much more influence should be brought to bear than has been at present attempted, and this, in very many instances, we

could effect by coöperation with non-Catholics. There are many causes of vital importance in which we cannot coöperate with any but our fellow-Catholics; nay, more, in which coöperation with non-Catholics has grave risks, to which I, for one, am keenly alive. Nevertheless the most loyal, scrupulous and cautious Catholics do join hands in certain matters of public interest and utility with outsiders; and, *ad interim* at least, this matter would appear to be precisely one in which their assistance might safely and effectually be sought.

There are almost everywhere plenty of men and women of weight who, without believing as we believe, would feel very strongly the objection to familiarizing the young (or the old, either, for that matter) with the ideas of crime, violence and low standards as to marriage, and by their help we might exercise a power quite as effectual on the side of what is wholesome and of good repute as any official censorship is ever likely to exercise. And by their aid, as also by our own individual effort, we might do much more than has yet been done in the formation of a just and sane public opinion in this connection.

It would be cowardly and indolent to do nothing because it might seem hopeless to succeed everywhere and altogether. No vigilance committees have secured the total suppression of vice anywhere; they can but do their best, and their best is better than nothing. No censorship has ever put down all immoral books, but many immoral books are suppressed, and to suppress objectionable picture shows is less difficult than to destroy an evil book, because they work in public and the worst books can only be sold in secret; indeed, it may almost be said that the worst books are only sold to them who are at pains to seek them out. Nor is local effort very powerful against a book that is objectionable, but local effort could be made almost omnipotent against an objectionable picture show.

How much more might be said on the theme here attempted goes without saying; what is here written is only by way of suggestion for others to enlarge, sift and correct.

John Ayscough.

SOME TYPES AND ANTETYPES IN ART, LITURGY AND NATURE.

SO deep a root in the heart of the people the beliefs of the Christian religion obtained in mediæval days that they are found reëchoed in numerous ways to-day amongst many to whom the dogmatic enunciation that they embodied is now either unknown or little valued. In every department of life we may still find remains to remind us, for example, of the ardent devotion that once prevailed universally toward the Virgin Mother, testifying to the high honor and veneration in which she was held. In architecture, painting, carving, literature, music, the folklore of natural history, her name, figure or praise is perpetually to be met with, and to record instances in any one of these would require a volume. "I will have your church tower knocked down," said Jean Bon Saint André to the Maire of a Breton village during the French Revolution, "that you may have no object to recall to you your old superstitions." "Anyhow, you will have to leave us the stars," replied the peasant, "and those we can see further off than our church tower." So it was in England and other lands at the Reformation; the churches might be stripped and the figures of the saints thrown down from the niche and wayside shrine, almost every architectural trace in stone, wood, glass or wall painting might be removed, the voice of the old teaching might be hushed in death, yet on through the generations down have come those old names of Lady chapel, Lady wood, Lady well, Lady day, and many a Marybad, Ladybird or other title for familiar things once cherished and understood and told to the children until time wore out all love and significance save to the remnant of the ancient faith of the land.

Perhaps nothing shows more vividly this intimate affection that existed in past ages than the number of names that still exist connected with plants in the folklore of what are now Protestant lands, in common use with those countries that remain Catholic. So numerous are they and so allied to every detail of Mary's life and mission that they could only have originated in minds in the habit of contemplating her continually, and with the simplicity of a loving faith forming the picture of her woman's life and perfections without forgetting her lofty office in the work of man's redemption. These names, like all traditional lore, are not those of an individual writer's fancy or of any private use, but are found to prevail throughout every part of Christendom. The artists in sculpture and in glass, the painters on walls and missal page,

the mystery plays and carols, all must have assisted the popular mind to realize many an ideal, but the thoughts that these inspired must have been assimilated in the minds of the beholders to a degree that only habitual contemplation could produce, enabling them to carry the image into the fields at their daily toil, so as spontaneously to recognize memorials among the trees and plants growing about their quiet ways.

Affection always resorts to nature, and especially to flowers, to express itself in a homely fashion, and their imagery is employed universally and constantly in all literature, whether sacred or profane. In the fervent ages of any faith the employment of symbols is a natural mode of expression, endowing some object with a meaning far higher than itself, making it a sign much more than an image, with the function primarily of being instructive, while not necessarily beautiful. For its value it depends far less on its suitability than on its general acceptation, its historic worth in the lives of generations of men. "All forms and ornaments and images," wrote Mr. Ruskin, "have a moral meaning as a natural one. Yet out of all a restricted number chosen for an alphabet are recognized always as given letters, of which one familiar scripture is adopted by generation after generation."

A pregnant source of mediæval teaching was that by type and antetype, prophecy and fulfillment, and it was one most popularly appreciated, providing subjects for sculpture, glass, etc., and forming a Biblia Pauperum of an instructive and fascinating character. It is strange that with the revival of ecclesiastical decoration during the last half-century or more that we do not see a return in design to the use of many of those venerable types that prevailed in the fertile periods of the thirteenth and succeeding ages—then they were by no means confined to churches alone, as may be seen abroad in both civic and domestic buildings. We propose to take four instances of these and show how they occurred not only in the liturgy and art of the time, but were recalled in nature to the eyes of the pious beholder.

One of the most favorite of these types was that of the Burning Bush—the Rubus Visionis of Sinai, "in which God spake to Moses," the bush aflame yet unconsumed, where type and antetype were often combined by enthroning the Maiden Mother amid the fiery branches of the tree. Practically it was the illustration of the words of the Creed, "Born of the Virgin Mary." Chaucer opens his "Prioress' Tale" with the invocation:

> O Mother Maid! O Maid and Mother free!
> O Bush unburnt, burning in Moses' sight.

and explains its significance in his "ABC:"

Moises, that saugh the Bush with flaumes rede
Brenninge, of which ther never a stikke brende,
Was signe of thyn unwemoned maidenhede,
Thou art the Bush on which ther gan descende
The Holy Gost, the which that Moises wende
Had ben a-fyr: and this was in a figure.
Now, lady, from the fyr thou us defende
Which that in helle eternally shel dure.

This type was one of those used in those Great Antiphons which are marked by especial prominence and dignity in the novena, or nine days preceding the high festival of Christmas and known as the "Great O's." In Benedictine monasteries they are intoned in succession by the several important officers of the house, the first being allotted to the abbot and that on the second day to the prior and so forth. This one we refer to is the prior's, and commences as they all do with an O: "O Adonai, et dux domus Israel, Qui Moysi in igne flammae rubi apparuisti, et ei in Sina legem dedisti: Veni ad redimendum nos in brachio extento."

There is another series of wonderful antiphons sung at Lauds on the octave of Christmas, the Purification and on Saturdays in the office of the Blessed Virgin, in which occurs the explanation of this type which Chaucer knew: "Rubum, quem Viderat Moyses in combustum, conservatam agnovimus tuam laudabilem virginitatem: Dei genitrix, intercede pro nobis." So in the ancient twelfth-century glass remaining in Canterbury Cathedral may be seen "Moyses cum rubo," with the corresponding antetype, "Angelus cum Maria," and beneath the words, "Rubus non consumitur tua nec comburitur in carne virginitas." In the Biblia Pauperum we have the same type, with the Nativity as its complement. An interesting picture is extant that was wont to be attributed to the hand of Réné, Duke of Anjou, King of Sicily and Jerusalem, father of our amazonian Queen Margaret of Anjou; he presented it as a votive offering to the Carmelite Church of the Saviour at Aix, in Provence, the capital city of his dominions, where it is still to be seen. It is a triptych, and on opening the doors the central compartment shows the Madonna and Child enthroned in a tree of flame; below is Moses feeding his flocks and about to take off his shoes at the bidding of an angel, with the words inscribed of the last antiphon we have quoted. This Buisson ardent triptych is now proved to be not by the good King Réné, but by Nicholas Froment, of Uzés, one of the French primitifs. It is curious to note that this ancient symbol of the Burning Bush is retained by the Presbyterian Church of Scotland as its badge, with the words "Nectamen consumebatur."

The Orthodox Church of the East very constantly uses this emblem, perhaps being the more attached to it since the spot where the original stood is claimed to be marked by the celebrated Convent

of St. Katherine on Sinai, which has never been without its monastic guardians for nearly two thousand years. The piety of pre-Christian days seems to have kept sacred the scene of Jehovah's speaking to man, and in the chapel erected by the Empress Helena upon the traditional spot he who enters must, like Moses of old, obey the command, "Take off the shoes from thy feet, for the place whereon thou standest is holy ground." Lord Lindsay in his "Travels" remarks that behind the altar of the chapel they show "not exactly the Burning Bush, but a shrub which they say has flourished there ever since, its lineal descendant;" and this is not difficult, for the Arabs of the Sinaitic peninsula firmly assert that the tree was the Sunt, representing the Hebrew seneh, sanny or schenise of Exodus and Deuteronomy, a wild acacia which abounds there, not the "towering thorn" of Keble's "Christian Year," but a tangled mass of gray foliage and white blossom, the Mimosa seneh or Nilotica, whose near ally, equally common under the name of Sayal, is the ancient Shittah (Isa. lxi., 11), better known in its plural, Shittim, from the thickets into which it extends.

With a type possessing so profound and venerated a history, so riveting to the imagination and eye of the beholder, it is not strange that christened folk of all lands sought to identify it with something in their own woods and gardens, sometimes only as an emblem, but in other cases almost as a representation. The pink hawthorn (crataegus pyracantha, Pers.), which they call the Egyptian thorn in Cheshire and thereabouts, and which is of Eastern origin, is known in France as *l'arbre de moise,* or Buisson ardent. Its rosy flowers and the bright red fruit that follows make it a very suitable reminder, and in common with all thorns, which in Aryan tradition sprang from lightning, it is said to have the power to protect against the fire of heaven, which it is curious to notice in this relation, for our old adage tells us to "beware of the oak and the ash," but to "creep under the thorn, it will save you from harm." Like the acacia, it is associated in story with providing Moses' wonder-working rod, and hence is known in Germany as the "wishing thorn."

Although the holly, our Christmas tree par excellence, does not bear definitely the name of the Burning Bush, yet there can be little doubt that it is this type of the Virgin Mother that made it prominent to Christian eyes at that festival. Its flush of flaming berries, its title of the holy tree, its name in old Cornwall of "Aunt Mary's tree," "aunt" being a term of endearment in that locality, therefore they call the Virgin "Aunt Mary,"[1] all point to this connection, which renders its use so intelligible and significant at

[1] Science Gossip, 1881, p. 267.

this feast. The German and French names seem to associate it more with the "crown of thorns," but Nemnich in his Polyglot Dictionary says: "Christdorn," etc., foll sie heissen, weil die Dornen Krone des Heilandes daraus bestanden haben soll auch hat *onan* sie für den Dornbusch, aus welchem Gott mit Moses sprach, halten wollen."

In Southern France and elsewhere they make use of the butchers' broom, box holly or knee holme (ruscus aculeatus), as it is variously termed, in the same manner as we do our holly at the Nativity festival; with its myrtlelike foliage and the red berries it would seem to have been selected similarly to our tree as the representative of the same type. Calendau, its Provencal name, corresponds to our "Christmas" for the holly, while in Catalonia and the Balearic Isles it is known as cireretas de betlem or del bon pastor. In the farm and cottage gardens of Lancashire the butchers' broom is very frequently found, and is known there as the Jerusalem or Glastonbury thorn, in confusion, this latter, with that interesting natural curiosity in the south of England that blossoms on old Christmas Eve "mindful of its Lord." In the warm south of Europe not only do the large berries of the ruscus, with their brilliant scarlet color, keep the tree afire, but they say it exhales an etheric vapor or combustible gas which is at times so readily given off that if a light be brought near to it lambent flames play about the branches, making a very remarkable appropriateness in its selection that our holly does not present. We have not seen any scientific confirmation of this tradition, but when investigated properly these old sayings have so repeatedly been proved true that it would be not unlikely that the beautiful phenomenon would be corroborated, as we will show has been the case in our next example.

There is a very showy border perennial of our old gardens, once a great favorite, known as the Burning Bush, now more commonly spoken of as the fraxinella (dichamnus fraxinella), a native originally of the mountains of Asia Minor and the slopes of Ararat, and this is quite a natural wonder. It is about two and one-half feet high, the white variety being far more beautiful than that known as pink, having a stalk glistening with sweet stickiness which becomes a perfect fly-trap to smaller insects. Every part of the plant is redolent of fragrance, leaf, stalk, petals and husk of seed-pod, and these last retain their sweetness for months. The authoress of "Spring in a Shropshire Abbey" gives the following experience: "Years ago in an old Hampshire garden I loved as a child I was taken out by my father's old gardener with my sister to see his 'Burning Bush.' I recollect as if it had been only

yesterday, that as little girls we had been allowed to sit up once till 9 to see the bush set on fire. I thought then this harmless bonfire the most wonderful thing that I had ever seen. We went out with our old nurse and saw it lighted at a distance, our old nurse holding our hands. How wonderful it seemed in the stillness of the summer's evening with no sound but the distant singing of the birds. I remember how the old gardener, who had lived with father, grandfather and great-uncle, told us the story of the Burning Bush and bade us read our Bibles, and how we believed for years afterwards that we had seen a miracle, and stood on holy ground that summer night."[2] And so they had, for all nature is at the same time supernatural to those who with hearts of children study it with reverence and all ground holy where God reveals to us something of Himself in His works. Happily, the old tradition of this interesting plant has not been beneath the investigation of a scientific man. Sir Edward Thorpe, C. B., F. R. S., describing in *Country Life*[3] his experiments says: "There need be no doubt whatever concerning the reality of the phenomenon. When the plant is in bloom a lighted match held near one of the flower stems will cause a sheet of luminous flame to spread rapidly upwards so as to envelop the whole. The duration of the flash is only a second or so, and the flower seems little the worse for the experiment. I have not succeeded in repeating it on the same flower stem even after the interval of some days. . . . Provided the plant is in full flower, the experiment will succeed equally well in dull, cloudy or even wet weather. Nor is it essential to make the trial on the growing plant. If the flower stems are removed at the proper time and placed in water, they will show the phenomenon not less strikingly even after an interval of two or three days." The dense tufts of many erect stems in which the plant grows affords numerous opportunities of repeating the experiment; it is at its best about the Assumption (August 15), and if the time be chosen when the panicle has faded flowers at its base with some good blossoms at the top, and the light be held near the stem below, the vapor will ignite. Perhaps Sir Edward Thorpe may be led by his success in this instance to test the similar tradition to which we have alluded in connection with the ruscus aculeatus, since such associations as these show us how our gardens may be made as suggestive of instructive and religious teaching as the walls or windows of our churches.

Mateo de Cerezo painted for the Franciscan friars of Valladolid a picture of the Madonna seated amid the foliage of a cherry tree;

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[2] *Ibid.*, p. 256.

[3] November 9, 1912, p. 636.

it may have been in allusion to the old carol story, or more probably to his own name and to indicate the enthronement he desired to give her in his heart, but certainly if our artists would employ this type of the Burning Bush as a subject of decorative design, whether in glass, embroidery, wall painting or even in more stern material, and place the Mother Maid in clustering holly, pink hawthorn, acacia or butchers' broom, they would have not only excellent opportunities to exercise their imagination and their skill, but be in unity with the ancient tradition of christened folk. The liturgical references that we have already quoted will furnish them with many a scroll, or such words as those of an old French writer in the thirteenth or fourteenth century—

Rubus olim ardescebat
Sed nil ignis depascebat
Quin illaseus viruit.
Sic virtute spiritali
Salvo flore virginali
Virgo Deum genuit.

Perhaps amongst the types and antetypes an even more popular one was that of the radix Jesse, or tree of Jesse, certainly it was so in architectural design and in glass. It is one not so entirely neglected in modern work as our former example, since there are a few instances of it to be seen in windows. It is a subject that lends itself readily to every form of treatment in every position or material, whether it be in the work of the needle, the hammer or the brush, and only limited by the ability of the artist; it repays lavishly for inventive imagination with or without color; its symbolism, moreover, is so fundamental, being the setting forth of the doctrine of the Incarnation in the fulfillment of the prophecies that a Virgin should bear a Son born of David's line. It is perhaps the most effectively decorative design that Christian art possesses, and the genealogical tree may be seen upon every kind of space, showing how adaptable it can be made to every degree from the western front of a cathedral to the setting of a niche, or from mantling the roof over our heads to the missal page in our hands. It was a type repeatedly heard in the Church offices of the Advent season and reëchoed through the year on Lady Day in spring and at the Mary Mass from Candlemas to Pentecost—"Virga Jesse floruit: Virgo Deum et hominem genuit." On the octave day of Christmas and at the Purification was sung "Germinavit Radix Jesse, orta est stella ex Jacob, Virgo peperit Salvatorem." On the Ember Friday in Advent the words were heard of Isaias, "Egredietur virga de radice Jesse et Flos de radice ejus ascendet, et requiescat super Eum Spiritus Domini," etc., and so lovingly did writers play with the similarity of Virgo and Virga that the saintly Fulbert, Bishop of Chartres in 1007 wrote a hymn for

Mary's birthday, of which the opening lines are a paraphrase of the prophet's words:

> Stirps Jesse Virgam produxit Virgoque Florem
> Et super hanc Florem requiescit Spiritus almus,
> Virgo Dei genitrix, virga est, flos Filius ejus.

"O Radix Jesse, Qui stas in signum populorum," etc., is the third of those "Great O" antiphons to which we have referred already as preceding the high festival of Christmas and of which the first one, "O Sapientia," is still found marked in most calendars. It is significant of that charming simplicity and human sympathy that distinguished monastic life that the duty of singing the "O Radix" antiphon and performing the duties attached thereto in the customs of each house, belonged to the hortulanus, or warden of the gardens, as upon the next day, when the "O Clavis David," etc., occurred, the cellarer, or keeper of the keys, was the officiant.

Some of the oldest glass that we have left in England is found in Canterbury and York Cathedrals, and represents parts of a Jesse window; like that at Chartres, with similar subject, it is of the twelfth century. Another graceful and artistic example is that now in St. Mary's Church, Shrewsbury, which was originally given between 1310 and 1353 to the church of the Franciscan friars in that town. At the Reformation it was taken to old St. Chad's, now disused, and brought from there when the tower fell in 1788. The fragile glass has thus survived the more enduring buildings and now adorns St. Mary's, which, like the Frauenkirchen of Germany, seems to have been a work of beautiful and delicate taste and is a storehouse of glass gathered abroad. Llanrhaidr-in-Cimmerch Church, four miles beyond Denbigh, placed on an eminence overlooking the beautiful Vale of Clwyd, has a large late perpendicular east window of five lights, representing the Jesse tree. It, too, has been a wanderer, and is said to have come from Basingwerk Abbey at the dissolution and to have been preserved for three centuries in a large black oak chest still in the church and very curious in itself. The colors of the window are deep, rich, well and carefully harmonized, but the figures, etc., more coarse and clumsy in design and execution than the earlier one at St. Mary's, Shrewsbury. At the bottom is its date, 1533, so that it cannot have been long enjoyed by its monastic proprietors. In the same district at Diserth, four miles southeast of Rhyl, in a sequestered and romantic spot, is another perpendicular example. Its five lights and minor upper divisions are probably all of the same century as the last mentioned, but there is no date given. The figure of Jesse has gone, the crowned and gorgeously robed King, the ancestors in the royal family of Judah, end with Madonna

and Child in an aureole of glory, it is exceedingly rich in coloring and design, and its execution is more artistic than that at Llanrhaidr.

But it is not only in glass that this type and antetype may be seen. Most appropriately do we find this Arbre de Jesse figured at the entrance of the basilica of Bethlehem on the western wall serving as an introduction to the story of the Birth there and the life of the Saviour. The greater part of the mosaic is destroyed, but enough remains to indicate the subject, six of the prophets and Balaam with their banderoles and legends existing. In the earliest Coptic church in Cairo, that of Al' Adra, the principal painting in the shrine of the Virgin represents Mary with her Child in the branches of a Jesse tree, "which is surrounded by a number of saints, each in a separate little panel . . . interesting from its style and treatment, as well as from its antiquity,[4] and in old Cairo, in the Church of St. Michael, is another "painted in distemper on the flat inside of the chancel arch above the iconostasis. The work, however, is new and in idea seems more Greek than Coptic."[5] At Burgos Cathedral it forms the motive of the elaborately carved reredos to the high altar, as in a more humble fashion it does at Christ Church, Hants, or at Dorchester, Oxon, where the branches form the mullions of a fourteenth-century window, the figures being both in the stone work and on the glass. In the south transept of St. Cuthbert's, Wells, another reredos is to be seen with the Stem of Jesse, and numerous statuettes richly painted and gilt of the date 1470, and in eight or more other places in England remains are to be found on paneled roof, as at Naworth Castle, Cumberland; St. Leonard's, at Hythe, Colchester, or St. Helen's, Abingdon, or on walls as at Llantwitmajor, Glamorganshire; Chalgrove, Oxfordshire; Eton, Northamptonshire, or Godshill, in the Isle of Wight. It forms the beauteous bower of the north porch of Beauvais and a curious double design in the bosses of the north and south alleys of Worcester Cathedral cloisters. As an iron grille its scrolls of foliage are seen at Seville, while it was likewise wrought into those branched brass candelabra, thence called Jesses by the ancients and "spiders" by the moderns, which were once so common in the furniture of old churches up to this last century. An abbot of St. Augustine's, Canterbury, in the year 1097, bought for the choir of his church a candlestick of this kind, "candelabrum magnum in choro aereum quod Jesse vocatur in partibus emit transmarinis."[6] Now we usually see them

[4] Butler's "Ancient Coptic Churches of Egypt," i., 275.
[5] *Ibid.*, p. 269.
[6] Thorn. Dec. Script., col., 1796.

incomplete, but the old ones were invariably surmounted with the figure of the Madonna and her Son, the holy dove or the double-headed eagle, this last being supposed to be another emblem of the Holy Spirit. In needlework the Jesse tree is equally of constant recurrence, as in an inventory of St. Paul's Cathedral, 1245, there is the entry, "Jesse quam dedit Rex;" among the vestments of another at Westminster Abbey, 1540, "A cope of blewe velvett rychely embrothered with a Jesse, the ymages of the Jesse beyng gerynsched with perle," and numerous others might be quoted showing the use of the type in every form of work.

In the same manner as the Burning Bush, the type of Mary's Virgin Motherhood was recalled in nature to the pious eyes of the children of the old faith by pink hawthorn, holly and the like, so no doubt was this type of the Incarnation made homely and familiar in many lands; we are acquainted with only the Spanish instances as illustrations of it. Probably the handsome flowering stem of the althaea rosea obtained its English name of the holy or hollyhock from this association, for the Spanish settlers in the Philippines still give their local varieties the title of varitas de David These showy and hardy plants are mostly natives of the south of Europe, and much guesswork has been exercised over the origin of the English name, but Skeat is, as usual, correct in his statement that the word is holihocce, holihoke or holy mallow, to which family of plants it belongs, the old botanist Bauhin (1591) mentions sancta herba and minsheu[7] malva sacra as its equivalents, while the Welsh hocys bendigaid confirms the belief.

It is among the Spanish-speaking peoples, amongst whom the type of the Jesse tree has been so luxuriantly appreciated, that we find the name vara de Jesse given to the fragrant tuberose (Polianthes tuberosa), a native of Ceylon and the East Indies, from whence it was brought to Europe by a Spanish physician before 1394. The same name is given to the dracaena, or dragon's-blood tree, out of whose abundant strong leaves there rises annually a soaring flower stem strangely in contrast to the parent tree. None of these satisfy satisfactorily what one would have deemed not difficult to find more adequately pictured in many a plant of climbing habit, and possibly others exist of which we are ignorant, since this sacred nomenclature is now not easily obtainable.

Passing on to our third illustration of ancient types and antetypes, we take another prominent one—that of the fleece of gideon, or dew of heaven—seen in the old Speculums and Bibles with the Annunciation or the Nativity as its counterpart. The unknown

[7] Ed. 1627.

French writer whom we have already quoted has many of these types in his lines to Mary:

Haec est Vellus trahens rorem
Ager plenus dans odorem
Cunctis terrae finibus.
In hac natum Coeli Rore
Manna, grato dans sapore
Robur viatoribus.

The ancient graphic artists saw many points in the story of Gideon to give them subjects for correspondences to that of Mary. The angelic salutation, "Dominus tecum," was heard by both, and the humility of Gideon's reply, "Behold, my family is the meanest in Manasses, and I am the least in my father's house," was typically similar to that of Mary. Amongst the signs that the weaker faith sought was that of spreading a fleece of wool which became wet when all around was dry, and the reverse, and it was this that was chosen by both the liturgist and artist as type of the doctrine of the Mother yet Maid. It was a picture of striking simplicity, and no parable could be more homely and intelligible to man's comprehension. The dew of heaven, the overshadowing of the Holy Spirit, silently it fell, unstaining and untainting, leaving the effect of its Presence and bringing with it fresh strength and beauty of life, but causing no change of detriment. One of the most singularly beautiful types of a profound mystery that it is possible to conceive in all the wide range of Christian imagery, and one to which the ears of the people were as accustomed to hear in their Church's offices as their eyes to behold in painting or in their rural occupations. All through the year at the Saturday Lauds of the Blessed Virgin, as on the Circumcision and Purification, came this antiphon among the others of that remarkable series: "Quando natus es ineffabiliter ex Virgine, tunc impletae sunt Scripturae Sicut pluvia in vellus descendisti ut salvum faceres genus humanum." Another heard on Christmas Eve: "Orietur sicut Sol Salvator mundi, et descendet in uterum Virginis sicut imber super gramen." The beautiful words of Isaias, "Rorate coeli desuper et nubes pluant Justum," were the opening words at the Peasant's Mass, as the earliest Mass was popularly called, from Advent to the Nativity, while during that season came the petition "Descendat super nos sicut Ros Deus noster." With such references at such times to the simile of the dew, it is not strange that we find it used in their carol songs, so redolent of their age—here is one of the fifteenth century:

He came all so still,
There His Mother was,
As dew in April
That falleth on the grass.
He came all so still
To His Mother's Bower,

As dew in April
That falleth on the flower.
He came all so still,
There His Mother lay,
As dew in April
That falleth on the spray.
Mother and Maiden
Was never none but she.
Well may such a Lady
God's Mother be.

Certainly one would have thought that it was impossible to find in nature any plant in illustration of this type of Gideon's fleece, and yet the men of old time succeeded in doing so in the drosera or sundew, an old botanical name for which is the pretty sponsa solis. Few plants are more interesting or could present an analogy of a more poetic and refined a character to this type. Its star of red and green—the red residing chiefly in the dense glandular hairs or bristles with which the leaves are covered—may be seen in some upland meadow sparkling with dew in the fiercest heat of August, when all the herbage around looks dry and parched. "The leaves," says old Parkinson, herbalist to Queen Elizabeth, "have this wonderfull propertie, that they are continually moist in the hottest day; yea, the hotter the sunne shineth on them the moister they are."[8] In Germany it may be heard still spoken of as "Gideon," in Denmark as "heaven's dew," and in this latter country and Sweden they have the saying that the fleece is wet with Mary's tears (Mariae örontaare); in Norway the same title and legend prevail, while in parts of Germany the little red spots of the surface-down are called Jungfern blüthe. All the hardy species, save one, are natives of Britain, and it has attracted some attention of late years more as a fly catcher than for its literary or poetic significance. The plants are very strong, but all difficult to cultivate, otherwise it would be a matter of regret not to have this lovely little emblem more commonly known.

Dante, using the language of falconry, speaks of the stars as God's "lure" to attract men's thoughts to Him, and this spirit of symbolism led men's minds to christen all natural objects and make not only the birds and flowers and stars, but even the passing clouds or the fleeting hours of the day all messengers of higher things. We will conclude with three types allied in their nature, but of varying character and whose antetype is identical, and the first is the Columna Nubis, or that cloudy signal of the Presence of God to the Israelites in the wilderness, a title of Mary in reference to the period in which she was the "Sacrarium Dei," as a collect terms her, or the "Sacristy of God." This symbol, one of the most majestic character, was translated in its traditional

[8] Theatre of Plants, p. 1052.

manner, and employed with impressive effect by the poet vicar of Morwenstow, the late Mr. Hawker, in his poem, "Aishah Schechinah" (Cornish Ballads). In a note he says that this sacramental element of the Schechinah, within which sojourned the glory of the Blessed Trinity, was a feminine noun and called by the rabbins "Mater et Filia Dei"—"They say it was stately pillar or column of soft and fleecy cloud, which took ever and anon, as to Elias upon Carmel, the outline of a human shape or form, 'Vestigium hominis.'" And he explains Aishah as being the name of Eve before the Fall and the familiar home name of Our Lord for His Mother.

A shape, like folded light, embodied air,
Yet wreathed with flesh, and warm;
All that in heaven is feminine and fair,
Moulded in visible form.
She stood, the Lady Schéchinah of earth,
A chancel for the sky;
Where woke to breath and beauty, God's own birth,
For men to see Him by.

Surely, no more profound and awe-inspiring a type can be conceived than this, both it and its complement being of such mysterious and unearthly beauty and wonder.

Our next is of a less sublime character, that of the Nubecula parva, or the Little Cloud, the type taken from that seen by the servant of the prophet Elias on Carmel, rising from the sea, no larger than a man's foot, or, as the Vulgate has it, "Nubecula parva quasi Vestigium hominis," which extended over the parched earth, bringing the restoring rain after drought. The type is answered by the antetype of Mary, of whom the words are used: 'Quasi nebula texi omnem terram," and of whom in the fourth lesson at Mattins on her feast as Our Lady of Mount Carmel (July 16) is read "in eo montis Carmeli loco ubi Elias olim ascendentem nebulam Virginis typo insignem conspexerat." The sailor knows these scattered patches of nimbus which come driving up from the southwest as "prophet's clouds" from this story of Carmel, just as the long streak stretching from east to west, may be heard spoken of in the wolds of Yorkshire as in the Eipel country and lower Rhine under the name of "Mary's Ship." By the White Friars, or Carmelites, the "nubecula parva" is employed as one of their favorite badges, and one that has puzzled many antiquaries, since by reason of the difficulty of its representation it may easily be misunderstood. It may be seen in glass at their modern home at Kensington, in stone over the old gatehouse of their former monastery at Stamford, engraven on the robed effigy of King Richard II., in his effigy at Westminster Abbey, and curiously out of place, one would have thought, on the arms of a City Company; yet most of these were old guilds, and the Drapers were founded

by a native of Stamford town, Sir William Bruges, in 1439, who established this guild "in honor of the most Glorious Virgin and Mother," placing on its arms the emblem of the "nubecula parva."

The last of these singularly delicate images of pious symbolism was the Incense Cloud, or Virgula Fumi, spoken of in the Canticles. This and the others are constantly to be found employed as types and figures by writers and preachers and as titles in litanies of Mary. Peter of Blois, Archdeacon of Bath and later of London, in the twelfth century apostraphises her in the very words of the Song of Songs: "Thou art the chosen myrrh, the column of aromatical smoke, the bundle of myrrh in the Spouse's breast, the Pine tree stretching its branches of grace and salvation,[9] and further on uses the beautiful mystical language: "It was in Mary's womb that the power of the Holy Ghost wondrously and ineffably compounded from the Godhead flesh and soul, the incense which Christ, the High Priest of the good things to come (Heb. ix., 11), offered on the altar of the Cross to His Father as the evening sacrifice. By reason of the indwelling of this incense the Holy Mother of God became odoriferous and sweet in her delights. She ascended therefore as a pillar of smoke, of aromatical spices, of myrrh and frankincense, and of all the powders of the perfumer."[10] In 1283 an Archbishop of Canterbury, speaking of Mary's life of abstinence, says that it "made her like a column of incense ascending upwards," and we find similar use made of the words, "Ecce apparebit Dominus super nubem candidam."

These cloudy symbols scarcely lend themselves to illustration in anything but glass or painting, yet it may be that in those plants which were known to the herbal writers as Fumus Sanctae Mariae we have the attempt to translate this type into the botanical medium. Among the feathery leaved milfoils or yarrows (achillea), a hardy family extending from Northern Asia to Southern Europe, we have several which are known still in parts of Germany, Austria and Hungary as unser frauen rauch. The A. Clavennae is a silvery variety, whose hoary foliage and deeply jagged leaves arrest the eye of the traveler in Carinthia and Austrian Alps, where also may be seen the A. Serrata with white leaf and flower. A dwarf and tufted species (A. umbellata) has attracted the attention of gardeners of late years by reason of the silvery surface and leaf and stem, but perhaps the A. aegyptica, coming from the land of the early wanderings of the Holy Family, is the most graceful of this large genus, and its delicately cut white leaves make its association with the Virgula fumi intelligible.

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[9] Serm. 38, Bib. Max. xxiv., 11-17.
[10] Cant. III., 5.

Another family of plants that has been included under the name of Fumus Sanctae Mariae is that of the artemisia, a somewhat unwieldy genus, of which about two hundred species have been described. Probably it is the argent appearance of the foregoing, and this as much as their use in various fumigations that led to their dedication. One or two have been known to most of us from childhood under the names old man, boys' love, southern wood or wormwood; they are to be found in every old garden, with deeply cut leaves and aromatic scent. Their chief attraction to the gardener lay in their gray-green foliage, and recently the artemisia laetiflora, with creamy-white flowers in feathery panicles, has added a distinctive addition to the herbaceous border, and the A. argentea has been likened, and not inaptly, to a miniature silver larch. The A. maritima, cana and stellaria are all known in German-speaking Europe as Our Lady's white incense, and in the Sicilian dialect, Assinziu di Madunia, while Clusius includes them under the Fumus Sanctae Mariae. They have other dedications in other lands, showing how valued they were in the days when men sought their samples in the fields instead of the chemist's shop, and some consider that Shakespeare's herb o' grace was more correctly an artemisia than the usually accepted rue.

Like the achilleas, they were employed to drive away evil spirits and noxious reptiles, and with that truth which so frequently asserts itself in what we are pleased to label so freely "old superstitions" we read in *Country Life* for October 17, 1908, that artemisia planted about a doorway really does keep reptiles away!

Finally the white bryony (Bryonia dioica), whose abundant white blossom covers our hedgerows with its fleecy cloud in August, may easily have suggested the simile implied by its names as given by Toxites in the sixteenth century of Fumigium Mariae and Maria capnusa,[11] as well as recalling the words in one of the offices for Mary, "Quasi nebula texi omnem terram."

Here we take leave of a study which has led us into Old World ways of thought and brought us into quiet places where architecture, liturgy and botany have linked themselves together, each in its own way, yet expressing a unity of intention and a charm of mind moving varying peoples in various lands with a solidarity unknown to us. In the contemplation of art and nature this unity is not often traced, yet it is not without its pleasures and instruction, and one always retires from it with reluctance, as one leaves a lonely, sun-steeped garden. These echoes of bygone meditations have the deep, satisfying peace of sunny and forgotten things, they tell of days when time went slowly and the noises of men,

[11] Onomastica Phil. Med., p. 109.

and worse, of machinery were unheard or unknown, when men worked, or walked or talked without the "haste that mars all decency," with unity of faith and with great realities in their minds. And it is good for us at times to retire for a while and think of the verities that underlay their work and prompted their expression.

A. E. P. Raymund-Dowling.

London, England.

AN ELIZABETHAN POET.

PASCAL remarked that "if verse had been the only form of literary expression up to the time of St. Ignatius the Jesuits would certainly have been the discoverers of prose." True it is that Pascal himself had no affection for the Society of Jesus, and as in all his judgments of the society and its works, so especially with regard to the literary attainments of Ignatius' sons was he prejudiced. However, such a statement as Pascal's can scarcely be true for among the society's sons there is a host of poets and prose writers, who have brought honor to the society and glory to their native land by their literary attainments, and there is one especially whose life must win our admiration and whose works our praise. But before we speak of him in particular we may remark that, when we speak of Jesuit poets, we must be mindful that they never made poetry their profession, they were "first, last and always priests, to whom souls were always more than songs." This was especially true of Robert Southwell, priest, martyr and poet.

This greatest poet of the Society of Jesus in England, who in March, 1595, suffered a most glorious martyrdom for no other reason than that he was a priest and a Jesuit, was born in the year 1562 of a noble family in Horsham, St. Faiths, Norfolk. Concerning the early years of this wonderful youth there is very little known except that he early gave signs of a special predilection for the priesthood; hence at an early age he was sent to the English College at Douai. From Douai he passed to Paris, and from there to Rome to continue his studies. From his entrance into Douai he pleaded to be admitted into the Society of Jesus, but in vain. This great disappointment deeply pained him and was the occasion of a most passionate lament which he composed, in which he likens himself to one banished from his father's house. Firmly, yet kindly, he was counseled to patiently await his coming of age. At length,

in 1578, when he was not yet seventeen years of age, he was received into the Company of Ignatius' sons at Rome, the cradle of the then young society. Southwell's joy at having obtained his heart's desire was unbounded, and with a joyous heart he went about all the duties of his years of probation, while the higher studies of the society, philosophy and theology, were also entered into with great eagerness, and completed by the ardent young Jesuit with great success and distinction.

Having thus prepared himself, he was ordained to the priesthood in Rome in 1584, and immediately after this sacred event, despite his youth, he was entrusted with the responsible office of prefect of studies in the English College in Rome. But a martyr's spirit could not be held within these narrow limits, a spirit such as Southwell's embraced the whole world in its desire, so we are not surprised to find him in the following year petitioning his superiors for the English mission. The young apostle's heart was being consumed with a burning desire to return to his native shores, that he might break the Bread of Life for the hungering thousands who were straying from the fold because they were shepherdless.

To the zealous apostle there was no misunderstanding the perils which awaited a Catholic priest in England, for it was explicitly stated in the statutes: "Any Papist born in the dominions of the crown of England who shall come over thither from beyond the seas or who shall be in England three days without conforming and taking the oath shall be guilty of high treason," and the punishment thereof was too well known the world over to require insertion on the statute books. But nothing daunted the fervent apostle, for as soon as his request was granted, he set out for England, leaving Rome on the 8th of May, 1586, with the future martyr, Father Henry Garnet. Thus did this ambassador of Christ to his own misguided native land begin his march which was to end with cruel sufferings, the scaffold, and then—his God for evermore. These two intrepid men set out at a time when, according to one of Southwell's Protestant biographers, "it was a crime to be a Catholic, a proof of high treason to be a priest, it was to invite 'hunting' as of a wild beast to be a Jesuit." Those who were unfortunate enough to fall into the hands of the pursuivants were tortured in the most horrible manner, drawn on the hurdles to Tyburn, hanged, subjected to horrible butchery and their bodies exposed in public places as infamous traitors.

The two disguised priests landed safely in England, but lest they be recognized, they avoided the home of Southwell, and soon they parted company for safety's sake; then Southwell was able to labor unceasingly, endeavoring to keep the persecuted sheep within the

fold. He wandered about the country, like his divine exemplar, "doing good," and as he himself says, "preparing an abundance of the Bread of Angels for the repast of the persecuted Catholics." Father Gerard in his volume, "The Condition of Catholics Under James I.," describes Southwell "as excelling in the art of helping and gaining souls, being at once prudent, meek, pious and exceedingly winning." He was looking ever to the consummation which he knew must reward his labors and "glorying only in the Cross of Christ." For some time he found a refuge in the house of Lord Vaux of Harrowden, and was known under the name of Cotton, but two years afterward he came to the home of the Countess of Arundel, whose confessor he was. For six years he pursued his labors with great fruit, when suddenly they were abruptly terminated by the treachery of an unfortunate Catholic girl. He was staying with a Catholic family at Uxenden Hall, Harrow, when the daughter of his host, who had fallen away from her faith and her virtue, betrayed him into the hands of his enemies, and he was taken to Topcliffe's house and subjected to such tortures that he himself confessed "that death would have been more preferable." But not a word could be forced from him, so much so that the Lord Treasurer Cecil said of him "that he would not even confess the color of the horse upon which he had ridden that day, lest he should implicate others." Soon afterwards he was taken to the Gatehouse, thence to that ill-fated Tower, where the dungeon was so noisome and filthy that when at the end of a month he was brought out his clothes were covered with vermin. His father petitioned the Queen, and for a time slightly better quarters were accorded him. At the end of three years of close confinement in that dreaded Tower he petitioned the Lord Treasurer Cecil that "he might either be brought to trial and answer for himself, or at least that his friends might be allowed to visit him." The Lord Treasurer replied that "if he were in so much haste to be hanged he should have his desire," so he was accordingly removed from the Tower to Newgate, and being brought to trial he was "in keeping with the law" condemned for no other cause than that he was a "Catholic and a priest." He was drawn on the hurdle from Newgate to Tyburn, and died like a true follower of his Master. Like John the Baptist, he cared naught for self if by his death his Lord might be better known, if by his death the souls of his countrymen might be restored to the friendship of Christ, so he joyfully gave up his life—

> As a star sees the sun and falters,
> Touched to death by diviner eyes.

The martyr's death had such an effect on the usually riotous

spectators that when his executioners would have cut him down while still alive neither the presiding magistrate, nor the people would permit it. His head was impaled on London Bridge and his dismembered body placed over four of the gates of London. Even his enemies acknowledged him to be "one of the most remarkable men of his day." Concerning Southwell's execution, Cleveland in his book of English literature says: "The whole proceeding should cover the authors of it with everlasting infamy. It is a foul stain on the garments of the Maiden Queen that she can never wipe off," while Allibone in his "Dictionary of English Literature" thus praises the martyr: "He was a fine poet, a fine prose writer and a better Christian than his brutal persecutors.

Such, in brief, is the life history of one who "drank of the bitterness of life, yet was ever true to both its sentiment and its reality," a poet "about whose memory such an odor of sweetness and sanctity lingers as the whole of literature has scarce the like." A poet of subtle charm, martyred in the flower of his manhood, he lived in an age when his native land had fallen beneath the "literary and artistic blight of religious intolerance." He was, as every true Catholic poet must be, confined within certain limits from which he might draw his literature. The Catholic poet must always sing of things that are pure and chaste; therefore was Southwell neglected in an age in which these were neglected. As one author has well put it, "the troublous waters of Elizabeth's reign whirled him beneath their surface." What a striking contrast there is between the lives of the brilliant poets of Elizabeth's court and their brother poet—the hounded Jesuit.

The literature of the age of Elizabeth was notoriously human. Human nature in all its aspects, whether ecstatic or depraved, was the idealized subject of Elizabethan literature. No wonder Southwell was out of place. His purpose was to show the brilliant young poets of his time "how well verse and virtue sat together." This he did by "weaving a new web on their old looms." Thus he says:

> It is the sweetest note that man can sing,
> When grace in virtue's key tunes nature's string.

Contrast the leisure of these fawning flatterers of a proud queen with the hunted life of Southwell; contrast the immorality for which Elizabeth's reign was famed with the life which the apostle of Christ led. His was a soul which, having despised the frailties of earth, was burning to manifest the divine fire that dwelt within him, and as he felt more deeply, so did he sing more truly. Southwell was first and always a priest, an ambassador of Christ, and it was only the exigencies of the times that forced his burning spirit to vent itself in lofty poetry, the language of the emotions.

Southwell, in his poetry was as faithful a son, as he was in religious life, of that Church which "was once the mother of poets no less than of saints." Here at least was an instance where, midst all the prevailing religious fanaticism and persecution in England, "sanctity and song grew together in her soil."

Southwell's songs were always of higher things, of God, the things of heaven, the vanity of earth, the folly and wickedness of the world, the consolations and glories of religion. For this reason we can never expect his poetry to become popular with a world that seeks pleasure for pleasure's sake and which desires the satisfying of the baser passion. Such literature as the world desires "must bring to the cheek of the innocent an unholy flame."

Such a spirit as Southwell's could only be fettered by rhyme or rhythm, for verse was impotent to contain the burning effusions of his heart, and on this account will the student of poetry seek in vain in the writings of Southwell for that superficial beauty which characterized some of his contemporaries. But if, as Matthew Arnold has said, "for poetry the idea is everything," then will the lover of true poetry find in his works all that strength and real passion, all that nobility of thought, all that richness of tone which is so pleasing. In his works are found all the requirements of true poetry—vivid imagination, noble sentiment, delicacy and grace of expression, abundant imagery, felicitous and artistic epithet. Throughout all his poems his language is of "the pure well of English undefiled." Truly has it been said of him "that his poetry is healthy and strong, and has been more potential in our literature than appears on the surface." Indeed, his works had a distinct influence on contemporary and later poets, touching even Ben Jonson, and it does not seem improbable that some of his more famous successors drew at least their inspiration from him. Thus some have seen in the poet's "Vale of Tears" at least the source of Hood's famous "Haunted House."

The first volume of the poet's works was published in 1595, the year of his glorious martyrdom, while another volume, entitled "Maeoniae," which contains a series of poems on Our Lord and the Blessed Virgin, was published in the course of the same year. In all there are about fifty-nine poems extant, and as many as eleven editions of these were published from 1595 to 1600.

In the first volume was contained the martyr's best known, though by no means his best poem, "St. Peter's Complaint," which reveals an unbounded copiousness of thought and fancy and richness of expression. Professor Hales, writing of Southwell in Ward's English Poets,[1] points out a curious resemblance between the

[1] Ward's "English Poets," Vol. I.

"Lucrece" of Shakespeare and the poet's "St. Peter's Complaint." In each poem there is fecundity of imagery, an abundance of "illustrative resource" and nobility of thought. Without a doubt, "St. Peter's Complaint" is the stronger poem. Thus Professor Hales: "It is undoubtedly the work of a mind of no ordinary copiousness or force, often embarrassed by its own riches and so expending them with prodigal carelessness." Let us add to this well-deserved criticism that the poem is, first of all, the outburst of a heart that was consuming itself with divine love, and so to rightly understand "St. Peter's Complaint," and in fact any of Southwell's works, it should be studied in the light of his life. Noble he was in all things, brave, loyal, true to his cause, even to the giving up of his greatest earthly treasure, life. Then will the reader find that deep religious spirit, that depth of heavenly meaning and inspiration which characterize his works. Though his poetry is full of strength, still there abound in it expressions which breathe a tender and childlike love for his Lord, that holy unction which has made his poetry popular even with non-Catholics. Drake in his volume, "Shakespeare and His Times," says: "Both the poetry and prose of Southwell possess the most decided merit, the former which is almost entirely restricted to moral and religious subjects, flows in a vein of great harmony, perspicuity and elegance and breathes a fascination resulting from the subject and the pathetic mode of treating it, which fixes and deeply interests the reader." And Angus remarks of him: "Southwell shows in his poetry great simplicity and elegance of thought, and still greater purity of language. He has been compared in some of his pieces to Goldsmith, and the comparison seems not unjust. There is in both the same naturalness of sentiment, the same propriety of expression, the same ease and harmony of versification, while there is in Southwell a force and compactness of thought, with occasional quaintness not often found in the more modern poets." Of this comparison we would also say that there is in Southwell a charm of language and richness of thought and a naturalness not to be met with in Goldsmith. And we find "rare Ben" Jonson remarking to Drummond of Hawthornden while they are conversing about our poet that "Southwell possessed rare poetic feeling and power."

Let us now return to the best known of the poet's compositions, "St. Peter's Complaint," consisting of 132 stanzas of six lines each. The meter of the poem is in the iambic movement, which is masculine and vigorous, and which, being perfectly regular, gives a character of steadiness, suggesting quiet, unobtrusive emotion and lending dignity to the composition. It was the form of verse most popular during the Elizabethan period. The poem throughout

shows no sympathy for the humanity of the saint, and in this differs widely from the present-day treatment of such a subject. It is to the praise of this piece of Southwell's that within six years after the poet's death it was imitated by no less than ten English poets. Still, not one of the imitators in any degree approached the original. How could the polished verses of an artificial poet compare with the loving effusions of a martyr's soul. What was remarked of Swinburne may equally well be said of Southwell: "He is not imitable; at any rate, he has not been imitated. They have gotten his fiddle, but not his rosin." The whole poem is really a series of "ponderings" on the sin of St. Peter, and throughout there "moves a solemn chant of sorrow." One characteristic of the composition might be mentioned here; the lines are ofttimes not joined together and the stanza frequently ends with an antithesis. Thus the poem begins:

> Launch forth my soul, into a main of tears,
> Full fraught with grief, the traffic of thy mind;
> Torn sails will serve thoughts rent with guilty fears,
> Give care the stern, use sighs instead of wind;
> Remorse thy pilot, thy misdeeds thy card,
> Torment thy haven, shipwreck thy best reward.

There is a host of thoughts which the following stanza brings to the mind. And again how true the thought contained in the last two lines. It is because of just such lines as these that Southwell is famed for his sententiousness. In the very first line of this stanza we are amazed at the poet's alliterative power, and though it may seem overdone to our modern poetic taste, still we should remember that his style merely reflects the poetic tendencies of his day, and that while he "wove a new web" of nobler themes, he made use of the "old loom"—

> Vain in my vaunts I vowed, if friends had failed,
> Alone Christ's hardest fortunes to abide,
> Giant in talk, like dwarf in trial quailed,
> Excelling none but in untruth and pride.
> Such distance is between high words and deeds!
> In truth the greatest vaunter seldom speeds.

Consider, too, his summary of life. It is expressive of the poet's true estimate of life based on his high religious ideals. To him life was but a stimulus to look beyond where the joys of heaven transfused him:

> Ah! Life the maze of countless straying ways,
> Open to erring steps and strewed with baits,
> To bind weak senses into endless strays,
> Aloof from virtue's rough, unbeaten straits,
> A flower, a play, a blast, a shade, a dream,
> A living death, a never-turning stream.

In like manner Calderon,[2] the Spanish poet, notes that "Life is a Dream:"

[2] Calderon's "La Vida eo Sueñe" ("Life Is a Dream"), act II., scene 18.

What is Life? 'Tis but a madness,
What is Life? A thing that seems,
A mirage that falsely gleams,
Phantom joy, delusive rest,
Since is life a dream at best,
And even dreams themselves are dreams.

And again Southwell sings of life:

Ah! life, sweet drop, drowned in a sea of sours,
A flying good, posting to doubtful end.

How fraught with meaning is that phrase, "a never-turning stream." True it was for St. Peter that the stream of life would never retrace its course and afford him that same chance wherein he failed before. True, indeed, is it for all times. Each second comes and as soon is beyond recall.

In different parts of the poem St. Peter addresses the various persons and things that were the occasions of his shameful denial of his Lord. Thus addressing the fire, he says:

Oh! that I rather had congealed to ice,
Than bought thy warmth at such a damning price.

We have spoken of the beauty of Southwell's poems. It is not the soulless, artificial beauty of contemporary poets, nor the sordid beauty of the fantastical songsters. Beauty it is which mirrors the infinite perfections of the Creator; it is the beauty which reflects the chaste soul of the poet and the love that abides therein. "Without love no poetry can be beautiful, for all beautiful poetry comes from the heart." What wondrous beauty is contained in these two stanzas—

Like solest swan, that swims in silent deep,
And never sings but obsequies of death,
Sigh out thy plaints, and sole in secret weep,
In suing pardon spend thy perjured breath;
Attire thy soul in sorrow's mourning weed,
And at thine eyes let guilty conscience bleed.

Still in the 'lembic of thy doleful breast,
Those bitter fruits that from thy sins do grow;
For fuel, self-accusing thoughts be best;
Use fear as fire, the coals let penance blow;
And seek none other quintessence but tears,
That eyes may shed what entered at thine ears.

Concerning the beauty of Southwell's works we have this sparing appreciation from the Encyclopedia Britannica: "Robert Southwell, the Jesuit put to death by the Government in 1595, left behind him a few religious poems of great beauty."

What more beautiful than this single line—

Christ, as my God, was templed in my thought.

And again, the beautiful image of Christ's eyes reproaching him:

In them I read the ruins of my fall.

The "inexhaustibleness of illustrative resource" of the poet is apparent in the following description of Sleep. Where will we find

a more daring abundance of imagery—one of our more modern literateurs[3] has connected Southwell with Francis Thompson for "devout audacity," and such a passage as this surely warrants the coupling of these two distinguished names:

> Sleep, Death's ally, oblivion of tears,
> Silence of poisons, balm of angry sore,
> Suspense of loves, security of fears,
> Wrath's lenity, heart's ease, storm's calmest shore;
> Senses' and souls' reprieval from all cumbers,
> Benumbing sense of ill with quiet slumbers.
> Whisperer of dreams,
> Creating strange chimeras, feigning frights,
> Of day-discourses giving fancy themes.

Compare this with the like apostrophe in "Macbeth," which appeared some six years after Southwell's death:

> Sleep that knits up the ravell'd slave of care,
> The death of each day's life, sore labor's bath,
> Balm of hurt minds, great nature's second course,
> Chief nourisher in life's feast.

In his final stanza the poet presents the sorrowful and utterlly disconsolate Apostle beseeching his Lord for pardon:

> Redeem my lapse with ransom of Thy love,
> Traverse th' indictment, rigor's door suspend,
> Let frailty favor, sorrows succor move,
> Be Thou, Thyself, though changling I offend.
> Tender my suit, cleanse this defiled den,
> Cancel my debts, sweet Jesu, say Amen.

Beautiful and pleasing as this whole poem is, yet its very beauties are its greatest faults because of the too profuse use of them; it is really "overwrought," and the too frequent introduction of alliteration destroys the strength and simplicity of many of the lines, and moreover there is no doubt that many of its comparisons are strained. Still, we must not forget that Southwell lived at a time when euphemism had made its influence greatly felt in England, and that will account for many of his seemingly peculiar turns of phrase. The very monotony of the poem is greatly due to a certain richness in form, for his was a wealth which the poet could scarcely control, and hence his apparent lack of art. In this, as in many of his shorter poems, the epigrammatic style of the poet is amazing.

While "St. Peter's Complaint," Southwell's longest poem, is the best known, there is no doubt that his shorter poems are the most attractive. Thus, for instance, we have the martyr's beautiful poem "The Burning Babe," which is perhaps the most popular of his compositions. It is a charming Christmas hymn to the Child Jesus in which the poet sees in vision the Heavenly Child "all burning bright." One of England's greatest literateurs, no less a personage than "rare Ben" Jonson was so enamored of this poem that he declared "Southwell was hanged, yet so he (Jonson) had written

[3] Lionel Johnson.

that piece of Southwell's, 'The Burning Babe,' he would have been content to destroy many of his." This praise, coming as it does from the composer of that exquisite hymn to Diana, shows how worthy Southwell was of the recognition which was never accorded him by a religiously intolerant age of literature.

The meter of the poem is iambic, a movement in keeping with the spirit of the poem. It is the famous "fourteener" which was really made famous after Southwell's death when, in 1601, Chapman published his complete translation of the "Iliad" in long fourteen syllable lines. Concerning "the fourteener," the learned critic, Mr. Saintsbury, in his "History of English Prosody,"[4] pays a glowing compliment to this very poem of Southwell's: "This metre, perhaps the very oldest in English poetry proper, has been the vehicle of much delightful poetry, while when separated into eight and six it can challenge any other in almost all the functions and expressions of poetry, grave and gay, sweet and solemn, impassioned and decorative. But it was a very uncertain and risky metre, settling down with a dangerous acquiescence into doggerel and sing-song, into the pedestrian and bathetic. The general run of work in it is either soporific or exasperating. We have to wait for Southwell's "Burning Babe" before it gives us really inspired and inspiring poetry.

We give it here "separated into eight and six" which so much pleases Mr. Saintsbury:

As I in hoary winter's night
Stood shivering in the snow,
Surprised I was with sudden heat,
Which made my heart to glow;
And lifting up a fearful eye,
To view what fire was near,
A pretty babe all burning bright
Did in the air appear,
Who, scorched with excessive heat,
Such floods of tears did shed,
As though His floods should quench His flames
Which with His tears were fed;
Alas! quoth He, but newly born,
In fiery heats I fry,
Yet none approach to warm their hearts
Or feel My fire but I,

My faultless breast the furnace is,
The fuel-wounding thorns;
Love is the fire and sighs the smoke,
The ashes shame and scorns;
The fuel Justice layeth on,
And Mercy blows the coals;
The metal in this furnace wrought,
Are men's defiléd souls;
For which, as now on fire I am,
To work them to their good,
So will I melt into a bath,
To wash them in My blood;
With this He vanished out of sight,
And swiftly shrunk away,
And straight I called unto mind
That it was Christmas Day.

[4] "History of English Prosody," Vol. I.

The sentiment is most natural, yet the whole poem is fraught with a depth of heavenly meaning and of religious inspiration, and the elegance of thought and simplicity with which it is expressed are indeed remarkable. Still, this is not surprising, for it is merely the fervent outburst of a heart "scorched with excessive heat" of divine love. Does not this remind us of Francis Thompson—"The overcharged breast can find no ease but in suckling the baby-song"? Indeed, Morley remarks of him, "Southwell may be regarded as the founder of modern English devotional poetry."

In another of his shorter poems, "Love's Servile Lot," we can pierce through the language and see the soul of the poet, a soul which had spurned the world and its folly and counted them as naught that he might glory in the folly of the cross. It is quite characteristic of Southwell, for in it he always maintains a high standard. Surely did he make poetry to "play round the foot of the cross."

Love mistress is of many minds,
  Yet few know whom they serve,
They reckon least how little love
  Their service doth reserve.

She shroudeth vice in virtue's veil,
  Pretending good in ill,
She offereth joy, affordeth grief,
  A kiss when she doth kill.

Like winter rose and summer ice,
  Her joys are still untimely,
Before her hope, behind remorse,
  Fair first, in fine unseemly.

Thus far all the quotations from the poet's works would seem to indicate that he saw only the unhappy side of life. This, however, is not true, for we know that it was owing to his happy, sociable nature that he evaded capture for so long a time. Does not Father Gerard tell us[5] how "he frequently got me to instruct him in the technical terms of falconry and hunting so that he spoke of these sports as only a practiced person could? Southwell found it necessary to speak of these matters when he fell in with Protestant gentlemen, for otherwise they talk obscenity or break out into blasphemies and abuse of the saints of the Catholic faith." Indeed, we know "that his smiles, for he has humor, even wit, are sunny as sunshine," while his quaintness of wit is full of warm feeling which makes its direct appeal to the reader. However, we should not wonder that his poems are serious, for they are written in a loathsome dungeon that "opened only upon the scaffold." His was a "sweetness sad, sadness so sweet."

Among his better known poems are found "The Image of Death," "Loss in Delay," "Life's Death, Love's Life," "Mary Magdalen's

[5] Gerard: "The Condition of Catholics Under James I."

Complaint at Christ's Death," "Life is but Loss," "At Home in Heaven." Besides these there is a whole series on Our Blessed Lady and Our Lord.

One of the most beautiful of his shorter poems is "A Child of My Choice," which is a tender and fervent address to the Child Jesus. We must surely have noticed how Southwell always makes the thought of the poetry to dominate; he never allows the expression to dominate the poetry. Here is an excellent example of this:

I praise Him most, I love Him best,
All praise and love is His,
While Him I love, in Him I live,
And cannot live amiss.

Love's sweetest mark, land's highest theme,
Man's most desired light,
To love Him life, to leave Him death,
To live in Him delight.

He mine by gift, I Him by debt,
Thus each to other due,
First friend He was, best friend He is,
All times will try Him true.

Reading this, cannot we say of Southwell what Francis Thompson wrote of Crashaw: "He is fraught with suggestion, infinite suggestion"?

More than once mention has been made of Southwell's sententiousness. Throughout his works we find many a fitting aphorism. Thus, for example, in his well-known poem, "Times Go by Turns," we come across a most wholesome lesson, yet contained under the simplicity of his verse:

Not always fall of leaf nor ever spring,
No endless night, yet not eternal day;
The saddest birds a season find to sing,
The roughest storm a calm may soon allay;
Thus with suceeding turns God tempereth all,
That men may hope to rise, yet fear to fall.

This was the poet's song to cheer the afflicted Catholics of his stricken native land, to prompt them to raise their eyes aloft to the mount of God's Providence and tender love, to bid them break through the veil of earth and contemplate the reward of labors and sufferings patiently borne; and again the last stanza of this same poem:

A chance may win that by mischance was lost;
The well that holds no great, takes little fish;
In some things all, in all things none are crossêd,
Few all they need, but none have all they wish;
Unmeddled joys here to no man befall,
Who least hath some, who most hath never all.

On every line of this quotation we could dwell profitably and derive life-long lessons, for everything he says is so true, yet how simply he puts it and how attractively.

Before concluding this account of the martyr poet we shall give

but one more extract from his poems. Concerning the compositions of Southwell some one has well said, "His songs written in prison are sweetest, most beautiful and most touching, like the songs of his own 'solest swan,' for he had already pierced with martyr's vision the reward of life's perils, the splendors of heaven." The resignation which his poems teach is not a whining weakness; in the martyr's heart there was no cowardice, for in the dungeon of death the cowardly soul does not break forth into song. If, as Dante tells us, "Love is naught else save spiritual union of the soul with the thing loved, to which union of her own nature the soul runs," what think you must have been the love-fire that was consuming Southwell's soul, for he tells us that he is longing for death, that welcome visitor, which was to bring a sure release from life's perils and lead to eternal joys:

In plaint I pass the length of lingering days,
Free would my soul from mortal body fly,
And tread the track of death's desirèd ways.

These are a few stanzas from his poem, "Content and Rich," which are to be found in the first volume of his works:

Enough I reckon wealth;
A mean the surest lot,
That lies too high for base contempt,
Too low for envy's shot.

I feel no care of coin,
Well-doing in my wealth;
My mind to me an empire is,
While grace affordeth health.

To rise by others' fall,
I deem a losing gain,
All states with others' ruins built,
To ruin run amain.

No chance of Fortune's calms
Can cast my comforts down,
When fortune smiles, I smile to think
How quickly she will frown.

After he had read this poem along with some others of Southwell's works, Sir Edgerton Bridges remarked, "A deep pathos illumined by a deep piety marked everything Southwell wrote. There is something singularly chaste, simple, eloquent and fluent in his diction on all occasions." Most beautiful of all his songs composed in prison is "I Die Alive," in which the poet portrays for us in vivid and touching language the sufferings and mental tortures that crowded in upon his soul as he lay confined in his dungeon, waiting expectantly, nay, longingly, for that freedom by which "his soul would be at ease."

I live, but such a life as ever dies;
I die, but such a death as never ends;
My death to end my dying life denies,
And life my loving death no whit amends.

Such was the life and such the works which have given South-

well, priest, martyr, poet, a lasting place in the history of his country's literature. Though a poet, he always felt the "sacredness of his priesthood, a place above the angels," so his whole life was animated by a desire to serve and save his erring countrymen, a spirit which he has so well expressed in "The Burning Babe":

Love is the fire, and sighs the smoke,
The ashes shame and scorns,
The fuel Justice layeth on,
And Mercy blows the coals;
The metal in this furnace wrought
Are men's defilèd souls;
For which, as now on fire I am,
To work them to their good,
So will I melt into a bath
To wash them in My blood.

We may very fittingly conclude this account of Father Southwell with the beautiful lines which he wrote on the death of the martyred Mary Stuart, Queen of Scots. Indeed, they may be aptly applied to himself; he cared not for death; for him it was only a path that led to life; it was "no death to him, but to his woe"; by death "the bud was opened to let out the rose."

Some things more perfect are in their decay,
Like spark that going out gives clearest light,
Such was my hap whose doleful dying day
Began my joy and terméd Fortune's spite.

Rue not my death, rejoice at my repose,
It was not death to me, but to my woe;
The bud was opened to let out the rose,
The chains unloosed to let the captive go.

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THE DEVELOPMENT OF DIOCESAN ADMINISTRATION.

II.

I have already considered the general development of diocesan administration from the earliest ages of Catholicism. Several important divisions of the subject remain, such as exemptions from visitation and metropolitical visitations, and no general study of the subject would be complete without some reference to them. As I hope to show, they helped to modify or curtail episcopal rule in the dioceses. In addition there are regulations and traditions in connection with visitations, which provide admirable illustrations in tracing the growth of ecclesiastical rule, and these need more than a passing mention. My object in the concluding part of my article is to survey these aspects

which I have just mentioned, and by doing so to point out to my readers lines for further and closer study.

Writing as I do for English-speaking readers, I have thought it well to confine myself to the history as found in English ecclesiastical life. At first sight this may doubtless seem to curtail the historical value of the survey. I am disposed, however, to think that it will not have this result, because the history of the developments is practically the same for all European countries, and if I admitted unimportant details I should only overburden the picture without adding anything to its worth. When the exemptions among the English religious houses and Cathedrals are considered, and when the growth of English metropolitical visitations is followed, it may be stated that, broadly speaking, little remains to be added from other sources. Of course, in some countries local conditions brought in modifications which we should not expect to find among English institutions, but behind all the modifications which are of importance there seem to lie common principles. Thus, were I to elaborate my study with historical examples outside England, I should fail in breadth of view and deviate into local history. This history has a valuable place in a complete study of the subject, but to consider it here would fulfill no part of my immediate purpose.

The earliest claims for exemption from episcopal visitation are found in the history of the religious orders, which seem all along to have been jealous of what they consider their rights, and to have begun very early to set up claims of freedom from episcopal control. It is exceedingly difficult for the historian to place his finger on a date, and to say that in such-and-such a year we get the earliest examples of such claims. This difficulty arises from the fact that we are face to face with many documents which require the strictest care in their use, as interpolations and forgeries are painfully common. Thus, if we take the Saxon period, we find that the documents connected with St. Augustine's Abbey, Canterbury and Westminster Abbey—the oldest and youngest of Saxon religious foundations—are in almost a pitiful state of contradictory confusion.[1] Claims are advanced for exemptions in papers obviously of no historical value. This fact applies to a large number of Saxon religious foundations. When, however, we consider these documents—unreliable as many of them undoubtedly are—two facts emerge. Firstly, up to the end of the seventh century there is very little reliable evidence for exemptions; and, secondly, where such exemptions are claimed

[1] See W. de G. Birch, "Saxonium Cartularium," 7, 1048, 1351, cf. C. Hardwick, "Historia Monasterii S. Augustini" (Rolls Series), x, ff.

in doctored documents, they refer to secular privileges and not to freedom from supervision in the strict ecclesiastical sense. That is to say, the claims usually set up are connected with purely worldly matters. The period ending about the middle of the tenth century provides some genuine documents, but the exemptions granted in them have as yet no connection with those which we have under consideration, and deal merely with civil or business affairs. In the age of Dunstan, we begin to find something of more value from our point of view, but even here we are compelled to move with the greatest care as genuine and forged documents run side by side. Thus we find undoubted permission granted to religious houses to elect their superiors, without let or control by the diocesan bishops.[2] The privilege here referred to is supported by authentic documents, and is fully in keeping with what we know of Dunstan's episcopal ideals. On the other hand, this period brings us in touch with claims which have no historical value, being found in documents drawn up at a much later date and clumsily assigned to this period.[3] It is during the period 1017-1066 that we find genuine exemptions for monasteries and religious houses from the regular form of episcopal visitation which has already been outlined. The abbey of Bury, in the county of Suffolk, obtained from King Canute an extension of its charter in which it had been granted certain secular privileges. This extension relieved it from all episcopal rule and supervision, and was finally confirmed by William the First, after consultation with the episcopate. A similar exemption was granted by Edward the Confessor to Coventry, and this was confirmed by the Pope. Indeed, the Conqueror, when founding his monastic house in memory of the battle of Senlac, expressly excluded it from episcopal visitation.[4] I am not concerned with the difficulties which such exemptions caused in future years in connection with the houses themselves. I bring them forward to illustrate a further point. New houses were now being erected with special ecclesiastical privileges, and many of the reformed monastic orders obtained such grants, or were exempted in exact terms in their new institutes. The result was that old houses began to bolster up claims in order to stand on level ground with their new neighboring foundations, which possessed such immunities by the charters of their foundation, or by the terms of their reform. The arrival of the Normans, and

[2] See Birch, *op. cit.*, 1046, 1282.

[3] A careful reading of Birch will disclose many discrepancies in the documents of various houses.

[4] For Bury, Coventry and Battle, see "Monasticon," III., 171, 191, 244.

the consequent general leveling up of ecclesiastical discipline, to which I have referred in the earlier part of my article, brought a serious inquisition into all questions connected with ecclesiastical rule in the dioceses, and religious houses which had either enjoyed exemption from visitation by courtesy or slack administration, or now wished to obtain it, were forced to substantiate their claim by documentary evidence. A whole body of doubtful, if not hopelessly unhistorical, claims was the result. In the issue we find that the older religious houses boldly stated the right to be free from episcopal visitation and claimed to be solely under the Pope's authority. Several of the older and larger Benedictine houses succeeded in completely ousting, by papal or royal decrees, their diocesans from any control in their affairs by regular visitations.[5] In addition, the moment that these exemptions were set on a firm basis, all the priories, etc., which belonged to the parent houses claimed a share in them. This naturally brought about unedifying friction between such dependent houses and their bishops. As a rule, a compromise in connection with them was arrived at. The bishop surrendered his visitorial rights on the houses agreeing to pay the usual procurations at such times as the regular visitations should have taken place.

It will thus be seen that exemptions for the monastic houses did a good deal to curtail the sphere of the bishops' rule. It is very difficult to obtain any clear guiding principle in the history, except that where exemption was claimed by an older house and its dependencies, there was a common desire to base it on some sort of documentary evidence. It would seem that while new foundations could, and did, obtain it in their foundation charters, and while houses belonging to the reformed orders also enjoyed it, it was seldom granted to older foundations unless supported by evidence, which was often manufactured for the occasion and escaped detection in an uncritical age. The consequence was that documents were fabricated, interpolated or collated, and we are thus often in the position of not knowing what to think of many of the claims advanced as genuine. This is one of the inherent difficulties of the subject, and the student must be extremely careful not to be deceived by older collections of documents which have not been tested by modern historical methods. However, it seems clear that the religious revival of the period, and the serious work done for ecclesiastical discipline by the regulars tended to obtain for the religious houses exemptions from episcopal visitations, which would hardly have been conceded in the early centuries in England.

[5] Cf. C. Reyner, Apostalatus Benedictinorum in Anglia (Ed. 1626), pp. 108 ff.

It is impossible in an article such as this to deal with another class of exemptions which modified in some degree the visitorial powers of a diocesan. In many dioceses there were "peculiars," which grew up out of feudal relationships. Thus a king, a bishop, a cathedral chapter or a college might possess lands in different dioceses, and it was, as a rule, customary for these landlords to visit the parishes on their lands—feudal custom being strong enough for the time being to oust ecclesiastical order and diocesan consistency. On the other hand, there appears to have been no hard and fast custom. Thus while the Archbishop of Canterbury exercised the rights of visitation in areas lying in several other dioceses,[6] other landowners did not visit in person, but left the duties to the diocesan in the respective dioceses. It would be equally impossible to trace exemptions from visitations by the archdeacons. Broadly speaking, it may be said that foundations or areas which succeeded in establishing freedom from episcopal visitation were also free from that of the episcopal officials. However, I have come across instances where the bishops specially reserved parishes for their own visitations, and excluded in set terms their archdeacons from exercising their functions in them.[7] This custom is to be found specially in connection with those parishes which were on some episcopal estate or in the neighborhood of some episcopal residence, and it seems to date back to very early times. As far as I have traced the history at present, it would appear that such exemptions belong to a time previous to the pontificate of Alexander the Third, who issued orders to the Archbishop of Canterbury prohibiting them in future.[8] I draw attention to "peculiars" and to exemptions from the archdeacons' visitations in the hope that some of my readers may go into the whole subject and work it out in the full detail which it deserves. The history is too intricate for an article such as this.

I now turn to an aspect of my subject which is so fascinating as almost to deserve an article to itself—the history of the Cathedral and Collegiate Churches. When William the Conqueror began his reform of ecclesiastical discipline, he found that the Benedictine Order controlled three Cathedrals in addition to the primatical church at Canterbury—Worcester, Rochester and Winchester. The capitular bodies of these four churches were allowed to continue their monastic privileges. But when the new rulers refounded the churches of Lincoln and Salisbury, and

[6] "State Papers Domestic MSS." (Record Office, London), Vol. cx. 70.
[7] W. Lyndwood, "Provinciale" (Ed. 1697), 218.
[8] Hardouin, "Concilia," VI., 2, 1722.

reformed the cathedral church of York, they were established on quite a new principle from the monastic one obtaining in the Benedictine Cathedrals, and from the arrangements in the Saxon Cathedrals controlled by secular clergy. In the three churches mentioned they set a clear line between the diocesan bishops and the deans and chapters. On the other hand, when they removed the bishops' seats to Coventry and Norwich of those two dioceses, the Cathedral Churches were set up in close touch with abbeys and based on the monastic principle. Durham was also transformed into a monastic body. Wells was connected with an abbey for a time, but early in the twelfth century it became secularized, while in the same century Ely and Carlisle came under the control of regulars. We finally get nine Cathedral bodies under secular control and eight under regular control. In all cases the bishop had close relationships with the Cathedral body of his diocese. With the advent of the new Norman rule, there arose the custom of separating his income from that of the Cathedral. Previous to 1066, the diocesan income was administered among the Cathedral body and the bishop. No question of visitation arose, as the bishop was himself a member of the Cathedral chapter, and in the monastic foundations he was, of course, the abbot. With the Norman changes, bringing as they did not only a separation of income but the appointment of a dean as head of the secular Cathedrals, the diocesan, of course, lost power, although he continued to hold a place on the Cathedral chapter. Indeed, it would seem that while the dean had the duty of seeing that the discipline and administration were properly carried out, the final obligation of getting the work done fell on the bishop—that is, he supervised the dean.

The secular Cathedrals, however, failed in their ideals, and as a consequence many grave changes took place. Founded in imitation of the monastic Cathedrals, the secular bodies did not possess that cohesion which is inherent in religious orders, and would tend to make the carrying out of a regular round of daily services possible. Absence, nonresidence and the presence of deputies soon characterized the secular bodies. Their members were content to receive their salaries, subject merely to charges for vicars and the general fund for the up-keep of the Cathedral. Parallel with this decay, the influence of the bishop declined when it was most needed to hold the Cathedral bodies in some degree to their ideals. His diocesan work called him away from Cathedral services and chapter meetings, and his presence at them soon became a tradition. On the other hand, it is obvious that in a Cathedral of secular priests the duties of correction and of enforc-

ing discipline could only belong to the diocesan bishop. However obvious a fact this may be, it is clear that almost all the secular Cathedrals waged a lengthened resistance to episcopal visitations; the documents cover many years and at times they are far from edifying. Thus Bishop Grosseteste[9] required a bull from Innocent IV before he could carry out a visitation of the chapter body at Lincoln. At Salisbury[10] for over a century the chapter fought against visitations by their diocesan, and a papal bull only succeeded in establishing a *modus vivendi.* In York[11] the dispute lasted up to the beginning of the fourteenth century. Previous to this the Archbishop of York had failed to establish visitorial jurisdiction over the chapter, but in 1328 the whole dispute was settled by arbitration—visitation questions were to be asked, not written, and corrections were left in the hands of the Cathedral members, the Archbishop only enforcing them when the body failed to do so. At Lichfield the dean and chapter succeeded, up to the beginning of the fifteenth century, in their claim to correct themselves, when the bishop made good his claim to correct the dean, or dean and chapter, the prebendaries escaping episcopal visitation except in case of grave faults. In the neighboring church of Wells[12] a similar dispute went on, and was only settled by the bishop being satisfied merely to ask the dean questions and to issue his orders to him. Hereford maintained its right to exclusion from episcopal visitation up to the time of Henry VIII, who issued a royal letter to the dean and chapter to admit their bishop. They appear to have done so, as a visitation by the diocesan is recorded among the Cathedral documents on July 4, 1542.[13] It is interesting, however, to note that in Elizabeth's reign Hereford Cathedral continued to resist episcopal visitations, the Elizabethan bishop declaring that in this it was "contrary to the usage of other like churches."[14] In examining the documents connected with the other secular Cathedrals, I find that little further light is thrown on the subject. These bodies as a whole seem to have taken their cue from the monastic Cathedrals, but to have forgotten, in their claim to be exempt

[9] See H. R. Luard, "Epistolae Roberti Grosseteste" (Rolls Series, 1861), pp. 357 ff.

[10] See Jones and Dayman, "Statutes of the Cathedral Church of Sarune" (1883), pp. 22, 82.

[11] See "York Cathedral Statutes" (printed privately in 1900), 118. I believe this book can now be seen in the British Museum. I asked the librarian there to apply for a copy in 1907.

[12] Reynolds, "Wells Cathedral," pp. 125 ff.

[13] "Hereford MS. Register" (1542), folio 40 ff.

[14] State Papers Domestic MSS. (Record Office, London), Vo. XVII., 32, and cf. *ibid.*, Vol. XXII., 12, and "Lansdowne MSS." (Brit. Mus.), VI., 84.

from episcopal visitation, that the monastic bodies were subject to their superiors. They kept up an intermittent warfare with their diocesans; but long before the Reformation, with the exception of Hereford, they had, in some degree, at least, recognized the rights of their diocesans to visit them. Any student who wishes to elaborate their history can find ample material to begin with in the various histories of the Cathedral bodies in England which have been issued from time to time, with valuable collections of illustrative documents. In the Monastic Cathedrals no such troubles arose as those connected with their secular neighbors. The bishop was abbot, and the Cathedral body was immediately responsible to him for their conduct. Only one attempt is recorded of resisting visitation, but a decree from Rome established the bishop-abbot in his rights.

Thus, a bishop had power to visit the whole of his diocese, with the exception of "peculiars" and of the religious houses which were especially exempt. All other religious houses were under his immediate visitation. Indeed, it is not too much to say that this duty was carried out by the bishops more carefully than that of visiting their dioceses. Thus, a clearly defined and efficient system grew up, as disputes were settled, and, indeed, at times it tended to become rather exacting. This aspect, however, belongs to the history of failure and lies outside our subject. What is abundantly clear is that, as time went on, the tendency grew of giving the diocesan as much power as possible in the sphere of diocesan discipline, and of curtailing, as far as could be done, exemptions from his rule.

In turning to the question of metropolitical visitations, we are unable to trace the history in detail. The customs which prevailed under the early Norman archbishops are not clear. In 1222, Stephen Langton seems to have failed to carry out a metropolitical visitation in spite of orders from Rome, and a few years later Archbishop Edmund Rich created great friction in attempting it. Later still, Archbishop Boniface encountered such opposition that disgraceful scenes took place in London. The question was transferred to Rome for discussion, Boniface relying on the procedure outlined for a metropolitical visitation by the Pope in 1245. The Pope decided that Boniface had the right to hold such a visitation. The provincial bishops were unanimous in their formal protest at Rome, but they accepted the Pope's decision, subject to certain modifications in procedure. It was arranged that a metropolitical visitation should not be so detailed or be so expensive as an ordinary diocesan visitation. Archbishop Boniface carried out a visitation of all the dioceses in the province

of Canterbury in 1253, and he thus established the claim of the see of Canterbury to visit the diocese in the Southern Province. Boniface, however, was prohibited from visiting exempt places or houses in any diocese. This led to trouble in the future. Archbishop Peckham claimed to visit everywhere, and thus he brought himself into collision with the superiors of these "exemptions," and, in addition, the diocesan bishops protested against his general scheme. Peckham replied in detail.[15] The opposition rose and fell according to the activities of the archbishops. Thus, in 1322, the Bishop of Exeter—John Grandison, himself a great disciplinarian—attempted to thwart a metropolitical visitation by Archbishop Mepeham. Indeed, Grandison feared that a metropolitical visitation would shatter his own very serious efforts, and the Pope allowed his protest for the occasion.[16] Grandison's case, however, did not overthrow the claims of Canterbury, and the rights of metropolitical visitation were maintained and carried out right down to the Reformation. During that period the reforming primates, Cranmer and Parker,[17] exercised metropolitical functions, and, under Queen Mary, Cardinal-Archbishop Pole visited the dioceses of his Province, but, as a rule, he appointed the diocesan bishops to act as his commissaries and to carry out the work, administering, however, a body of regulations drawn up by himself, to which I shall refer later.[18] In the Northern Province things did not move so smoothly. Thus, the diocesans of Durham carried on a successful dispute with the various Archbishops of York, who only succeeded in establishing a right to visit *sede vacante*. The whole history is complicated and extends over many years, but the diocese of Durham succeeded in establishing its independence of the see of York, and, I believe, that even today, under the Protestant administration, it is free from metropolitical visitations.

I have now given a brief outline of the history of visitations in England. Short though it has necessarily been, it is obvious that there grew up an admirable system for the enforcing of ecclesiastical discipline. Grosseteste and Boniface set examples of visiting personally the parishes, and the enquiries were preceded by Mass, confession and communion. On the other hand, when we begin to look for exact regulations governing methods

[15] C. Tryce Martin, "Register" (Rolls Series, 1882-1886), I., 306-328.

[16] Preb. Randolph, "Exeter Registers, XXXII. ff.

[17] Cranmer, "Remains," p. 154, "Parker MS. Register" (Lambeth Palace), I., folio 302.

[18] "Pole MS. Register," folio 34, "Harleian MSS. (Brit. Mus.), Vol. 396, folio 4, strype, "Ecclesiastical Memorials," III., ii., No. 51, Wilkins, "Concilia, IV., 145.

of procedure, we are face to face with a complicated story. The plans for carrying out a visitation grew up gradually and became traditions, without much formal legislation behind them, except in connection with the difficult problem of procurations, round which an unedifying warfare rose and fell all down the centuries. In spite of the Lateran Councils of 1179 and 1215, which dealt with them, disputes continued and abuses prevailed. Where positive regulations were drawn up, they deal more with the bishop's officials than with himself. It will be well, then, to run through, as it were, the *Concilia*, and to glean the information extant in this connection.

The decretal of Innocent IV governed the metropolitical visitations of the archbishops, modified as we have seen in the case of Archbishop Boniface. An analyses of this document will illustrate the subject. The archbishop was ordered to visit his own Cathedral and diocese first, getting into close touch, as far as possible, with his clergy. Then he was to proceed to the visitation of the dioceses of his Province—Cathedrals, monasteries, parishes, etc.—but to receive no procurations—a special regulation for England. No place was to be visited twice during the actual visitation, except by special request. Those parishes passed over in one visitation were to be the first included in the metropolitical visitations which followed in future years. No specified time limit was laid down, but the methods of the actual visitation were clearly outlined. The proceedings were to be opened by a sermon, followed by close and searching questions about the lives, morals and duties of the clergy. The replies to these questions were not to be given on oath. Then orders were to be issued for such corrections as were necessary, and adequate and proper punishments meted out. This outline was followed in all future metropolitical visitations in England, and can be traced through such documents as are extant in connection with them in both of the English Provinces.

When we turn to the few regulations dealing with diocesan visitations, we find an admirable collection of them in Gratian.[19] Thus, the ideal of annual visitations, as aimed at by the Council of Tarragona in 516, is placed before the diocesans. Reference is made to the use of deputies in visiting—priests or deacons—as outlined by the Council of Toledo[20] in 633, and also to the methods and questions laid down by the Council of Braga[21] in 572, when the bishop was commanded to visit each parish in his dio-

[19] "Decretum," Causa x. Questio, i.
[20] Hardouin, III., 587.
[21] *Ibid.*, 386.

cese, to see personally each of his clergy, taking special care to find out how they carried out the parish services and to give them instructions in their duties when such were necessary; and, finally, to call together the parochial laity and to give them an exhortation on faith and conduct. In the year 1200[22] we find regulations drawn up by a Council held at London, when the bishops are warned to bring to the front the spiritual aspects of a visitation, and to make close enquiries about the provision of the necessary ornaments of the churches, especially those used for Mass. In 1237, the Constitutions of Otho[23] widened the scope of enquiries by elaborating severe questions into clerical morals and apparel.

In connection with the special duties of the archdeacons in visitations, we have an elaborate extant decree[24] issued by Alexander III to an archdeacon forbidding him to fine in money, to use the ordeals of fire and water, and to visit any place in his jurisdiction more than once a year, unless under exceptional circumstances. After the Lateran Council of 1215, regulations with regard to the archdeacons become more numerous in England. The *piece de resistance* is the Canons of the Council of Oxford,[25] where the duties of the archdeacons are elaborated in several canons. Among these it is important to notice that in addition to carrying out a careful examination of the clergy in the parishes with regard to their knowledge of the Canon of the Mass and the method of Baptism, they are to take the utmost care that inventories of church goods are drawn up for each church in the several spheres of jurisdiction, and that they are delivered at the visitations. The archdeacons are also ordered to carry out an annual inspection of church ornaments and service books in every church. About 1238, some anonymous Canons add to their duties that of examining the fabrics of the churches, and of seeing that the necessary repairs are carried out. A little later we find the officials belonging to the archdeacons' courts dealt with by conciliar orders and further duties added to the actual visitation work when enquiries are ordered about the dedications of the parish churches and the consecration of the altars in them. Finally, Archbishop Peckham laid on the archdeacons the burden of seeing that the excellent parochial instructions which he outlined in his Canons of 1261 were properly given in the parish churches, while in 1342 the inspection of parochial presbyteries

[22] *Ibid.*, VII., 299. For a complete list of the church furniture to be provided, see Lyndwood, *op. cit.*, I., 251.

[23] Hardouin, VI., 2, 1959.

[24] "Decretum," I. Tit., 23, c. vi.

[25] Hardouin, VII., 120.

and graveyards was added to the already wide sphere of inspection.[26]

I now turn to give some account of the actual procedure in an episcopal visitation. First of all, a Mandate was issued to the different parishes giving notice of the time, date, etc., of the visitation, and prohibiting any infer or ordinary from visiting as long as the episcopal procedure lasted. In the thirteenth century this document contained references to the matters to be dealt with in the visitation, but before very long we find it accompanied with a set of "Articles of Enquiry." The onus of the work fell on the diocesan archdeacons, who assembled the parish clergy in their different archdeaconries and administered the episcopal questions. In addition, orders were issued that those who held more benefices than one were to produce their permits, and that the regulars who worked in parish churches should hand in their documents. As soon as the visitation was over, we come across another class of document called "Diocesan Injunctions," which are orders based on the delinquencies disclosed by the Articles of Enquiry. These injunctions were delivered to the archdeacons and read in every parish church. The documents of the actual visitation are *Acta*—or detailed minutes—containing *Comperta,* or the facts found out by the questions concerning the parish clergy, the parishioners, the church wardens, the church ornaments, books, fabrics, graveyards and presbyteries, and *detecta,* or lists of matters in which reforms and punishments are necessary. It need hardly be said that for the student of visitations invaluable material is buried among these documents in the diocesan archives of England. We shall never have an accurate picture of pre-Reformation life until all this matter is completely copied and edited. The MSS. are fairly numerous, but there is nothing to hinder a diligent student getting sufficient material from them to throw abundant new light on diocesan life in Catholic England. They bring us into close touch with every-day affairs, and as a side issue in the actual study of diocesan administration, they would more than repay careful research. I hope that my reference to them will inspire some work in connection with them, and I shall be glad to furnish any of my readers with any references which I possess. Every facility is given for work by the diocesan authorities, who are most courteous and obliging.

I have now brought my survey down to the eve of the Reformation, and there I must leave it. It would be fascinating to continue the work down to the Restoration of the Hierarchy in

[26] For his last orders, see *ibid.*, 313, 339, 489, 865, 1649.

England, and to trace the modifications necessary in penal times, and until the full diocesan machinery was once more in working order. I do not know what documents exist for such a study, but it would be interesting to follow the various makeshifts. I have thought it well to conclude by a short analysis of the questions submitted by Cardinal Pole to his parishes in 1556, as they illustrate the closing days of Catholic diocesan administration in England.[27] The articles are preserved in his manuscript register. The visitation was carried out in, and after, May, 1556. The first division is headed "Circa Divinum Cultum." He enquires whether the Divine Service is carried out at suitable hours; whether the sacraments and sacramentals are duly and reverently administered; whether the clergy give any scandal by frequenting taverns; whether the midwives have been carefully taught the form, matter and method of baptizing, and whether holy water is ready at the time of childbirth; whether a book is preserved in each parish in which the names of those reconciled to the church are written; whether any married clergy have been reconciled since the schism; whether due Catholic instructions are given by the clergy to the people and to the young; whether the clergy have shown their letters of orders and parochial titles to the archdeacons; whether the sacred canons—especially those dealing with public worship—are diligently observed; whether the names of the Pope and St. Thomas of Canterbury, which had been erased from the service books, have been restored. The second section is headed "Pro Laicis," in which Pole asks whether the people believe the Catholic Creed, resort to Confession and receive the Blessed Eucharist; whether any are absent or are held back from Mass on Sundays and days of obligation; whether there are any public evil livers; whether any disturb public worship or assemble in the graveyard during Divine Service; whether the font is under lock and key; whether the Blessed Sacrament and Holy Oils are duly kept in every church; whether the church ornaments and service books have been provided after the pillage of the last reign; whether the churches, presbyteries and parochial buildings have been restored; whether the Crucifix, with the figures of Our Lady and St. John, have been set up again over the chancel gates; whether the Protestant Prayer Books and Homilies have been removed from the churches; whether there is any servile work on Sundays; whether any are married contrary to Canon Law; whether any have not fulfilled their Easter duties; whether any resort to secret Protestant worship; whether the fasts of the Church are duly kept; whether the register of births,

[27] "Pole MSS.," folio 35.

marriages and deaths is duly and carefully kept in every parish; whether the Blessed Sacrament is carried to the sick with lights and a bell as of old; whether the schoolmasters are diligent and Catholic men approved by the ordinary; whether a light burns always before the Tabernacle; whether all the children of fit age are confirmed.

These orders help us to gain some idea of the general scope of visitation work; but I have given an analysis of them for another reason—they help to illustrate the state of affairs in England after the restoration of the Catholic faith. It is now no longer a case of seeing that things are in repair, but of refurnishing the entire churches of England after the vandalism of Edward VI. The reference to the light before the Tabernacle also is of interest. Before the Reformation the Sacrament hung in a hanging pyx before the High Altars. Tabernacles, as we know them, were introduced into England by Pole himself. In addition, Pole's orders carry us away back across the ages to the origin of diocesan administration, and almost at every point they touch on documents which belong to every age of Church History. One has only to compare them with the Visitation questions issued under Edward VI and Queen Elizabeth to see how far the Anglican Settlement is removed from the Church, while they witness to that unity in Catholic life which is age long. With every modification we can trace the great work of the Catholic Episcopate in applying to every fluctuating age in history, and to every change in diocesan life the unchanging and eternal faith once delivered by her Lord and Founder to the Catholic Church.

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THE POET-THEOLOGIAN OF THE MIDDLE AGES.

IT has been claimed for the 13th century that it was the great-century saw the dual development of Gothic Architecture est of centuries, and, indeed, if one recalls that the 13th and Theological Poetry, one can easily acquiesce in the truth of the statement. A century that can boast of Cologne Cathedral and the Divina Commedia is unique among the centuries. A century which beheld the daring attempt to pierce the clouds with God's spires and the sublime conception of linking the heights of Theology to the music of Poetry has no reason to envy any century that went before or any century that has since followed. The world has progressed much, we hope, in six centuries, but it has not seen another Dante nor has it built anything surpassing the sublimity of design and perfection of finish of Cologne Cathedral.

Dante has been compared with Homer and Milton, with Shakespeare and Goethe, but he is generally conceded to be so far superior to these that the comparison does not even serve as an illustration of his genius. Michelangelo, as the second term of comparison, would appear to suit the purpose better. Buonarotti not only chiseled the Moses that graces the Church of San Pietro in Vincoli, not only painted the famous fresco on the end wall of the Sistine Chapel (the Last Judgment), but he also wrote elegant verses and composed the sweetest of harmonies. In like manner Dante not only wrote the greatest poem of all time, but also painted and composed with a certain degree of perfection. These two great minds were so universal that nature could not confine them to any single one of the fine arts. The basis of comparison here may not be evident, but it is intended to compare minds rather than the products of minds. On closer thought, it will be conceded that the mind which conceived the Vision of the Divina Commedia must have possessed a brighter spark of the divinity than the mind which conceived the grouping of the Last Judgment. One never grasps the magnificence of St. Peter's from the Piazza below, for one sees nothing else; but take your stand on Monte Coelio and see it with the other architectural gems of the Eternal City and immediately its superior claims will appear. Human knowledge in sublime things proceeds "per modum remotionis et negationis."

Dante was born in Florence in the May of 1265 and died on the Feast of the Exaltation of the Holy Cross, 1321. Great men usually run their course in a brief span of years. The incessant and intense activity of their intellects is too much for their bodies,

and, as a consequence, the composite being resulting from the union of both quickly resolves itself into its separate component parts—a process commonly called death. Incidentally, one may note that this fact establishes beyond doubt the substantial union of the soul and the body, or that the soul is the substantial form of the body—a favorite Thomistic thesis.

Dante's life was not a happy one. He had the misfortune to cast his lot with a political party that was at its ebb at that particular time. Dante spent the best part of 20 years in exile. His family was almost entirely disrupted as the result of his political connections, and his exile was uncomforted by any tender or sympathetic companionship. He died in Ravenna, and was buried in the Virgin's Chapel in the Church of San Francesco. Giovanni del Virgilio wrote his epitaph, which began with these true words: "Theologus Dantes nullius expers dogmatis * * *" which sum up Dante's chief claims to fame.

Considered as a mere poet, and apart from the subject-matter of his poem, Dante ranks among the Cedars of Lebanon. The Divina Commedia, with its vivid imagery, mythological references, exquisite descriptions, picturesque language, perfect rhyme, musical arrangement of syllables succeeding one another with a Wagnerian majesty, tender lyrical passages, merits a place with the Iliad, the Aeneid, Paradise Lost and Faust among the supreme efforts of human genius. But the Divina Commedia is more than an exquisite epic poem. It is, besides, a résumé of Catholic belief. It is a delightful florilegium of Philosophy, Theology and Mysticism, accurate and precise in its terminology, orthodox in its teachings. To translate Scholastic Philosophy or Theology into a spoken dialect is no easy undertaking; but Dante was no mere translator. He had absorbed and assimilated Scholasticism so perfectly that he could introduce it into his poetry in a most picturesque and original, though accurate, language. With him Scholasticism was no mere hand-maid of Poetry, but rather vice versa. He considered those abstruse doctrines of the school as the most sublime message that poetry could convey. He always thought of his poetry in the light of a canal or vehicle that would serve to popularize the high subject that he had set to treat. Yet this view of Poetry did not prevent him from giving to literature a masterpiece of art. It enhanced art by giving to it matter as well as form.

Dante's great guide among the Schoolmen was St. Thomas Aquinas, the Angelic Doctor. From him he learned all the Philosophy and Theology he ever knew. His guides in Mysticism were Boethius, St. Bernard, St. Bonaventure and Richard of St. Victor. It is delightfully refreshing to the student of the

"Summa" to read the "Divina Commedia"—replete as it is with the virile teachings of the great Dominican. One would search in vain for an important thesis of the "Summa" that has not its corresponding adornment in the Divina Commedia. Thomistic Commentators are fast realizing this fact, and are using the verses of the Florentine Poet to great advantage in their works. Father Lepicier, the learned Superior General of the Servite Order, who, more than any other Divine of this century, has pried into the musty tomes of Aquinas, and whose commentaries are masterpieces of Thomistic interpretation, adroitly and learnedly intermingles prose and poetry, Thomas and Dante throughout his books. True it is, Dante does not agree with the Angelic Doctor in every detail, e. g., in his position on the New Testament, in which he commits an unaccountable error. On the whole, however, he is a faithful disciple of St. Thomas. Hence, one finds it difficult to see how the author of the article on Dante in the Catholic Encyclopaedia could assert that Dante and St. Thomas disagree in their teaching on celestial intelligences (sic.). Dante's teaching on angels is one of the clearest points he touches. He teaches that they are not composed of matter and form as we are, but are immaterial. They are, however, composite in another sense, viz., they are composed of potentiality and act, of esse and existence. This is precisely the teaching of St. Thomas. Compare and see I. L. A, 2, Ad tertiam, of the Summa. Thus, one cannot see where the Poet and the Theologian disagree on the nature of Angels. They do differ in a few particulars when they come to divide the hierarchies, although they proceed on the same principle of division. For the rest it could not be expected that such an original genius as that of Dante would content itself with being a mere copyist.

Dante was orthodox to the core in the field of pure Theology. However, he longed to be more than a great Theologian; he fondly yearned to be equally successful in politics. He wrote a book, entitled "De Monarchia," which, as far as orthodoxy is concerned, has been a shadow around the great Florentine. He erred in theory and in fact. He claimed a divine origin for the Holy Roman Empire, whilst a mere tyro of History could tell him that it was of Papal origin. He thought that the Church had no power in temporals—not even indirectly—a strange position considering the clear teaching of the Bull of Boniface VIII. The book went on, the Index and Dante's prestige suffered considerably, but the error only proves that he was human, a sinner and not a saint. One easily understands Dante's error when one recalls the tottering of the great Bossuet himself centuries afterwards. Enemies of the Catholic Church, mindful of Dante's

political theories alone, claim him to their part, but Dante was no unbeliever. Ever faithful to the religion of his forefathers, he died in the fervent embrace of the Church, and was laid to rest in the Virgin's Chapel of the Church of San Francesco. The Church, like the kind mother she is, has forgotten his political tenets and has crowned his Theology and Philosophy. In the mind of the Church, Dante is the Prince of Poets, the Poet of Theologians and the Mystic of Philosophers.

The Divina Commedia is a history of the human soul in the form of an allegory. It traces the workings of divine grace in the soul from the first grace to the triumph and coronation of all grace, which is glory. At first sight it would appear to be merely a treatise on the Last Things, but in reality it touches on nearly all the important points of dogma. Dante's vision begins in the outer circle of hell and closes with the Poet face to face with the ever Blessed Triune God. Between these two points there pass in review the other various grades of hell and purgatory and Paradise. From the mere Synopsis of the Poem, one may fairly guess its sublimity. Never before had the human mind dared to soar so high without divine inspiration, and never again, perhaps, will mortal equal the flights of the great Catholic Poet. One would search in vain throughout the whole range of Christian Literature for anything to equal the closing Canto of the Paradise—excepting the inspired Apocalypse. It is a fitting close to all that precedes. It is the Consummatum est of human effort. With the great Cardinal Manning, one can say, "Post Dantis paradisum, nihil remanet nisi visio Dei."

The work of a true Italian, the Divina Commedia could not but be full of the praises of the Blessed Virgin, whom Dante confesses to daily invoke:

> * * * when at the name
> Of that fair flower, who duly I invoke
> Both morn and eve, * * * Par. XXIII, 85.

Through the poem Dante addresses the Virgin with such beautiful titles as Virgin Mother, Queen, Holy Mary, Fair One of Heaven, Living Spring of Hope, Noonday Torch of Charity. He thinks the power of intercession of the Mother of God almost infinite:

> "So mighty art thou, Lady, and so great,
> That he who grace desireth, and comes not
> To thee for aidance, fain would have desire;
> Fly without wings." Par. XXXIII, 14.

The salutation of the Angel Gabriel is the only passage that can be compared to this whole Canto: "Termine fisso dell' eterno

consiglio," is the whole Marian Theology in a nutshell. Dante's Mariology settles all questions as to his Catholicity.

The description of the facial vision of God shows Dante at his best. As stated already, there is not anything in the whole range of Christian literature to compare with this Canto, except, of course, the Apocalypse or the magnificent reticence of St. Paul. Ponder the lines where Dante describes the Trinity of Persons in the Divine Essence. One does not know which to admire most, the accuracy of Theology or the flights of the poetic Muse. No translation could ever do the original justice.

Nella profonda e chirara sussistenza
Dell'alto lume parvemi tre giri
Di tre colori e d'una continenza:

E l'un dall'altro, come Iri da Iri,
Parea reflesso e il terzo parea foco,
Che quinci e quinde equalmente si spiri.

O' Luce eterna, che sola in te sidi,
Sola t'intendi e da te intelletta
Ed intendente te ami ed arridi!

The Trinity and the procession of persons are seen under the guise of a solitary ray of light of three circles and tricolored. Of these three, the first appeared reflected from the second like rainbow from rainbow (the Son from the Father); the third appeared like fire proceeding from the first and the second (the procession of the Holy Ghost). It may be well to remark that God Himself in a vision granted to St. Rose of Lima used this very imagery of the tricolored rainbow to represent the Trinity. Dante reduces all that he saw to one simple source, viz., Light. The Beatific Vision is Light Eternal, the brilliance of which is so great that it is impossible to withdraw the gaze therefrom. How close the disciple keeps to the doctrine of the Master may be seen from a cursory reading of Chapters 50 et seq., Book II, of the Summa contra Gentiles. There is no real difference in the two treatises. This whole Canto is a most elegant commentary on these words of Sacred Scripture: "In Thy light we shall see light" (Ps. XXXV, 10), and these others: "God is light" (I. John i., 5).

Dante's description of Heaven is as Catholic as it is beautiful:

"One universal smile it seemed of all things;
Joy passed compare; gladness unutterable;
Imperishable life of peace and love;
Exhaustless riches, and unmeasurable bliss."
(Par. XXVII).

Read together with the above the following: "God shall wipe

away all tears from their eyes" (Apoc. XXI, 4). "They shall obtain joy and gladness" * * * (Is. XXXV, 11). It is in giving the essence of eternal happiness that he shows how much he owed to the Angelic Doctor. St. Thomas taught in opposition to Duns Scotus that the formal essence of the Beatific Vision lay in the intellect alone and not in the will. Dante follows closely this opinion. He calls God the good of the intellect in one place, and in another he writes:

"* * * thus happiness hath root
In seeing, not in loving, which of sight is aftergrowth."

Canto V of the Paradiso contains a beautiful warning to heretically inclined Christians. It is also valuable to the history of Dogma, inasmuch as it declares a solid belief in the infallibility of the Pope and an anticipated condemnation of the Rule of Faith of Protestantism:

"Be ye more staid,
O Christians! not, like feather, by each wind
Removable; nor think to cleanse yourselves
In every water. Either testament,
The old and the new is yours; and for your guide,
The Shepherd of the Church. Let this suffice
To save you.
Be not as the lamb
That, fickle wanton, leaves its mother's milk
To dally with itself in idle play." (Par. V, 73-84.)

These words dispel the opinion that Dante was the forerunner of the pseudo-reformation. He here declares that the Old and New Testament are not sufficient to salvation as Luther asserted, but that there is need, furthermore, the guiding hand of a living teacher—the Shepherd of the Church. For the Reformers the Shepherd of the Church is anti-Christ. One is reminded of the statue that the Socialists raised to the great jurist in the Piazza of San Andrea della Valle in Rome. On hearing that the Church found nothing in his writings against the Faith, the Socialists petitioned the government to tear down the statue, but in vain, and today may be seen the peculiar sight of a Socialist statue to a Catholic jurist in the center of the Eternal City; and then—wasn't St. Patrick himself a Protestant?

The greatest problem to solve in Dante's life was his opposition to the Popes, especially to the great Boniface VIII. In Canto XIX, of the Inferno, Dante discovers Nicholas III in the third circle of hell and because of his Simony. Historically speaking, Nicholas could not be accused of Simony for, as the great Dollinger says, such a crime is neither proved nor probable. Undoubtedly Nicholas was not the best of the Popes, but

nothing in history shows that he was guilty of Simony or deserving of the awful fate given him by Dante. Celestine V is another one of the Popes to come under the leash of the Florentine Poet. After a short reign, in which he showed a total incapacity for his difficult office, Celestine resolved that his place was the hermit's cell and not the fisherman's throne, and so he abdicated. Perhaps this alone would not have merited a place in hell from Dante were it not for the fact that it was the occasion for the election of Boniface VIII—Dante's arch-enemy. Boniface VIII ranks with Gregory VII, Innocent III, John XXII and Leo XIII as the greatest political Popes the Church has had in the course of her career. Like all politicians, Boniface had his enemies—men who differed with him in political tenets. Among these was our own Dante, who all along favored the Imperial Party as opposed to the Papacy. This was the beginning of his aversion to this great Pope. He accuses Boniface of avarice, of sensuality, of simony and of cruelty. All of these heads of accusation are unproved and unknown to historical research. It is well explained by the difference of political views of the Pope and the Poet. In proof of this one need only recall that when Boniface VIII was insulted in his own palace by Nogaret and Sciarra Colonna, Dante saw therein an insult to Christ Himself. Politics are not in the Pope's field, reasoned the Poet, and so are not a subject of infallibility. One may differ with the Pope in politics and yet be a firm believer in his divine mission. Ths was Dante's stand, and although one may regret the bitter things said against the Pope, he cannot, on that account, accuse Dante of heresy or disrespect of Papal authority.

Interest in the study of Dante is ever on the increase. It is nothing short of providential that the study of this great Catholic poet should flourish so much in an age that is quickly losing all taste for religious literature, and especially providential in Italy, where a Masonic government is ever trying to rob the people of their religion.

Dante is studied in schools that will soon have no other sign of the Catholic religion. When the Catechism is gone Dante's Divina Commedia will be the great means of keeping alive the Faith of their Fathers in the growing-up generation of Italians. A clear sign of this increasing interest in the study of the Divina Commedia may be seen in the many Commentaries that constantly see the light. Of the modern Commentaries, those of Palmieri and Bartolini would appear to be the best. Of course, the classical guide to Dante will always remain the "Summa' of St. Thomas. For the great majority of English-speaking people, Dante is accessible only in the form of a translation. Of all

translations, Dr. Carey's has enjoyed the greatest popularity and is the most readable. The notes to Cary's edition are not the best, but are often very useful.

In conclusion, what would Poetry be without Religion? What would any of the Fine Arts be without the inspirations that Religion affords? Take away religious influence from Music and what would it be? Eliminate the immortal compositions of Palestrina, Mozart, Bach, Handel, Mendelssohn, Verdi, Rossini, Gounod, Elgar and Perosi (not to mention a host of others), and what is left? Just a few rag tunes. Suppose that Michelangelo, Raphael, Guilio Romano, Rembrandt, Bernini and all those who were inspired by Religion had never existed, what would Sculpture, Painting, Architecture be? Without Dante what would Poetry be? Six centuries have only given him greater lustre. His poem has delighted innumerable souls, and will continue to illumine darkness and spread the kingdom of God on earth. When the Angel's trumpets will announce the second coming of Christ, one may suppose that the mission of the Divina Commedia has come to an end, but not until then. Not because of its delightful imagery, not because of its pleasing rhyme, not because of its poetic passion, but because it touches the religious sentiment of mankind is the Divina Commedia imperishable.

A. J. Waters.

Denver, Colo.

NATURAL MYSTICS.

"I hear beyond the range of sound,
I see beyond the range of light,
New earths and skies and seas around,
And in my day the sun doth pale his light."
—Thoreau.

Mystics, like poets, are born, not made. They are of all ages, of all climes, of all creeds, of all nations; we find them in the East and in the West, among the old Jewish prophets, among the mediaeval Christian monks and recluses, among the ancient Hindoo yogis, among the modern dervishes, among the Thibetan lamas, among the Mahometan saints, among the old Buddhist monks, among the modern Mahatmas, among the poets, among prose writers, and it is with this last class that we propose to deal here.

The mystical temperament is not an easy one to define; that it is nearly related to that, which doctors for want of a better word for something that baffles all their science call hysteria, can hardly be denied; but then as hysteria can simulate every disease, every physical state, so can it imitate spiritual states, including the raptures and ecstacies of the saints, or at least it can superinduce, by physical means, a state resembling outwardly the rapture and ecstacy of a Catholic monk or nun.

Catholic theologians do not consider raptures and ecstacies in themselves a proof of sanctity, though some of the greatest saints, as St. Paul, and St. Theresa, and St. John of the Cross, have been favored with them. There are other saints as great, who, as far as we know, never had either, perhaps, because their natural temperament was unsuited to their development; moreover, mystical writers are careful to warn us that such spiritual manifestations may come from three sources: from God, from ourselves or from the devil.

The mystical temperament is one capable of intense power of concentration and of abstraction; it is usually joined to a highly wrought nervous system; it is one which will suffer almost any bodily privation for the sake of the exquisite spiritual delights its mystical experiences bring with them; therefore, the power of endurance must be mentioned as one of its attributes; it is also emotional, contemplative, introspective. It may be as well to say, before we go any further, that we are here speaking of mysticism in general, not of divine mysticism, because Almighty God, when He calls any one to the mystical life, can overrule all natural impediments, though He may, perhaps, choose those naturally fitted to lead this life in preference to others.

But Catholic mystics have ever found, and shown by their lives, that it is only by triumphing in an heroic degree over the body that they can fit themselves for that union with God, which is the goal of that divine mysticism which is only to be found within the pale of the Catholic Church, though it may exist in a very imperfect degree outside her sheltering arms.

The love of nature is a very conspicuous element in the temperament of what we call secular or natural mystics, like Shelley and the two writers with whom we here propose to deal, Richard Jefferies and Henry Thoreau, whose passionate love of nature stood them in place of the love of God.

Jefferies says his mysticism was based on the real, not on the imaginary; it would be truer to say it was founded on the seen, not on the unseen; on nature, not on Almighty God. Its goal was emotion for emotion's sake; ecstacy for the sake of the rapturous. In his case, sensuous delight; it brought with it, rather than union with God, of which, in the case of divine mystics, the emotion is only an accident, the ecstacy to be feared rather than courted, deprecated rather than sought.

"All things seem possible in the open air," says Jefferies. "All things are possible to him that believeth," said our Lord. His reiterated cry, which resounds almost to weariness through his mystical writings of "Give me soul-life," is only the natural craving of man for God, for faith; though he was of such a sensual, passionate, undisciplined temperament, that this cry of his came from his carnal nature quite as much as from his spirit. The wonder is that he who denied everything believed he had a soul at all, for a more thoroughgoing atheist never lived.

This Wiltshire yeoman, naturalist, journalist, poet, thinker, mystic, was born in the village of Coate, near Swindon, in 1848 and passed his early years there till, in 1874, his journalistic work took him to London, or rather to Sushiton, to be within easy reach of the great city; four years later began the long and painful illness, which, after six years of intense suffering, ended his career in 1887.

As we are here only dealing with his mysticism, we shall merely briefly touch on the external circumstances of his life, which were not outwardly particularly eventful; but in the development of a nature like his it is the interior life which counts, apart from the fact that the most uneventful lives externally are often the fullest interiorly. Suffering, in some of its most acute forms, was one of the great factors in the evolution of the mystic element in his nature; it was at the root of his pessimism, and probably of his atheism also.

Not only did he, as his biographer says, suffer physical torture, from which neither operations nor medicines could bring him any permanent relief, but he suffered also from poverty and anxiety, two of the sharpest whips to which poor, quivering humanity is exposed; from all the cares and disappointments incident to the literary career of one dependent on it for support, and only those who have rowed in the same boat know how harassing are the cares, how bitterly galling the manifold disappointments, to which even those who ultimately reach the harbor of success are exposed.

The certain knowledge that an early death was his inexorable fate was for at least for the last six years of his life an ever-present weight on his mind, for few have loved life more passionately than he did, in spite of all his trials and sufferings. Nor was his life sweetened by the joys of friendship to any extent, for he made very few friends; he was constitutionally reserved, and mentions the difficulty he experienced in making even acquaintances and the still greater difficulty in contracting friendship.

Moreover, he had but little in common with the Wiltshire yeomen from whom he sprang and among whom his lot was cast; and who for their part regarded the long hours he spent wandering about the downs communing with nature and his own soul as idleness. They could not understand him, and so he led a life quite apart from them, a life of solitude devoted to study and the contemplation of nature; his only companions his books and the birds and the dumb creatures he loved so well. We must not forget in this connection "the man in the tumulus," wittily said by one of his biographers to have been his only friend.

He was in the habit of meditating on the top of the hills on which were grass-grown tumuli; he would prostrate himself on one of these, and imagine the grave beneath him held some prehistoric warrior; then, concentrating his mind and his thoughts on "the man in the tumulus" as he lay basking in the sun, in a deep silence broken only by the song of a lark falling like liquid music on his ears, he would imagine he was like the spirit that once animated the dust under his body until, in his own words, "He was as real to me two thousand years after interment as those I had seen in the body. The abstract personality of the dead seemed as existent as thought."[1] As he projected himself back through two thousand years to the days when the unknown hero hunted over these very downs, he felt time was nothing.

[1] "The Story of My Heart," by Richard Jefferies, p. 38.

Two thousand years were as a second; the spirit of the man in the tumulus was really alive and very close to him, and it seemed to him that the immortality of the soul was beyond any doubt. The idea of annihilation or extinction would require a miracle, a supernatural act, to make it conceivable.

Nevertheless, this did not lead him to believe in immortality. He was content to have enjoyed the idea of it while he lived; for the rest he neither hoped for it nor feared it, while as for believing it he had no faith in anything supernatural. All he knew was the prehistoric warrior was not dead to him after two thousand years.

Surely seldom was any one so lonely before or since as to be reduced to cultivating the friendship of the spirit of some ancient Briton who lived before the Christian era. There was undoubtedly a good deal of intellectual pride at the bottom of Richard Jefferies' friendlessness. He confessed that he held others in contempt, and this is not an attitude which conduces to making friendships. Proud and reserved by nature, he was rendered prouder and more reserved by circumstances over which he had no control. Thrown thus back upon himself, he cultivated in his own way the mystical element in his character; too sensual, too fond of bodily ease before his physical sufferings began to mortify his flesh in any way, for he had a horror of asceticism, which he considered as "the vilest blasphemy, blasphemy toward the whole of the human race."[2] He used to exhaust his physical nature by tramping all over the country in all weathers, finding, perhaps, by experience, that this predisposed him to the ecstasy he then consciously or unconsciously was able to induce.

Whether he had read of the Eastern yogis and their method of holding their breath for producing an ecstasy at this early period of his life is doubtful; more probably it came to him spontaneously, for it was part of the process he employed. He tells us in that wonderful book by which of all his writings he is mostly likely to be known to posterity, "The Story of My Heart," that when he reached some favorite haunt he used to look at the hills, at the dewy grass and then up to the blue sky through the branches of the trees. "In a moment all that was behind me; house, people, sounds seem to disappear and leave me alone. Involuntarily *I drew a long breath, then I breathed slowly.* My thought or inner-consciousness went up through the illumined sky, and I was lost in a moment of exaltation."[3]

He goes on to say this ecstasy lasted but a very short time, perhaps only for part of a second. Exquisite as it was, it was

[2] *Ibid.*, p. 125.
[3] *Ibid.*, p. 76.

unsatisfying. When it was over, it left him craving for what he calls "soul-life," for some increase or enlargement of his existence to correspond with the largeness of feeling he had momentarily enjoyed.

Here we pause for a moment to call the reader's attention to the wonderful power which Jefferies had of putting into words the spiritual experiences and mystical states of the soul, which, as a rule, baffle the subject of them to describe, words being too coarse a medium wherein to translate the things that belong to the spirit.

In the storm-wind he would feel this same momentary exaltation, this secular rapture, and pitiful is his misunderstanding of his own feelings. He desired, he tells us, "that the beauty of it all, the inner subtle meaning, should be in him, that he might have it, and with it an existence of a higher kind." But it was not the storm-wind, or the beauty of it, about which there might be two opinions, that he was craving for, but the Holy Spirit, of which the mighty rushing wind is but a symbol, the Holy Ghost, Who only could lead him to an existence of a higher kind, to the life of faith, instead of the dreary unbelief in which he was dying.

He had a most passionate, sensuous love of beauty, particularly that of the human form, of statues and of pictures representing it. Strange to say, the greatest of all the arts, archisenting it, did not appeal to him at all; its majestic beauty could not move him. Emotional as he was, he could never have understood that the sight of the Coliseum at Rome, or of St. Peter's, or the facade of the Duomo of Florence, for the first time has moved some people to tears. To him architecture, which he oddly links with the very inferior art of pottery, "was stony, dead, meaningless, sometimes even repellent." It was only the human form in nature, in statuary or in painting which could produce the mystic state, which he calls ecstasy, which in his case was undoubtedly of diabolic origin.

We are not surprised to find that his sensuous nature reveled in color; it was as magic to him, a kind of trance that required a new language to clothe in words the rapture it called forth. He went so far as to say, "Color is a sort of food; every spot of color is a drop of wine to the spirit." In another place he says, "Pure color is rest of heart," which only shows how little he even suspected what rest of heart really is, if such an accidental, purely aesthetic joy as pure color could bring it.

Sad beyond words to those living in the light of faith is the spectacle of this highly gifted man, who might have been a Catholic mystic, a Christian saint, striving to satisfy the crav-

ings of his immortal soul with a sensuous, we might almost say sensual, enjoyment of the beauty of Nature—with the earth, the sky, the sun, the woods, the forests, the trees, even the grass. As he contemplated all these, he says, there always came to him "a desire for greater perfection of physique, of mind and of soul, that he might be higher in himself"; that what he calls the inner meaning of all these things, that is, the mystical meaning which he saw with his interior eyes, the eyes of his spirit, "might be transmuted into increase of excellence in himself." And truly there was plenty of room for improvement in him in many ways.

Possibly never before was the gift of prayer so perverted as in this man. A born contemplative, he wasted his time and his talent in contemplating the works of God's hands, without ever perceiving, apparently without even suspecting, that all the beauty, all the mystery, all the marvels of Nature are but the visible signs of the infinite beauty and mystery and power of the Invisible Creator of all things. He felt, as he contemplated Nature, a desire, not, indeed, for greater, personal holiness as the Saints have felt in contemplating Christ, but a desire for improvement, physical, mental and spiritual, that he might, as he puts it, be "higher in himself." We could hardly have a stronger proof than this last quoted phrase of the diabolic origin of all his contemplations and raptures. It is the very reverse of the experiences of the Saints. The result of their contemplations has ever been to desire with St. Paul that they might decrease; the outcome of their raptures is always an increase of humility, a desire to be lower in their own eyes and in the eyes of others, rather than higher.

In describing what we might almost call his method of prayer, and indeed it was a counterfeit prayer, in "The Story of My Heart," a psychological record which took him seventeen years to write, he says, "he now sees that what he labored for was soul-life, more soul-nature, to be exalted, to be full of soul-learning." Here we have the same idea again, the wish for self-exaltation. He was as blind really when he wrote these words as when, years before, he had experienced the emotions he so luminously describes. What he really unconsciously labored for was union with the God he did not know, whom he denied; the learning he wanted was the knowledge of God, the wisdom of the little child of faith, of the unlearned believer. "Soul-life," indeed, he wanted, but in another sense to that he intended; his soul was dead, because it had never felt the quickening power of faith.

He evidently thinks he is describing a very abnormal condition when he says that this prayer of his was not for an object,

that it was in itself a soul emotion, a passion, a wrestle in the course of which he was rapt and carried away. Now, of course, the prayer which is merely asking for favors, even be they spiritual graces, the mere vocal prayer of petition, is the lowest degree of prayer; the strange thing is that this man, whose spiritual, mystical experiences were a sort of travesty of Christian prayer, should have discovered something analogous to the highest degrees of prayer, into which adepts in prayer can pass at once, without exercising themselves in vocal, or even the lower degrees of mental, prayer.

He seems to have practised a perverted, and so to speak secular form of what Christian mystics call the prayer of aspiration, which he calls "speaking not in words, but by an inclination towards" the things he aspires to, which, it need not be said, were not Almighty God, but the stars, the earth, the grass, the sun, the sea, and as he realizes the greatness, the power, the mystery of all these, he prays that his soul may be enlarged, that he may have a deeper insight into them, "a broader hope." We should have thought his hopes, like his opinions and thoughts, were broad enough, and much too vague, for he has nothing real or solid for which to hope. In contemplating the sun and the stars and the sea, he does realize his own insignificance, and confesses that "he is little and contemptible"; but this, again, is a mere counterfeit of Christian humility. He is not really humble; he only feels small and overwhelmed by the infinitude of the stars, the glorious majesty of the sun, the vast magnitude of the sea. It is a physical rather than a spiritual abasement.

As with Catholic mystics, the prayer of aspirations leads to the prayer of union; so as he practised his secular prayer of aspirations toward all these created objects, he attains to a sort of union with them. He prays, he says, that he may take all the energy, the grandeur, the beauty from them into himself, and then he feels as if he were so united to the glowing clouds of sunset, to the morning star, to the rising sun, to the flowers of the field, the birds of the air, the trees, the grass, nay, even the grasshoppers, that he describes himself as praying with them for this increase of soul-life, of soul-emotion, which is the burden of all his song.

In reading this "Story of My Heart" we seem to be perusing the outpourings of some fallen spirit, rather than of a human heart, so perverse is the author in his conception of the unseen. While denying in the strongest terms all faith in the supernatural, he yet asserts that everything around us is supernatural; he denies the existence of Almighty God, and yet "realizes the existence of an inexpressible entity infinitely higher than deity";

he denies all miracles, yet confesses his own existence is a miracle; he denies the existence of heaven and hell, of the angels of another world, and yet admits "that there is so much beyond all that has ever yet been imagined"; he denies a future life, and yet "sees other and higher conditions than existence"; he denies in a Christian sense the immortality of the soul, but yet "sees in addition to immortality a soul-life illimitable"; he scorns and rejects all written traditions, all systems of culture, all modes of thoughts, and "strives to give utterance to a Soul-Entity yet unrecognized, a Fourth Idea."[4] "But yet the pity of it, Iago. Oh! Iago, the pity of it!"

Here, indeed, we have a real tragedy, more tragic than any tragedy of fiction, more strange because more true; a soul eminently fitted for the highest kind of spiritual life, endowed with some of the highest psychological gifts, wasting and squandering them on temporal and physical things, and finally falling like the angels lower than others less gifted, because starting from a higher point, a twentieth century Faust with no voice from above to cry, "Er ist gerettet," when the wicked spirits claim him. And yet, it should be mentioned, that, after the death of our mystic, a discussion arose in some of the periodicals as to whether or no he died a Christian, some of his orthodox admirers believing that he did; but Mr. Salt, in his brilliant little work on him, greatly questions whether he did so, even in the loosest sense of the word Christian.[5]

We now turn to another natural mystic, Henry Thoreau, of Concord, the American counterpart of our Carlyle, the recluse of Walden, which place of retreat gives the title to one of his principal works. He was the son of a small farmer, and was born in 1817 in the village of Concord, Massachusetts. He went to the village school, and when sixteen was sent to the University of Harvard, where he excelled in Greek, and later in life was a master there for a time.

A mystic, a transcendentalist and a natural philosopher, as he summed himself up, he devoted himself for twenty years to literature, but he did not earn enough by it to supply even his modest requirements, so he added the profession of lecturer to that of author, and gave lectures in Concord Lyceum.

He was a contemporary of Emerson, with whom he once lived for two years, and of two other distinguished countrymen, Alcott and Hawthorne, with all of whom he was on terms of friendship. He was undoubtedly greatly influenced by Emerson, but he was too original a thinker to be counted as one of

[4] *Ibid.*, p. 54.

[5] "Richard Jefferies," a study, by H. S. Salt, p. 93.

his disciples, still less as an imitator. He never came to Europe, nor did he ever travel beyond Canada; unlike Jefferies, he never married; he died when only forty-five, in 1862, and has never been so well known and appreciated in England as he deserves to be.

As we intend only to touch upon his mysticism here, we can only make a passing allusion to his wit, which is very conspicuous in his writings; his originality, his wisdom, his love of nature and poetical appreciation of her; his deep and lofty thoughts clothed in luminous language, sometimes polished, sometimes as forcible as Carlyle's, of which philosopher he constantly reminds us. He was steeped in Hindoo and Greek philosophy, and often quotes both; he was widely read, and had the supreme advantage of intercourse with such choice spirits as Emerson and Hawthorne. His style, though often rising to a high level of poetic prose, is sometimes terse and epigrammatic, and he is fond of cryptic sayings, such as, "Much is published, but little is printed."[6] "Heaven is under our feet as well as over our heads."[7] His mysticism savors of Quietism; had he been a Catholic mystic, Molinos and the Jansenists would have attracted him; but his quietism was perilously near sloth, yet in its deeper spiritual aspect it is akin to that state of the soul which divine mystics define as the union of nothing with nothing, a kind of prayer so purely spiritual that it cannot be clothed in words. The process by which Thoreau arrived at the condition of absolute abstraction, from exterior things, corresponding to this mystical state of Catholic mystics, resembled faintly the prayer of Interior Silence, which, as first taught by Antonio de Rojas, was condemned by the Holy See.

Briefly summed up, the prayer of Interior Silence consists in simply waiting on Almighty God, without meditating at all or making any acts of the will or of the affections, but in Father Baker's words, is "rather a kind of virtual and habitual attention to God than a formal and direct tendence to Him."[8] The great merit of it is the absolute self-annihilation it involves and the scope it provides for interior mortification of the most soul-searching kind.

Thoreau, as he sat by the lake of Walden, contemplating Nature and falling into a state of pure abstraction, experienced what we may describe as a natural development of this spiritual state; his was an intellectual self-annihilation; he feels he knows nothing at all.

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[6] Walden, p. 2.

[7] *Ibid.*, p. 282.

[8] "Sancta Sophia," by Father Baker, O. S. B., p. 490.

"Time is but the stream I go a-fishing in. I drink at it; but while I drink I see the sandy bottom and detect how shallow it is. Its thin current slides away, but eternity remains. I would drink deeper; fish in the sky, whose bottom is pebbly with stars. *I cannot count one. I know not the first letter in the alphabet. I have always been regretting that I was not as wise as the day I was born.* The intellect is a cleaver; it discerns and rifts its way into the secret of things."[9]

This secret of things he was forever trying to fathom; it was for this that when he was twenty-eight he retired to the woods about two miles from Concord, and there at Walden, by the side of a pond, remarkable for the transparent clearness and purity of its well-like water, he built himself a wooden hut, and lived in it for two years.

We might almost call this a natural exposition of the anchoretic life, only that, unlike Christian anchorites and recluses, Thoreau, though ostensibly he had fled from the society of men, nevertheless sought it, and every other day made a pilgrimage to Concord to visit his friends and hear all the gossip at the Lyceum. There he would spend the evening, and walk back to his hut in the dark, often with great difficulty finding his way through the wood.

As in mediaeval times, the recluse's window was sometimes the center of village gossip, when the cell was tenanted by a lax anchorite or anchoress, so Thoreau's hut attracted large numbers of visitors, travelers, tramps, curious sightseers, all sorts and conditions of men, including what he defined as "so-called reformers," who bored him to extinction, and he wittily says that they little knew the third line of the song he was ever singing was:

> "This is the house that I built.
> This is the man that lives in the house that I built.
> *These are the folks that worry the man,*
> That lives in the house that I built."

He tells us that he went to the woods because he wished to live deliberately, to learn what life had to teach, "to live deep and suck out all the marrow of life," to experience its sublimity, if it were sublime, and to be able to tell the world its meanness if it were mean, and he did not want to practice resignation unless it was quite necessary.

He certainly lived deliberately at Walden, for he constantly passed a great part of the day, and sometimes of the night, in a reverie, doing absolutely nothing except practicing his secular

[9] Walden, p. 96. The italics are ours.

prayer of Interior Silence; and though part of his scheme was to live by the work of his hands, so he cultivated the land round his hut to provide himself with food, yet he reduced his wants to so few that he only had to work for a few months in the year, and then at the longest from five in the morning till noon; and one of his articles of faith is, "Man is not bound to live by the sweat of his brow, but need only work for a few hours, and that not always, if he is content with a spare diet."

Few would be content with Thoreau's meager fare; his principal food was the beans he grew, rye and Indian meal, which he made into unleavened bread without any yeast; rice and potatoes. To this he sometimes added the fish he caught in the pond, and still less frequently a very little salt pork. He eschewed tea, coffee, milk and wine; his only beverage was water.

His reasons for this rigid abstinence were several; he knew that high thinking and low living go together; he did not care to spend more time or more money on providing himself with better food; he would rather spend his time in thinking than in hoeing; one of the cardinal points of his philosophy was the simplification of life; it was better to eat one meal a day than three, five dishes instead of a hundred; and, lastly, he was naturally ascetic; had he been a Christian mystic, he would have practiced great austerities, and probably would have adopted the extreme form of the ascetic life, the anchoretic.

He denied himself in sleep as well as in food; he not only was a very early riser, and had all a poet's love of the mystery of dawn and of the early morning hours, but he sat up late, and often spent a great part of the night on the lake fishing, or walking and contemplating the starry heavens and the beauty of the night. Here, again, his natural asceticism prompted him to keep watch and vigil, just as the Christian ascetic rises to prayer, only Thoreau rose to hold communion with nature, the saints rise to hold communion with God.

"Moral reform," he says, "is the effort to throw off sleep," and he had never met a man who was quite awake, "for to be awake is to be alive." "The millions are awake enough for physical labor, but only one in a million is awake enough for effective intellectual exertion, only one in a hundred millions to a poetic or divine life."[10]

He loved solitude and silence; he never found any one who was so companionable as solitude; he was never lonely any more than the north star, or the loon on his pond, or a single dandelion in a pasture, or a bumble bee is lonely, though alone. "God is

[10] Walden, p. 88.

alone—but the devil, he is far from being alone; he sees a great deal of company; he is legion."[11] And he rightly says, "solitude is not measured by the miles which separate a man from his fellow-man"; he knew that the loneliness of a crowd is the worst kind of loneliness; and that a man thinking or working, though surrounded by others, is always alone.

The Christian recluse was not lonely in his cell, because he had the Presence of God to console him; the communion of saints and angels to comfort him. Thoreau for his part held communion with the birds and beasts of the woods, the insects the flowers, the winds, the storms, the clouds, the lake; while Nature, which was the object of all his contemplations, stood to him in place of God, and to a certain extent seems to have contented him.

He was less emotional than Richard Jefferies; his transportations were subtler, of a higher, more intellectual kind, than the ecstasies and raptures of the author of "The Story of My Heart"; his power of abstraction was greater. He tells us that sometimes, when he walked home under great difficulty, on a dark, tempestuous night, through the woods to his hut in a storm, when he had to feel his way by touching some familiar tree or landmark, he was nevertheless so lost in thought that on reaching home he could not recall a single step of the way, and sometimes wondered whether his body could not have found its way home without his spirit, as easily as the hand finds its way to the mouth.

He seems to have shared that power of getting out of the body which is peculiar to the mystical temperament possessed in the most remarkable degree by Eastern mystics, who can transport their spirits thousands of miles, from one hemisphere to the other, while the body remains stationary, as is testified by modern theosophists whose credibility we have no reason to doubt; whether or no in these nocturnal walks Thoreau's spirit was really roaming in space while his feet were feeling their way home, he seems uncertain himself, so we will leave it at that.

As divine mystics take Our Blessed Lord for their model and endeavor to imitate Him, so this natural mystic took Nature for his model, and was ever endeavoring to learn from her whom he took as his example and tried to teach others to do so too. "Let us spend one day as deliverately as Nature. Let us rise early and fast, or break fast, gently and without perturbation; let company come and company go; let the bells ring and the

[11] Walden, p. 135.

children cry—determined to make a day of it. Let us not be upset in that terrible rapid and whirlpool called a dinner," etc. Advice we fear only a very select few would be disposed to follow, even for a day; but the world is not made up of mystics and transcendental philosophers.

He loved to trace the analogy between the laws of the natural and spiritual worlds; for example, he discovered that the deepest part of Walden pond was at that point where the line of its greatest length and the line of its greatest depth intersect each other; and he believed this to be a general law of nature applicable to all lakes and bodies of water, even to the ocean itself, the law of averages. This law, he says, is true in ethics also; and if we want to find the deepest part of a man's nature, we must draw lines across the length and breadth of his daily behavior, into the coves and inlets of the circumstances by which he is surrounded, and where these lines cross each other, there is the deepest depth in him.

His ascetic appreciation of the value of the hard things of life peeps out in the reflection, that if the surrounding circumstances of a man's life are mountainous, they argue a corresponding depth in him; but if his shores are flat and smooth, so is his character shallow on that side.[12]

His love of poverty would have drawn him to the Franciscan Order had he been a Catholic; he despised superfluous wealth as being only able to procure superfluities; "Cultivate poverty like a garden herb, like sage," he says, and he practised the poverty he preached in food and clothing, in lodging, in everything. He had a profound contempt for the world, riches, society; he took no interest in any such things; their conversation was mainly about costume and manners, but he adds with one of his flashes of wit, "a goose is a goose still, dress it how you will."

He abandoned his life of a recluse, because he felt he had other lives to live, and could not spare more time for that one; it had been an experiment from which he had learnt that unexpected success will come to him who endeavors to live the life he has imagined in his dreams; and that to build castles in the air is not labor in vain if we afterwards put foundations under them.

Thoreau has been well summed up by one of his editors as "the man who expected";[13] that indeed was his attitude towards nature, towards life, towards the unseen; he waited and, as he says, "he sometimes expected the Visitor who never came," and

[12] Walden.

[13] "Essays of Henry Thoreau," edited by W. H. Dirckes.

in that sentence is summed up the tragedy of his soul; he never found Faith, he never found God, though sometimes he was so close to Him that he said, "*Next* to us is not the workman whom we have hired, but the workman whose work we are," but the name of that workman to Thoreau was only Nature, not Almighty God.

He died in 1862 at the early age of forty-five, and was buried at Concord near his friend Hawthorne.

DARLEY DALE.

Book Reviews

LIFE AND CHARACTERISTICS OF RIGHT REVEREND ALFRED A. CURTIS, D. D., Second Bishop of Wilmington. Compiled by the Sisters of the Visitation, Wilmington, Delaware. With a Preface by Cardinal Gibbons. 8vo., pp. 446. Illustrated. New York: P. J. Kenedy & Sons.

Cardinal Gibbons says: "Although Bishop Curtis was self-educated, in contradistinction to a college-bred man, yet he early attained to a real scholarship in ecclesiastical learning. His knowledge of the Sacred Scriptures, which he read in their original Hebrew and Greek, and of the fathers of the Church, also read in their Greek and Latin texts, was deep and accurate. From these pure sources of Christian truth he drew rich material for his unique preaching, his sermons portraying an originality of thought, a precision of language and an earnestness of delivery peculiarly his own. Moreover, his character of sterling honesty, his hatred of sham, his practices of mortification, sense of duty and many other virtues are even stronger motives for writing his biography. Then there was that test, proof of religious faith and love, next to martyrdom; that uprooting of himself from dear lifelong surroundings; that tearing of tendrils and breaking asunder of interlacing branches of personal friends and religious bonds, suffered by every man who is transplanted into a higher place of spiritual obedience in the vineyard of the Lord."

The Bishop's fasting and penance bordered on the austere; his long hours of prayer might be called extreme, his love of poverty and simple living appeared almost eccentric, while his views of important questions were not always fully compatible with modern ideas; but in all these things he resembled the saints and gave unquestionable proofs of his own sanctity. His biographer says of him: "He was afflicted with the true homesickness of the saints and lived on a plane elevated above the law and perishable things of earth. His occupation with the invisible world caused him to soar to the Infinite, and in the extremity of his anguish to cry out, 'I long to be dissolved and to be with Christ.'"

About one-half the volume is made up of Spiritual Counsels,

Letters, Exhortations, Sermons, Notes for Retreats, Notes for Three Hours' Prayer and Extracts from the Early Fathers.

The Letters are few, and they have not been chosen because of special fitness, but rather because they were accessible.

As to the Spiritual Counsels, Exhortations and Sermons, it is to be noted that none of them is complete. The collection consists of quotations, apparently from memory, and not verbatim. These have a certain value, but most speakers are generally surprised and not altogether pleased when they see such reports of their sermons.

The tales for Retreats are from the Bishop's pen, and were found in his notebooks. They should be especially pleasing and useful to those who made the retreats.

Altogether the book is an admirable one, excellently made, and it will make the saintly Bishop better known and loved.

AMERICAN CATHOLIC HYMNAL. Compiled and Arranged by the Marist Brothers. Complete Edition with Notes. Net, $1.50; in quantities, $15 per dozen. Black cloth cover, Morocco leather back, size 7 by 9, pp. 512. Edition with words only: Net, 25 cents in any quantity. Cloth cover, rounded back, size 4 by 6, pp. 540. New York: P. J. Kenedy & Sons.

A collection of Hymns, Sacred Songs and Latin Chants remarkable for verses, tunes and harmony, arranged according to and in the spirit of the judicial code of sacred music promulgated by Pope Pius X. in his notable Motu Proprio of November 22, 1903. Containing 232 Hymns, 84 Sacred Songs, 60 Motets for Benediction, 5 Litanies, 3 Masses and the Psalms to be sung at Vespers complete for the year. The Gregorian numbers are according to the Vatican edition and in modern notation. The hymns are as varied in character as in source, the editors having attempted to meet the requirements of trained choirs, of congregations singing in unison, of children in school and of the family at home.

There can be no question as to the extensive and varied character of this collection. The best of judges have also conceded its excellence in selection, in arrangement, in music and in text. There is one question, however, which will be universally asked, and that is, Does the book contain our favorite hymns? The answer to that question will be as various as the tastes of the persons who

ask it. No book can be made large enough to hold the favorite hymns of all persons and communities and localities, and therefore even so large and carefully made book as the one before us will not satisfy every one in every particular. Unfortunately, there are fashions in hymns, as in almost everything else, and they have their good points as well as their bad ones.

Here is a splendid American Catholic Hymnal which we may be proud of and should encourage.

THE FREEDOM OF SCIENCE. By *Joseph Donat, S. J., D. D.* 8vo., pp. 419. New York: Joseph F. Wagner.

In the announcement of this book we are told that the author undertakes an inquiry into the "unprepossession" of modern science, and finds that the freedom it seeks is the freedom from the yoke of unpalatable truth; and that the earnest truthseeker will be aided by a perusal of this volume in answering to his satisfaction the question, Is it true that science and the agnostic critics of the age just passed have riddled the religion of Christ?

In other words, we are brought face to face once more with the ever-recurring question of the conflict between faith and science. Of course, the answer is simple and self-evident; there is no contradiction between them, because truth cannot contradict itself. Whatever is certainly scientifically proven and whatever is undoubtedly divinely revealed, is true: no amount of argument or dispute can change it. The trouble begins when we try to decide what has been scientifically proven and what has been divinely revealed; and that trouble will continue as long as we live in this world. Man's very nature, his limitations, his interests, his passions, his intellectual pride—all combine to prevent him from recognizing and acknowledging his inability to go beyond a certain well-defined point in his search for knowledge. That is the point where science ends and faith begins. The true scientist, the really learned man, is the one who recognizes this truth and reasons with it. He understands that science is free in the true sense of the word, but he also remembers that science is limited. The so-called scientist, who prates so loudly and persistently about the freedom of science and does not

acknowledge its limited field nor the claims of faith, is doomed to failure and disappointed and humiliated, because he will be constantly forced to shift and change until he discredits himself and has no stable ground left on which to stand. Dr. Donat deals with this question with the hand of a master. He treats the subject in a clear, convincing and satisfying manner. He has made a book which should be a classic, because the question has been asked from the beginning and will continue to be asked until the end, and he has answered the question.

BIBLIA SACRA; Vulgatae Editionis, Sixti V. Pont. Max. Iussu Recognita et Clementis VIII. Auctoritate Edita. Ex Tribus Editionibus Clementinis Critice Descripsit, Dispositionibus Logicis et Notis Exegeticis Illustravit, Appendice Lectionum Hebraicarum et Graecarum Auxit *P. Michael Hetzenauer*, Ord. Min. Cap., Professor Exegesis in Universitate Pontificii Seminarii Romani. New York and Cincinnati: Frederick Pustet & Co.

A glance at this book is sufficient to convince one that the years of labor which the author devoted to it were all necessary to produce so monumental a work. The exhaustless manner in which he has introduced even possible excellence is amazing. The production of even one page is no mean labor, but when page after page, chapter after chapter and book after book show the same indefatigable effort to produce the perfect book, with its correct orthography, references, cross-references, divisions and sub-divisions and marginal notes, the question naturally comes to the mind, Can human ingenuity or skill or learning do anything more?

The book is also remarkable for compactness. It is large, 8vo. in size and about an inch only in thickness. It is especially well suited for study and reference.

THE PHILIPPINES, PAST AND PRESENT. By *Dean C. Worcester*, Secretary of the Interior of the Philippine Islands, 1901-13; member of the Philippine Commission, 1900-1913. In Two Volumes, with 128 Plates. 8vo., pp. 1,000. New York: Macmillan & Co.

Probably no man who has written on the Philippines since the

Islands came into the possession of the United States has had the exceptional opportunities of becoming acquainted with the subject which the author has had. Eighteen years' residence in the country, beginning in 1887 while yet a student at the University of Michigan, and while the Philippines were under Spanish rule and continuing after the accession, principally as Secretary of the Interior, gave him opportunities for gaining knowledge no less remarkable than his eagerness and ability to acquire it. The result is a very interesting and valuable book, full of information of the most authentic kind, and written in a style that makes it not only instructive, but entertaining.

Dean Worcester published in 1898 a work based on his impressions during two scientific expeditions, entitled "The Philippines and Their People." He had not at that time learned the truth about them. Now, however, as the Jesuit priest Father Finegan has said, here is the truth. This is high commendation, because Father Finegan has spent years in the Islands, and he has an extensive and accurate knowledge of them. Those who want to know the truth about the Philippines, especially under American rule, must have this book.

Bohn's Popular Library: The History of the Popes During the Last Four Centuries. By *Leopold von Ranke.* Three vols., 16mo. Cloth, 35 cents each. New York: Macmillan Company.

The Macmillans are making a splendid reprint of the best of the famous Bohn Library, which was inaugurated as far back as 1847. The reprints are even more attractive than the originals, and they are sure to appeal to a larger number of readers who still follow the study of serious matters, in spite of the general trend towards fiction and the magazines.

A better choice could not have been made to show the solid value of the reprints than "Ranke's History of the Popes." It was first published in 1834, and the sixth revised edition appeared in 1874, when the sections on Pius IX. and the Vatican Council were added. The reprint is from the sixth edition.

The author is a historian of the highest rank, and his work has always been acknowledged as of the highest value, although he

was not a Catholic, and although the Catholic historian cannot subscribe to all that he has written.

We must remember also that the historian of his day had not the same free access to the treasuries of the Vatican that the historian of the present day has, and therefore it was much more difficult for him to arrive at the truth. He deserves all the more credit, then, for having accomplished so much in the face of so many difficulties, and his book will continue to occupy a place of honor and trustworthiness.

HISTORY OF DOGMAS. By *J. Tixerout.* Translated from the French Edition by H. L. B. Vol. II., 12mo., pp. 524. From St. Athanasius to St. Augustine (318-340). St. Louis: B. Herder.

The present volume of this excellent history of dogmas brings us to a very interesting period, for with the fourth century begins what is generally called the period of the great controversies. Long before Arianism the Church had witnessed some important doctrinal conflicts that had shaken the faith of her children: even in the midst of the persecutions, the Christian mind did not remain inactive. But the great heresies date from the Peace of Constantine, and in the present volume we find Arianism, Appollinarianism and Pelagianism, including a number of minor and kindred heresies, with the relations of the churches and the Fathers to them. The next volume will open with semi-Pelagianism, and while in some ways it were more desirable this should be included in volume two, the bulk would have been increased so much as to make the thought prohibitive.

COMPENDIUM THEOLOGIAE DOGMATICAE. Tomi Quatuor. Auctore, *Christiano Pesch, S. J.* S. Ludovici: B. Herder.

The exceptional excellence of Father Pesch's larger work is the best a priori argument we can have in favor of this book. The same clearness, completeness and convincing power found in the former are present in the latter. Of course, there is not the same

abundance of references and citations, which indeed are foreign to a compendium, but there is no sacrifice of the essential in any instance. Each section is introduced by the names of authorities, and each thesis is fortified by quotations from the Fathers.

Truly an excellent work.

PERIODICAL

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